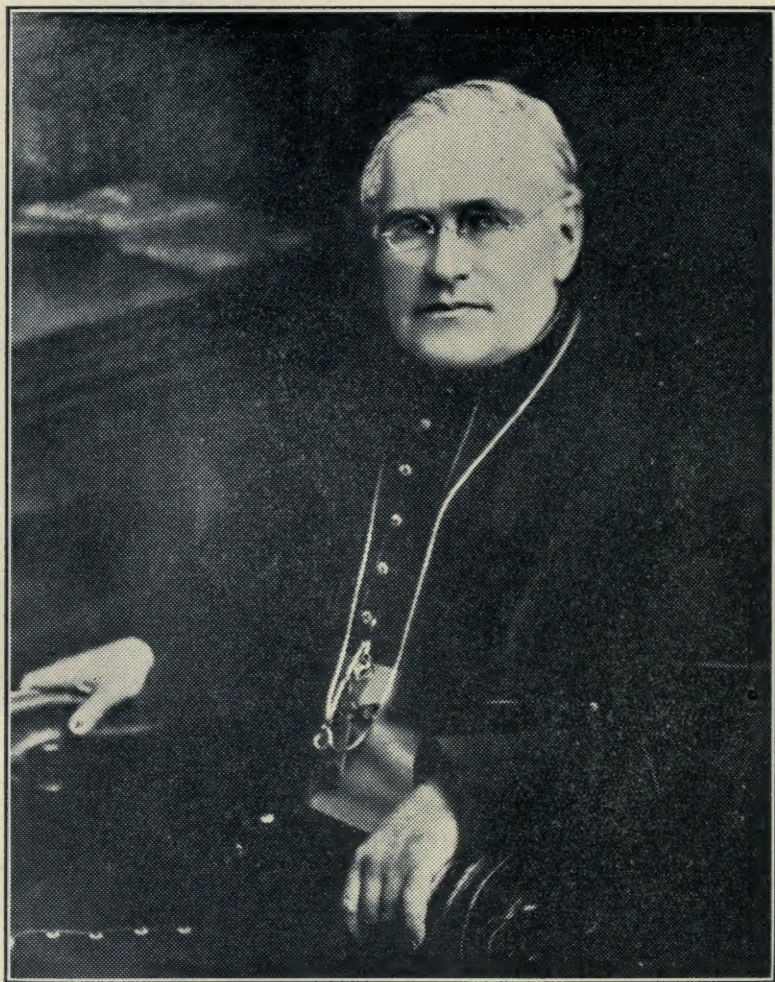


The THOMAS McDONNELL CO.
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS
AND PAPER RULERS

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MOST REV. NEIL McNEIL, ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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No. 1

CONGRATULATION

This being the first number of our Quarterly published since the date of our dear Archbishop's Golden Jubilee celebration, it is timely that the voice of "St. Joseph Lilies" should be added to the great acclaim of congratulation already tendered to His Grace, Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., whom we venerate, and love with filial affection as his devoted children.

Glancing down the vista of fifty sacerdotal years, whose experiences have reached across the continent from ocean to ocean, we see in a perspective, which lends a special truth of proportion to our perception of this great Churchman's labours, his unbounded charity, his keen sense of justice, his broad sympathy and his public-spirited citizenship,—all of which, together with his "plain living and high thinking," have brought about that spirit of good-will and co-operative effort which has spread throughout this city and has found eloquent expression in the press, on the platform, and from the pulpit, upon the occasion of this Golden Anniversary.

Our beloved Prelate is one who stands in the full light of public opinion, not only in Ontario, but throughout the whole Dominion of Canada. His zealous devotion to the interests of the Church in British Columbia, as well as in his native province of Nova Scotia and all intermediate points, has been manifested in manifold ways. While he recognizes that it is his duty to keep in mind the welfare of his archdiocese of Toronto and all its institutions impartially, he has always shown special regard for his loyal and devoted children of St. Joseph, whether in this great metropolis or in the far-flung missions of Western Canada.

It is, therefore, with admiration that we recognize the high place which he occupies, the lofty responsibilities he meets, the inspiring example he sets; it is with heartfelt earnestness that we wish him satisfaction in the worthy fulfilment of his noble aims in the past, happiness in his success in the present, and abundant blessing of health, strength and prosperity during a long life in the future, and it is with profound gratitude *ex intimo corde* that we raise to Heaven the prayer, *ad multos annos*.

O'CONNELL

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph.D.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new.

I feel that I should not allow the commemoration of O'Connell and his great work to pass without a word from me, for I dwelt for five years in the Irish College in Rome, which was attached to the Church of St. Agatha dei Goti,* where O'Connell's heart was buried, where a tablet on the wall exhibited him, in high relief, as he stood at the Bar of the House of Commons rejecting the oath against Transubstantiation and declaring, "One part of this oath I know to be false, and the rest I believe to be untrue." I was there when the good old parish priest of Cahirciveen, the venerable Canon Brosnahan, building a new church, came to Rome in the hope that the College might be willing to part with their greatest treasure and let it be buried at home in the new church, near O'Connell's home and birth-place. That, of course, the College would not do, perhaps ought not to do against the last will and testament of the man himself. They now have carried it to their new home near the Lateran Basilica, and there a wreath from the English College, as I was glad to see, has now been laid at O'Connell's feet. The Rector of the Irish College, then, the Venerable Monsignor Kirby, having been a class-fellow of Pope Leo XIII., and much favored by him, obtained the gift of a foundation stone blessed by the Pope himself for the church of Cahirciveen. I felt perhaps more lively interest in Irish historical memories than those to whom they were more familiar, and I took the trouble to find out the

*This church is said to have been built about the middle of the 5th century by Ricimer, Consul or Patrician, a barbarian, who gave it to the Goths, who were Arians. The Arian congregation was converted about 600 A.D., by Pope Gregory the Great, and the Church dedicated to the Catholic religion.

tomb of the exiled earls of Tir-Owen and Tir-Connell in the Church of St. Pietro in Montorio (they were buried there by the Cardinal Titular of that Church who was their friend and patron), and brought my camerata to visit it. At the time of the canonization of Oliver Plunkett, the Irish in Rome all together marched in procession to that tomb, and it was said that this was the first Irish pilgrimage to that spot since the funeral.

But when I read that statement in the newspapers, I smiled with a self-complacency that good-natured readers will pardon, and said to myself that my pilgrimage was there before them; and I believe that in the pilgrimage at the time of the canonization there was one who had been led there before by me.

It is now about sixty years since, at the time of the disestablishment of the Protestant Church of Ireland, when I was a little fellow, my grandmother told me how she remembered the Sunday, forty years before that, when the parish priest announced to them that the Emancipation Act was to be extended to the Colonies (though they were not included in the wording of the law) and asked the people to remain after Mass in the churchyard in order that they might give three cheers for the Duke of Wellington, who then was Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland.

Father Burke, the Dominican, proclaimed O'Connell the greatest Irish statesman and patriot, and I have always so felt him. What my youthful enthusiasm thought my mature judgment has confirmed. I have myself (to compare small things with great) pronounced him the greatest Christian statesman the two islands have ever produced, and that is my permanent opinion. I think him even greater than Gladstone. He was true to Christian principles under greater provocations and temptations than Gladstone ever had to suffer, — provocations that must have made an Irishman's proud heart swell with indignation, and an Irishman's fiery blood boil in his veins. Yet O'Connell is distinguished for his magnanimity, his charity, and his for-

giveness of his enemies. He perhaps had not Gladstone's capacity for business and finance, but he had more insight into men's characters, more power in winning their sympathies and their hearts, more skill in popular leadership. In a drawing-room he combined the natural politeness of an Irishman with the high-breeding and polished manners of the old regime in France; indeed there was something of the ecclesiastic in his bearing and manner as there was in Gladstone's; so that ladies said that O'Connell reminded them of the French bishops who took refuge in England from the Revolution; in the House of Commons he could take his share in an angry debate, amid all kinds of insults, with a perfect command of his temper, a calm dignity and an ascendancy that showed him at least the equal of the greatest men there; and on the hustings or in canvassing the peasantry, he could play the part of a roystering broth of a boy if it suited his purpose. O'Connell and Burke were both true Irishmen in being each of them both liberal and conservative. O'Connell differed from Burke in as much as Burke was an Englishman as well as an Irishman, whereas O'Connell, though not lacking in loyalty to the Crown nor in benevolence towards England, was never anything else but an Irishman, and a Celtic Irishman of the good, old stock. O'Connell had not Burke's philosophical intellect nor his vast erudition on every subject, but he had more of practical ability. Perhaps we may say that Burke was a political philosopher who took to politics as a profession, and learned practical politics from experience. O'Connell was a born politician, unsurpassing in winning, overmastering, organizing and guiding other men. And while Burke was disqualified for leadership by an hereditary and constitutional quickness of temper, O'Connell had an unfailing fund of good temper, and good humor, and humor. His oratory was not as lofty and comprehensive as Burke's, but he had far more command over both the laughter and the tears of his audience. I remember an old Irish priest telling me a story how O'Connell handled a man—a politician from somewhere in North America, who had returned home for a visit, and

was invited to attend one of O'Connell's meetings, and after the regular speeches, was called by O'Connell to address the people; the man instead of supporting O'Connell, criticized his methods of agitation as not strenuous enough. O'Connell showed no sign of noticing this presumption and impertinence, but at the close of the meeting in a brief speech he added, "And I'm sure, boys, we're all grateful to the gentleman who has taken the trouble to come all the way from the backwoods of North America to teach us our business."

A foreign adventurer in Britain has had the effrontery to say that O'Connell and his followers were cowards—physical cowards. But O'Connell's pacific methods were due not to weakness, but to strength and self-control. He had seen the horrors of the French Revolution and of the civil war in 1798. When he was returning from the College of Douay in his youth he had seen on the ship one of the brothers Sheares flourishing a handkerchief dipped in the blood of King Louis XVI. It is greatly to the honor both of O'Connell and of the Duke of Wellington that the great restoration of liberty* in 1829 was peaceful, for there were men in Ireland on both sides who wanted bloodshed.

O'Connell was more than a politician or statesman. He was a gentleman and an educated man. His letters to his daughter show that he would have made a great spiritual director. He bore with the most magnanimous patience the monstrous injustice with which his character was treated by the sectarian bigotry and ignorance of the time in Britain as well as in Ireland. And in his old age his heart was broken by dissensions and disobedience and the calamities of his people.

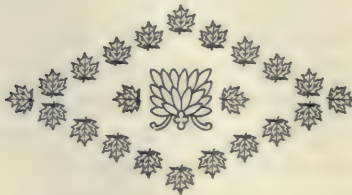
Now was the stately column broke,
The beacon's light was quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound was still,
The warder silent on the hill.

*Of course the term Catholic Emancipation ought properly to be applied not to the Act of 1829 alone, but to the whole process which had begun about sixty years before.

A Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the reign of Edward VI., writes that, if the government had let their religion alone, it never would have had any real trouble in Ireland, for the Irish, he says, regarded the Pope as their real king†; and the sentiment of loyalty to Rome was as strong in O'Connell as it could possibly be in any man. "His youth had been wild in more ways than one," writes Justin McCarthy, "and he had long been under the influence of a profound penitence. All the errors of his youth and his strong manhood came back upon him, and he longed to steep the painful memories in the sacred influences of Rome. He longed to lie down in the shadow of the dome of St. Peter's and rest there, and there die. He hurried to Italy at a time when the prospect of a famine darkening down upon his country cast an additional shadow across his outward path. He reached Genoa, and he went no further. His strength wholly failed him there, and he died still far from Rome, on May 15, 1847."

He was mercifully taken away from the evil to come, then. But now we may say, in the words of the old ballad, that a dead man has won the field.

†Our present King and government are glad that this is so.



Shubert — An Impression

Out of the mists there falls a golden rain,
Immortal laughter flecked with mortal pain,
White ecstasy that soars beyond the bars
Of earth and intermingles with the stars.

Out of the mists there swims a rose-white moon,
Hark! round, above, below the faery rune
Of swaying branches, silvered fern and grass,
And feet, like wings, that through them glance and pass.

Out of the mists, out of the night's eclipse,
Flashes the Dawn, white song upon her lips,
White song that sweeps the woodlands dew-impearled
And wakes to lyric life their nestling world.

Eleanor Rogers Cox.

NEWMAN'S POEMS IN RELATION TO THE SERMONS

By Dr. Catherine A. Burns.

Since Newman's poems were the direct outgrowth of his temperament and his experiences in life, they bear a marked resemblance, in many respects, to his writings in prose, especially the sermons. The fundamental thought of one is not different from that of the other. Hence in the **Apologia** he could draw freely from both in tracing the courses of his thoughts. For illustrative material in **Sermon Notes** he used the poem **Taormini**. Such references, early and late, reveal the homogeneous nature of Newman's writing.

The sermons may seem less directly autobiographical than the verses. Newman, however, insisted that a sermon may reflect the writer's frame of mind. Apparently, Arnold and other opponents had accused him of doing just this, or, as he says, "of identifying high excellence with certain peculiarities of my own,—i.e., preaching myself." But the result of Newman's preaching self is that many of his favorite ideas are handled similarly in poetry and prose.

One such correspondence is found between certain thoughts in the sermon **Ventures of Faith** and a poem alluded to in Newman's **Journal**. The entry in the latter for December 15, 1859, quotes certain verses representative of his attitude thirty years earlier. "Deny me wealth; far, far remove the lure of power and name; Hope thrives in straits, in weakness Love,—and Faith in this world's shame." Then more specifically the journal recorded, "I prayed earnestly that I might not rise to any ecclesiastical dignity. When I was going up for my B.A. examination, I prayed fervently and again and again that I might not gain honours, if they would do me spiritual harm,—I prayed absolutely against rising in the Church." Years later, when the sermon was preached, Newman was still inclined to praise

the man, "who, being in prospect of station earnestly prays that he may never have it."

Again, the sermon, **Remembrance of Past Mercies**, is particularly indicative of the writer's temperament. The preacher thought of Jacob as "an actual specimen of a habit of thankfulness occupied in the remembrance of God's mercies." Such also was Newman; for, to use the words of the sermon, Newman's own "distinguishing grace . . . was a habit of affectionate musing upon God's providence toward him in times past, and of overflowing thankfulness for them." So strong was this feeling with Newman that in the verses, **The Two Worlds**, dated 1862, he named, what seemed to him the greatest of all renunciations, "the tender memories of the past, the hopes of coming years." Three years before he wrote, "I live more and more in the past and in hopes that the past may revive in the future." And all along the years he expressed in poetry this attitude. On his eighteenth birthday, for example, he wrote:

It is my Birthday; — and I fain would try,
Albeit in rude, in heartfelt strains to praise
My God, for he hath shielded wondrously
From hard and envious error all my ways . . .

His journal for 1863 recorded the tenderness with which he looked back on the years at Oxford and Littlemore, and his realization of the great change in his condition: "It began when I set my face toward Rome; and since I made the great sacrifice, to which God called me. He has rewarded me in a thousand ways,—oh, how many! but he has marked my course with almost unintermittent mortification." Like Jacob, then, as he described him, Newman met "great vicissitudes" and looked with "adoring love and tenderness of heart" back on the past.

Furthermore, it may be said that Newman read into Jacob's character traits of his own. In the sermon he ascribed to Jacob a "gentle, tender, affectionate, timid mind—easily frightened, easily agitated, loving God so much that he feared to lose Him . . . Such men," he explained, "are easily downcast . . . ;

they soon despond, they shrink from the world, for they feel its rudeness . . ." These same traits of character are seemingly attributed to himself in the poem, **Sensitiveness**:

Time was, I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er;—
I know them, yet though self I dread,
I love his precept more.

Another such focal point in Newman's thought is found in the poem, **The Scars of Sin**. The very title is significant in conjunction with the titles of such sermons as **Secret Faults** and **Moral Consequences of Single Sins**, as also with the idea expressed in the pulpit in 1835, that could we see the souls of men we should find only here and there witnesses of Christ, "and they, too, seamed all over with the scars of sin." So of himself he wrote in the poem:

Erst my good angel shrank to see
My thoughts and ways of ill;
And now he scarce dare gaze on me,
Scar-seam'd and crippled still.

Newman here thinks of unrevealed sins. Already in 1816 he had confessed, "I have hidden faults," and the consciousness of such faults seemed to haunt him. It is not enough that

men see only our good; he said in the sermon, **Secret Faults**, as in these verses above, "Should all the world speak well of us, and good men hail us as brothers, after all there is a Judge Who trieth the heart and the reins. He knows our real state . . ." Nor did he think that man could estimate safely the effect of apparently slight transgressions; for, in the words of the second sermon that recall the verses just quoted, "Who can pretend to say what the effect of it is in God's sight? What do the Angels think of it? What does our own guardian angel, if one be vouchsafed us, who has watched us, and been intimate with us from our youth up; who joyed to see how we once grew together with God's grace, but who now is in fear for us?"

Another idea bound up with Newman's personality is that only in retrospect are providences or spiritual persons recognized for what they really are. "And though we seldom have the means of knowing at the time who are God's own Saints, yet after all is over we have; and then looking back on what is past, . . . we may ask ourselves what power they had over us, whether they attracted us, influenced us, humbled us, whether they made our hearts burn within us." This idea, that saints have a secret power to attract others in so far as they are like-minded, is the theme of Transfiguration:

I saw thee once and naught discerned
For stranger to admire;
A serious aspect, but it burn'd
With no unearthly fire.

Again, I saw, and I confess'd
Thy speech was rare and high;
And yet it vexed my burden'd breast,
And scared, I knew not why.

I saw once more, and awe-struck gazed
On face, and form, and air;
God's living glory round thee blazed—
A Saint—a Saint was there!

Other instances are easily available to show this perfect harmony between the poems and the sermons. Four poems on zeal embody the idea of a sermon that zeal in itself is an imperfect virtue and must be united with love, purity, meekness, and patience. His thoughts on the workings of grace are reflected in much the same way both in prose and verse. To one of his audiences he admitted, "it is doubtless a great mystery why this man receives the truth and practises it, and that man does not." An earlier poem mentions the same difficulty:

Or who can tell
 Why pardon's seal stands sure on David's brow,
 Why Saul and Demas fell?

Experience in preaching gave Newman material for the verses. Old Testament types of Christ were seized upon. Joseph was one. Moses, Jonah, and others were handled much as they were in the pulpit. "The history of Moses," Newman observed in a sermon, "supplies us with an instance of a proud and rash spirit, tamed down to an extreme gentleness of deportment. In the greatness of the change wrought in him, when from a fierce, though honest avenger of his brethren, he became the meekest man on the earth, he evidences the power of faith, the influences of the Spirit on the heart." The same interpretation of Moses' character is found in the verses:

Moses, the patriot fierce, became
 The meekest man on earth
 To show us how love's quick'ning flame
 Can give our souls new birth.

Newman was fond also of teaching his hearers to guard against a religion of mere sentiment. "One secret not of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves." This lesson reads in **Flowers without Fruit:**

But he who lets his feelings run
 In soft luxurious flow,
 Shrinks when hard service must be done
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weigh'd,
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 Which bloom their hour and fade.

The same idea is brought forward as Newman censured those who confound the acknowledgement of guilt with true repentance.

The idea, also, that truth wins the few and conquers through them, Newman impressed on those who listened to his sermons. It so dominated his own life that one naturally expects to find its expression of frequent occurrence. The **Watchman** ends with the lines:

The chosen few, few the deeds well done,
 For scantiness is still Heaven's might.

In a sermon, he reasoned that the witnesses of the resurrection were few in number because they were on the side of truth. The poem, "The Course of Truth," having given the same interpretation of the resurrection, makes the usual application of his favorite thought:

Still is the might of Truth, as it has been:
 Lodged in the few, obey'd and yet unseen.

In verse and prose, identical ideas and principles are found. Newman fixed in verse the lesson of reverence for the name of Jesus:

I bow at Jesus' name, for 'tis the Sign
 Of awful mercy towards a guilty line,

In opposition to "the unwillingness so commonly felt to bow at the name of Jesus, nay, the impatience exhibited towards those who do; as if there were nothing awful in the idea of the Eternal God being made man. . ." Or against the preacher's conviction, "though prayer for self is the first and plainest Christian duties," intercession belongs especially to "the perfect and spiritual mind," one may place the verses:

All may save self;—but minds that heavenward tower
 Aim at a wider power
 Gifts on the world to shower.

The title, "The Pillar of the Cloud," given to the favorite hymn in the 1868 collection of Newman's poems, acquires a new significance by a consideration of the author's use of it elsewhere in his earlier writings. From his retirement at Littlemore, he wrote Keble, "What I wish is, not to go by my own judgment, but by something external, like the pillar of the cloud in the desert." And if, as Newman tells us, Charles Reding was Newman's other self, the following is of special significance: "Charles' characteristic, perhaps above anything else, was a habitual sense of the Divine Presence; a sense which, of course, did not insure uninterrupted conformity of thought and deed to Itself, but still there it was—the pillar of the cloud before him and guiding him." This desire to guard against wilfulness is expressed in the stanza:

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead Thou me on!

Even a more striking background can be found for "The Dream of Gerontius" in Newman's prose. This poem more than anything else, perhaps, shows the composite nature of Newman's writing. Here the poet is expressing the same persistent ideas that he had spoken or written again and again throughout his life. The thought of death was ever before

him, particularly after his illness in Sicily. And the soul's sight of God at judgment was another oft-recurring idea. His imagination joined heaven and earth in the belief that God's kingdom was composed of all just souls. And in a vivid way Newman conceived of the throne of God as made up of immaterial substances,—souls. In the poem he depicts the demons as noisy but impotent; in a sermon he pictures the noisy despair of a lost soul which the demons clutch. The two pictures reveal the same mind working in opposite directions with almost equal effectiveness. Newman contrasts the journey between time and eternity of the saved and the lost; in "The Dream," and likewise in the short poem, "Misery," he thinks of the saved soul going "in no breathless whirl," but "still unscared"; but the lost soul reached its accusing spirits, "breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness and overwhelmed with the strangeness of what is happening to him." Thoughts of his guardian angel and purgatory were dear to him. St. Philip, he thought, escaped the 'fiery lake'; but his own consolation was to look forward to his purgatory just as he depicts Gerontius doing. The poem, indeed, visualizes the supernatural world just as Newman thought steadily of it in relation to his own spiritual life and just as he had preached of it to others.

Whiteness of Heaven

"When will the jewel-buds gleam on my stem?
 Weary of waiting for spring and for them;
 Snow-bound and ice-bound, I yearn for release,
 Bring me, sweet sunbeams, your message of peace!"

It pierces my spirit, this tremulous speech,
 The cry of the plum-tree, the cry of the peach;
 I answer its longing; "Ah, when shall it be
 That hour of splendour, for thee—and for me?"

Caroline D. Swan.

CHARACTER AND CHARACTER FORMATION

By Rev. Robert Swickerath, S.J.

PART III.

Formation of Character.

The method of character training is clear from what has been said hitherto. The training does not consist in lecturing on character, or in mere scolding, or punishing, but in assisting the child in the work of forming his own character. As the formation is a living process, a growth, it must be in the person himself whose character is to be trained, he must exercise himself. From the beginning of Christianity, the idea of practice and exercise, as the means of obtaining perfection, was clearly recognized. The very term "asceticism," that is, the science which teaches the means of obtaining religious perfection, and the practice of it, is derived from the Greek word *askesis*, which signifies practice, exercise, and more particularly athletic training. This term was rightly employed for the practice of spiritual life, as this, in reality, is practice, training, for the purpose of acquiring habits of virtue. And as we have seen before, character essentially consists in right habits. Again, the celebrated book of St. Ignatius of Loyola, which is a practical hand-book of religious character training, is entitled: *The Spiritual Exercises*, and from the beginning to the end it continually emphasizes the necessity of practice, of self-exertion. If one wishes to become an athlete and tries to win a race, or a game, it will not be enough for him to sit at the feet of a professor and listen to a lecture on athletics, or to watch from the grand-stand a game of football or baseball. No, he must practice, he must train, he must exert himself. So, only, he becomes an athlete in the normal sphere who exerts himself, exercises himself. The work of the educa-

tor consists of directing and encouraging this self-exertion and setting the best models and examples before the pupil.

If we inspect this work more closely we find that it is twofold, negative and positive. The negative part consists in removing the obstacles in the way of character development; in checking and counter-balancing dangerous, excessive, exuberant growth. The gardener prepares the soil for a rich growth by removing the stones, the weeds, the thorns and thistles, which would choke the plant; by pruning and lopping off branches which are superfluous, too luxuriant and would absorb much of its vital energy. So does the wise educator check a certain animal exuberance in the human sapling, and lop off dangerous branches here and there by inculcating the doctrine and enforcing the practice of self-control, self-discipline. This is the unpleasant aspect of education; unpleasant because the pupils resent it, nay, often rebel against the process. But it would be fatal weakness, unpardonable sentimentality and real cruelty if the teacher or parent neglected this part of character formation. In my native country, along the banks of the Rhine and Moselle, a quaint saying is frequently heard. When in spring, after pruning, the sap flows copiously from the cuts of the vines, people say, "The vines weep," or "The vines bleed." But the vine-dressers do not mind this "weeping" or "bleeding" because they know that it is good for the plant and necessary to obtain a healthy development of the sweet grapes. Thus the educator, be he parent or teacher, must sometimes be resolute and ignore the whimpering and the tears of the child, or the angry looks of the older boy and girl. I know that there is a school of modern educators who are opposed to this "Oriental or monkish asceticism," as they call it. They say self-realization is the all-important aim in education. I have spoken above on this topic and shall add only that we fully believe in self-realization, provided a clear distinction is made between the higher and the lower self. We cannot ignore the Christian teaching of original sin, because it stares us in the face as a sad fact in life, in all the lower tendencies, which are soon witnessed even

in a little child, although the surroundings may be the best that can be desired. There is an antinomy in every nature, the struggle between good and evil in our hearts, something divided and unreconciled in our being. True self-realization of the better, higher self is obtainable only through conquest of the lower, animal self.

Move upward, working out the beast
And let the ape and tiger die.

Hence the said necessity of self-discipline, or to use the old ascetic terms, of self-denial, abnegation. The foreground of Christian character formation is a battleground, and character is the result of struggle and conflict. Self-realization only through self-surrender: we find ourselves by forgetting self. This is especially necessary if we want to obtain the most beautiful flower of character, charity, love. It grows only on the soil of self-sacrifice. He who wants to make others happy must give up many gratifications of personal likings and personal feelings. This does not produce a stunted growth, a truncated and mutilated moral life. On the contrary, Christian character is enriched by spending, developed by serving, made happier by making others happy.

The disregard of the principles of restraint and discipline has led to some serious defects in modern schools. There is in Europe, as well as in America, a general complaint about the lack of obedience, application and self-control. Dr. Hall, President of Clark University, writing in the *World's Work*, 1908, finds the sources of the evil in the feminization of the teaching force. Women coax and cajole the pupils, instead of commanding and forcing them into good behavior. In the home the father is sometimes invoked to apply the old-fashioned corrective of the rod, "but the teacher is now pedagogically widowed and her large family is half-orphaned." Prof. Paulsen of Berlin, writing about the same time (in the *Educational Review*) concerning similar evils in German schools, where there are relatively few women teachers, gives a truer and juster

explanation, by saying that generally too much emphasis is laid on pleasure even in work, and too little on duty; that there is too much pedagogical like. But on all sides there is an earnest call for a return to the sterner disciplinary methods of the old education, a cry for more educational vigor. These recent complaints are only too well founded. But few take the trouble to point out the real source of the existing evils. This is to be found in a false philosophy, and especially in the radical theories of Rousseau, whose ideas influence many educators of the present day, although they may not be conscious of this dependence. Mr. Babbitt has recently stated that the educational *laissez faire*, which during the past decades prevailed at Harvard and other American institutions, is the outcome of this philosophy. Furthermore, he showed that the late president of Harvard, in denying that there is a general discipline, is merely following Rousseau. (Babbitt *Literature and the American College*, 1908, p. 50 foll.). It would be well for those modern disciples of Rousseau to remember that the theories of this educational revolutionist are best illustrated and best refuted by the life of the author. His principle of unrestrained liberty, and of rebellion against all authority, was the expression of his own life. Everything became loathsome and impossible for him when it presented itself as duty or obligation. We dare not mention here the results which this attitude produced on his moral conduct, as it is plainly and disgustingly revealed in his own *Confessions* and correspondence. In his early childhood and youth he had never been submitted to the salutary influence of discipline, and his whole career is a striking example of a rich nature spoiled by want of proper training and restraint. It would be fatal error to make his moral impressionism and excessive individualism the foundation of modern education. (On Rousseau, his educational theories and their influence, see Professor Hudson's *Rousseau and Naturalism in Life and Thought*, 1903). A careful study of the principles and the life of this patriarch of naturalism, as well as the numerous complaints about the defects in modern educational systems, prove that

the old ideas concerning discipline represent a necessary element of education.

We need not deny that some educators and among them some of the most zealous from some mistaken and exaggerated notions of asceticism, have carried the negative attitude, the applicant of restraint and discipline, too far. They have practised more what may be called surgical pedagogy and have neglected, relatively at least, active and stimulating education. I said they have done so from mistaken and exaggerated notions of asceticism. For true and sound asceticism, contrary to a quite common opinion, does not aim at destroying human nature, but at purifying and perfecting it. A medieval monk and saint has well pointed out the defects of the system of mere restraint and repression in education. It is well known that discipline in former times was extremely and excessively severe. Floggings were given to children in school as regularly and as liberally as daily bread. When St. Anselm was prior of the Abbey LeBee in Normandy, there came to him one day an abbot who opened his heart to his brother educator over the failure with the boys under his care. We do our best for them, so ran his complaint. We teach, correct, chastise them, fostering and developing whatever is good in the pupil. It is not enough to prune what is excessive, it is even more necessary to educe whatever is latent. Mind the word, "educe," "bring out," it gives the very idea of education! Every human nature has potentialities and capacities for good, and we must not despair of anyone, however great the obstacles may seem, in the way of character formation. We must endeavor to inspire the pupil with faith in himself, and draw out, slowly and patiently, the latent gift, the unexpected capacity. This is the test of the true educator.

There are many practical applications of this principle. Take the case of the stubborn, self-willed child. Many teachers judge this character, if we may call it, too harshly, and they tell the boy or girl that they are "hopeless cases" and will be very bad some day. No child should ever hear such discouraging viridiet, for it may "break the bruised reed and extinguish

the smoking flax" completely, and prevent any further endeavor. We know that teachers sometimes were greatly mistaken in their judgment on talent and character. Thus the great Liebig was told by his teacher that he had absolutely no talent and should take up some trade; he became one of the greatest chemists of modern times. Similarly with regard to character, the so-called bad boy has often become an excellent man. Inexperienced educators frequently hold up the quiet, gentle, amiable child as the model. If they could look into the future, they would meet with a great surprise; the model boy of the school days has remained a good "boy" indeed, but has not become a real man; he has done little harm in life—and little good—whereas the restless, stubborn, self-willed child, through persevering effort and struggle with self, has developed a strong, manful character, has achieved great things in life, not only for himself, but also for his fellow-men. In the stubborn, intractable child there is often the finest material for a noble and generous character. It is easy to mold a figure in wax, or soft clay, but you cannot expose it to the inclemency of the weather; it requires hard labor and great skill to carve a statue in marble, and while the artist is engaged in his laborious task many a spark will fly from under the chisel, but this is the statue that will last for centuries. This does not mean that the teacher should tolerate insubordination and obstinacy; on the contrary, he must firmly train the child to obedience and self-control, but this must be done with great tact, prudence and patience.

Educators must remember that the material which they are working on is very different in the case of different children; as no two faces are exactly alike, neither are two natures. We hear it said again and again that the teacher must individualize, must know the prevailing dispositions of every child and treat him accordingly; just as a good physician does not apply the same patent medicines, so the teacher must offer special advice and appropriate help to every individual pupil. This is very easily said, but is often extremely difficult to ascertain the exact disposition of a child. Still, there are

some general principles which will be helpful to the educator. It is important to have a clear idea of certain natural dispositions, of the natural temperaments, and the specific methods required to deal with them successfully. This leads us to consider one particular point connected with character, namely, its relation to temperament.

Temperament and Its Relation to Character.

In speaking of the different elements which enter into the formation of character, we have seen that inherited traits are not character, but the basis of it. Natural traits manifest themselves in a special manner, and we call the peculiar combination of such traits temperament. Everyone has some notion of what temperament means, but when we come to determine its nature, we enter upon one of the most obscure fields of psychology and physiology. We know enough, however, for our practical purpose, to determine its relation to character. The word temperament is derived from the Latin *temperare*, which means "to temper, to modify." This verb *temperare* is a derivation from *tempus*: "time, season." Temperament, accordingly signifies "mental season," a certain disposition, or, as it were, an atmospheric or climatic condition or "weather" of the soul. The ancient school of physicians believed that there were four distinct "humors" or fluids in the body; the blood, phlegm, yellow bile or cholera, and black bile or melancholy, and the temperament depended on the relative proportion of these elements in the system. Modern physiologists generally reject this theory and they explain temperament by the peculiar constitutions of the nervous system, defining it as emotional constitution; but the popular names for temperament are still based on the ancient theory. Certain temperamental types are easily recognized, not only in individuals, but even in various races. The repose and dreaminess of the Hindoo, the cunning of the Chinese, the immobility of the Russians, the rugged sternness of the Scot, the slow thoroughness of the German, the impressionable and change-

able quickness of the Celt, the sprightliness and vivacity of the French, all these are racial temperaments.

From the days of Galen (second century, A.D.) it has been customary to speak of four temperaments: the sanguine, choleric, phlegmatic and melancholy. At present a more common division is that into the bilious (or choleric), the lymphatic (or phlegmatic), the nervous (or irritable and alert), and the sanguine temperament. Such divisions may serve the purpose of description, although they are not found unmixed in nature. The sanguine is warm, quick, alert in body and mind, impressionable, enthusiastic, gay, spreading mirth and happiness all around; a lovely temperament, indeed, were it not for a less pleasant reverse of the picture. For this temperament is also fickle, inconstant, changeable, whimsical, easily discouraged, lacking depth, solidity and endurance. To be sanguine is characteristic of youth, and grown up, sanguine people are boys rather than men. The phlegmatic temperament is slow, quiet, almost sluggish, in physical and mental activity, indifferent and unconcerned about things which worry others, dull and prosaic. On the other hand, it is calm, self-possessed, solid and sober, exercises forethought and foresight, and above all is steady and persistent. Dull as it may appear, it has many advantages, and a good dose of it would be of the greatest benefit to the ever-restless and nervous American temperament. The choleric temperament, like the sanguine, is quick, but it possesses a strength which is wanting in the sanguine. It is fiery, bold and fearless, energetic, and ambitious, resolute, zealous, and whole-hearted; but it is also inclined to be fierce, wrathful, revengeful, relentless, obstinate, inflexible, tyrannical, proud and prone to domineer and trample others under foot. It is not warm, but hot; it is the temperament of strong passions. It is dangerous like a powder magazine; a little spark, and a terrible explosion follows. It is volcanic, and exposed to many violent eruptions and earthquakes; it is risky to live at the foot of a volcano or in an earthquake zone. Men of this temperament do most harm in the world,—and most good. For it is this temperament, with its fire and energy, that pro-

duces the true noblemen, the leaders and princes among men. The heroic missionaries, the great conquerors, and all great men of action possessed a large amount of this temperament. The melancholy is probably considered by ordinary people the most undesirable of temperaments. It is associated with excessive introspection, with sentimentality, dreaminess, gloom, moroseness, despondency, but is also deep, profound, earnest, thoughtful, feeling, poetic. You may be surprised to hear that Aristotle, the greatest thinker of antiquity, says that all men of genius are melancholy. Indeed, practically all deep thinkers and profound philosophers, and the greatest of poets, especially the "poets of poets," the great lyricalists, had a strong vein of the melancholy temperament in them. The most original men, the men of more than ordinary depth of thought and feeling, belong to this class. It is not the feeling of the sanguine, rather on the surface and bubbling like a silvery brook, but like a lake hidden in a dark forest, whose calm depth it is difficult to fathom. Melancholy people realize most clearly the awful issues of life and feel most keenly its sorrows; hence the note of sadness which is so conspicuous in the wonderful lyrics of the Old Testament, particularly in the grand book of Job. (On this question of temperament see Alexander Whyte. *The Four Temperaments*).

If we want to express the manner in which the temperaments differ in strength and in the rapidity of emotional reaction, we can do so by the following diagram:

	Strong.	Weak.
Quick	Choleric.	Sanguine.
Slow	Melancholy.	Phlegmatic.

The following illustration will perhaps give us a better idea of the different temperaments than long descriptions and discussions: Imagine a narrow path, lined on either side by a wall or fence, and in one place blocked by a large stone. Along comes a youth, with lively gait, looking right and left, now singing, now whistling, picking a flower here, throwing a stone

there—now walking, now standing, now running. You recognize him; it is our sanguine friend. Suddenly he finds himself before the obstruction in the path; he does not think long, but goes back a few steps, runs, and tries to leap over the stone. If he succeeds he enjoys the feat, probably jumps over it again and again, until he stumbles and falls. What a wail now goes up, what lamentations! “Never again will I be so foolish,” is his solemn resolution—until something else attracts his attention and makes him forget his woe and his folly, and soon after he will do the same thing over again.

There comes after him another, slowly, comfortably, so as not to get into perspiration—he is never in a hurry—for it spoils sleep and digestion. By and by he, too, arrives before the impediment—he does everything by and by! He thinks very seriously, looks right and left; he does not attempt to leap; oh, no, that would be unnecessary and excessive exertion. Mr. Phlegmatic takes his time, he will get over it, if not to-day, then to-morrow; finally he sees there is just room enough to squeeze past between the stone and the wall; if no space is left—well, he climbs over it. His is not an heroic procedure, not a spectacular performance that would appeal to the grandstand. But he does not fall, and saves himself trouble and pain, tears and reproach.

If he had not gotten over in time he would surely have been pushed aside and that in no gentle fashion by a third person who comes along in a great hurry—he is always in a hurry, at play and meals as well as at work; energy and power are written on every line of his face, and determination shines from his bright and sparkling eyes. He sees the stone, a frown appears on his face, he looks around for the one that might have put it there, and it is well that no one is near, otherwise, there would be a scene! But our choleric friend must do something; he rolls up his sleeves and with might and main tries to roll the stone away; he will not give in, no matter how long it takes him, no matter whether his hands bleed and his shoulders ache; the stone must be put out of the way. Perhaps he succeeds, and it is well for others as much as for himself;

perhaps he fails, but he does not give in until he drops from sheer exhaustion.

Slowly and solemnly comes along a silent, "melancholy" figure, looking neither to the right nor the left, and why should he? He bears a whole world in his own bosom, he is wrapt in deep meditation on some great problem, he tries to fathom the abyss of the world's woes and sorrows—and now he stands before a practical problem; how to get over that stone, or past it. But this does not concern him now; to him it presents a far more important problem—it is a new confirmation that the world is full of misery and difficulties. Hear him, Hamlet-like, soliloquizing:

"To be or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them?"

Then comes along reflection on heart-ache and other calamities:

"Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes."

—Hamlet, III.

Surely:

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing." —Macbeth, V. 5.

How he will get over the present difficulty I do not know, and we may leave him to his profound reflections.

Remember that I have described the different temperaments in their abstract, unmixed conditions. Fortunately, they do

not exist in this form in real life; they would be intolerable. We suffer enough from temperaments that are modified to some extent; if all temperaments were found pure and unmixed, the world would be a madhouse. If you ask which is the best temperament, I must confess my inability to answer the question. I wish, however, to quote a remark from Matthew Arnold: "Individuals and nations, in hitting off one another's character are apt to seize the unfavorable side rather than the flattering; and thus we frequently see other people and other races in a disfiguring light. We are tempted to think that other nations have far more defects, while we were so fortunate as to inherit nearly all good qualities, and *only* good qualities. Some individuals see in other people chiefly the defects and overlook the commendable qualities, and then they thank God that they are not like other men." It is unquestionable that an addition of Celtic emotion and liveliness would improve the Teutonic character, and that a blending of German steadfastness and thoroughness would perfect the Celtic temperament.

It remains to add a few maxims with regard to the treatment of the different temperaments. Undoubtedly it would be one of the greatest helps in education if the teachers knew the disposition of the individual pupils, as the Good Shepherd "knows His own." A beautiful expression, this, indeed, "He knows His own." Some teachers know their pupils collectively, as a flock, or as a hive of bees in a garden, but they do not know them individually; they know the grade or the class, but they do not know James or Joe, Mary or Maggie. We hear it said often enough that teachers should "individualize" in teaching, and especially in moral training. This is easily said, but we know that it is extremely difficult to do it. Still, with more interest and zeal, teachers might succeed often in gaining greater knowledge of individuals. Besides, there are some educators who, even if they notice the difference in the natural dispositions of children, still follow the same method in treating all, although tact and sympathy suggest a prudent modification and adaptation to the different individualities. With

reference to the treatment of various temperaments, the following maxims should be clearly understood:

1. As man is endowed with free will, temperament can be brought under control, though in many instances great difficulties must be overcome. The word "temperament" is often used merely as an excuse for weakness or sloth. The common expression, "I cannot help it, it is my temperament," usually indicates nothing but indolence and in reality means: "I do not care to try; I do not want to struggle against the defects of my temperament." But where there is a pronounced weakness, or abnormal development, tact and sympathy will help to suggest the proper treatment. The old principle, "Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo," should above all, and in all cases, be the guiding rule.

2. The best temperament has defects and perilous elements, and the worst has some good points. They can all be made organs of the highest good if well regulated; they all will become sources of insidious evils if left uncontrolled. All temperaments are one-sided; it is by correcting the excessive tendencies of temperament that many-sided, balanced, poised and harmonious characters are developed.

3. The individual's temperament is his capital, with which he has to begin the work of his character formation; it is his garden, his vineyard. He must work it well and industriously, and he should not waste any time in fruitless desires to have another temperament. To each one God has assigned a special task, and has given him special means for it, he should honestly strive to perform this task.

"The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be, but, finding first
What may be, then how to make it fair
Up to our means—a very different thing."

—Browning.

4. It is undeniable that some temperaments present vastly more difficulties than others; the emotions, sometimes called passions, in one are more violent than in another. But even this is no reason for discouragement; as we have remarked before, there have been persons of a violent natural temperament who developed beautiful characters. The stronger the emotions the more powerful they are as instruments for doing great things, provided they are wisely and firmly controlled. Emotions are bad guides, but excellent working forces; they are bad drivers, but good horses. If one has fiery, even wild steeds, that is, strong emotions, but knows how to manage them; if reason is the driver and a firm will the strong hand that grasps the reins, how much more quickly will one reach the goal, how much more easily can one scale steep heights than with a pair of gentle, slow and weak horses! The noblest characters, the greatest saints, all had strong emotions.

5. One should not attempt to change one's own temperament, or that of some one else, into the very opposite. Such a change is often recommended; but there is a fallacy in this. First, the author of our nature has not intended all to be alike. He wants as much variety in temperaments and characters as in the flowers of field and garden. Besides, the attempt to change a temperament into one radically different would mutilate nature, would destroy much that is good without producing the desired effect. In the second place, such efforts are futile. You cannot make a dog climb a tree, though a cat does it easily. You cannot give the horse wings and make him fly, though the eagle does so naturally. True, but, as a great Jesuit (Father Roothaan), has said: "It is not the eagles that do the work, but the oxen that plow the fields" and the horses that haul the heavy loads. Similarly, men may admire the flights of certain poetical and artistic temperaments, but other more prosaic and less brilliant temperaments may be much better fitted to do the hard and solid work.

6. There are many practical applications of the preceding principle. Thus one should not endeavor to make of the melancholy child a gay and boisterous one, but should try to coun-

terbalance the excessive sadness and introspection; such a child may become a contented and balanced, though always a serious character. And as we have seen above, there is something especially beautiful about this earnest disposition, with its depth of thought and feeling. In like manner, a wise educator will not expect to be able to make of the slow and sluggish child a "hustling" and vivacious one; but the phlegmatic child can be stimulated and roused so much that he may become more active and responsive, while his innate calmness and response has not been destroyed. Nor is the energy of the ambitious, proud and headstrong boy to be crushed, but it must be controlled and directed into right channels. He should be made to realize that he shows true strength of character, true will-power, if he checks the outbursts of his temper, if he does hard work and helps others; he should be convinced that it is a surer sign of vigor to discipline and conquer his own stubbornness than to "bully" and browbeat others, especially those who are weaker; finally, he should be shown that it is more manly to submit to lawful authority than to rebel against the reasonable demands of parents and teachers. Again, it would be an error to try to make the restless and excitable child slow and solemn, but the educator should strive to train him to reflection, to steadiness and perseverance. Fickle and whimsical children should be urged to do their work conscientiously, no matter how hard and irksome it may appear. They should be taught to act on principle, not to follow the impulses of emotions or sentimentalism. It is extremely important to accustom them to solid reading and wean them from silly and sentimental novels. For sanguine temperaments,—and the majority of youths are sanguine,—the elective system presents special attractions and contains special snares and dangers. They are naturally inclined to follow the paths of least resistance, to change subjects of study as soon as they find them difficult and tedious. They nibble at all branches and will never master a single one; their system is "stuffed" with candies and chocolates, and though they may appear neat and healthy, they have no

strength of muscle or sinew, for lack of solid intellectual and moral nourishment.

Like good-natured cows,
Keeping browsing and forever browse;
If a fair flower comes in their way,
They take it, too, nor ask: "What, pray?
Like other fodder it is food,
And for the stomach quite as good."

For sanguine temperaments, this system, this "apotheosis of intellectual caprice," is most baneful; not only does it prevent them from acquiring through knowledge, but it does untold harm to their character, because it emphasizes and increases the radical weakness of their nature.

7. In trying to temper and modify the various natural dispositions and tendencies, one error, in particular, must be avoided, namely, the expulsion of one vicious inclination by another equally faulty. This, of course, is not done intentionally, but may happen without the educator being aware of the questionable procedure. Thus it would be wrong to stimulate a sluggish, indifferent boy by an excessive appeal to worldly success to such a degree that covetousness and worship of wealth would be implanted in the heart of the child. And it would be wrong if an educator, attempting to counteract sensual desires, appealed incessantly to pride, so that a haughty self-esteem and self-satisfaction take the place of sensuality. In this way a vulgar passion would be replaced by one more refined, indeed, but not less fatal; such a practice would be, in the words of Holy Writ, "casting out the devil by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils." The appeal should be made to higher motives, to nobler principles, especially to those furnished by religious teaching.

To sum up these maxims, we may say that nothing that is good in the temperament God has given should be weakened or destroyed, but preserved, purified, perfected and made serviceable to the end for which God has created the individual and endowed him with these special gifts. In the words of St.

Ignatius, these natural endowments and talents, like "all other things on the face of the earth, are created for man's sake, in order to aid him in the prosecution of the end for which he was created." The aim of education is not to destroy and tear down, but to build up; and only so much should be torn down as would prove an obstacle in the way of building up, in the way of establishing balance and harmony. From all this it is evident that the educator's task in regard to character formation is a most difficult and most delicate one; one which requires not only knowledge, but, even more, tact, prudence, sympathy, and inexhaustible patience.

V. The Christian Ideal.

So far we have not mentioned the strictly religious aspect of character and the supernatural means of character formation; we have not spoken of the necessity of divine grace, nor of the means furnished by Christ and employed by His Church, which are the special channels of divine assistance to the human will in overcoming temptations and acquiring virtuous habits. It would be unjust to infer from this silence that we think little of these; on the contrary, we consider them the most powerful instruments in the work of character development. But we have purposely dwelt on the philosophical aspect of character, and on those natural principles and processes which can be applied by all educators in the home and in the classroom. Furthermore, these natural means must be utilized even by those whose aim it is to help to develop in the young a religious character and supernatural virtues. The supernatural is built up on the natural, it utilizes it, while in turn it elevates it to a higher state. It may also be well to mention that there is a merely natural goodness. While the Pelagians and their followers ascribed too much to man's natural powers, Luther, Baius and the Jansenists unduly limited those powers. The Catholic doctrine lies between these opposite errors. The doctrine of the Church is seen in the condemnation of a long series of erroneous propositions. Thus the Council of Trent condemns

the opinion of those who say that works done before justification, whatever be their character, are truly sins and deserve the hatred of God. Again, Pope St. Pius V. condemned the teaching of Baius that all the works of those who have no faith are sins, and that the virtues of the philosophers are vices, and that whatever a sinner does is a sin. (Hunter, *Outlines of Dogmatic Theology*, III., Ch. II.)

Many writers quote St. Augustine as saying that all the virtues of unbelievers are *splendida vitia*, which they translate by "splendid vices." Now it has been proved (Denifle, *Luther und das Luthertum*, 1906) that no such expression occurs in the writings of St. Augustine; there are expressions found from which some inferred this doctrine, but on examination it is evident that the Saint means something entirely different. In some passages he speaks of those unbelievers who avoid certain sins from the motive of "a ruinous self-complacency"; in this case, of course, the action is not virtuous but vitiated by the wrong motive. In other places he speaks of virtues which are not in any way referred to God; they are, therefore, not perfect, hence to some extent vitiated. Whereas the opinion of those who say that the unbeliever can have no natural goodness in him is certainly repulsive. The Catholic doctrine, which asserts that there may be naturally virtuous actions even in the unbeliever is not only moderate, but one that must strongly appeal to a kind and charitable heart. A religious-minded educator will, however, not be satisfied with instilling such merely natural principles and encouraging practices of natural virtues, but he will endeavor to make them subservient to the higher virtues, to the truly spiritual and supernatural life. That this can be done only when moral training is based on religious teaching, is evident. On this point we shall content ourselves with quoting the words of one who was not an oriental mystic nor a medieval monk, but man of action and a great patriot. Washington left to his people as a sacred legacy these weighty words, which well deserve careful consideration in our days: "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that

morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structures, reason and experience, both, forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." What Washington says of national morality has an application to private morality, to individual character. For national morality is but the great sum total of the morality and character of the individuals that constitute the nation.

There is one factor which we must not overlook in the question of character formation, namely, example. Its great value, its prime necessity in the work of moral training and character development needs no special proof. The silent but eloquent teaching of a good parent or a zealous teacher, who possesses a well-trained character, an evenly-balanced temperament, is the most important factor in ethical training; it is a model and an inspiration. It will imperceptibly influence the children and raise them to a higher level, although neither educator nor pupil may be aware of the subtle but powerful educative process. On the other hand, a defective character, an uncontrolled temperament, will do more harm than the best exhortations can undo. There is always an unreality about teaching which is not the reflection of the life of the teacher, and this is felt instinctively by the disciple. A teacher does not teach with any spirit and earnestness what he does not himself practise; nor does the disciple take in, with docility and confidence, the doctrines which are not practically efficient in the life of his teacher. Such a teacher can, at best, hand down a doctrine traditionally and mechanically, but not in a living and life-giving form. A teacher, in this case, is merely a sign-post to show the way, but not the good shepherd who goes before the sheep and gently attracts them to follow him. Emerson very well expresses this educational service of example when he wrote to his daughter in college: "It matters little what your studies are, it all lies on who your teacher is." But it is not the teacher's example which we want to speak of, but the moral ideal, the noblest type of character, which is to serve as the model for all, teachers and pupils alike.

The moral teacher is a man with an ideal. Men, as individuals and nations, are hero-worshippers. They point to their great men, their Nelsons and Wellingtons, their Stanleys and Livingstones, their Washingtons and Lincolns and O'Connells; to men who have done much and dared much for their country and their fellowmen. The praises of these men are sounded far and wide, their names are household words, their examples are held up to the veneration and imitation of the young, as are those of saints in the Catholic Church. We do not want to detract one iota from their fame, though some are only partial heroes and fractional saints as those found in the peculiar calendars composed by Carlyle and Emerson. We need a higher ideal, a greater hero, and we can easily find him. Even the Greek philosophers tried to personify and make real to the multitude the disembodied ideals of their ethical systems. (See Freeman, *Schools of Hellas*.) Homer had placed before the youth of Greece as ideal the hero Achilles, but Plato and others tumbled the fierce slaughterer of men from his pedestal. Plato tries to put an idealized Socrates in this position, but, alas, the historical Socrates ill squares with the ideal postulated by philosophy. Aristotle formulated the ideal man, the *Megalopsychos*, but he did not dare to personify him for want of a suitable person. Stoicism sought for its wise man or perfect saint, but never found him. Greek philosophy with all its acute speculation did not find the ethical ideal. But he appeared, the ideal character, not as a speculation but as a reality, as an historical person, the ideal as the real. "We have seen him, we have handled him, we tell you what we have seen." With these words of the Apostle was the appearance of the ideal character announced to the world. In Christ there is indeed the ideal, the perfect character; the ideal, perfect temperament. In Him there was nothing exaggerated, nothing extreme, nothing eccentric, nothing repulsive, but absolute poise, balance and harmony. In Him all that is good, attractive, beautiful, was wonderfully blended; command and sympathy, power and charm, authority and affection, love and strength, humility and dignity, firmness and kindness, prudence and zeal, caution

and enthusiasm. What seems contradictory and conflicting was in Him reconciled in most wonderful harmony. Hence His power, His magnetism, that attracted and fascinated all.

His power, I say,—and this is still working in the hearts of men. His religion has become “the main source of the moral development of the world, and it has discharged his office, not so much by the inculcation of a system of ethics, however pure, as by the assimilating and attractive influence of a perfect ideal,” as even the rationalist Lecky must confess (*Rationalism in Europe*, 1. 312). Truly, the world is more moved by ideals than by ideas, and the influence of the most perfect system cannot be compared to the power of a personal example and model. This model was furnished for all times in the perfect character of Christ, and His example has achieved more than His sublime teaching. For it has not merely taught men to aim at a higher life, but has inspired them and gently and powerfully drawn them to a nobler life. The religious and moral betterment of the past nineteen centuries has come chiefly through the gradual approximation of men to this character. It has infused its beneficent influence into every sphere of thought and action. Every phase of moral endeavor has been sanctified, and whatever is most pure and unselfish in social life, whatever is most beautiful in private life, whatever is most attractive in the character of modern men and women has been taught in the school of Christ, although many no longer recognize their teacher, and refuse to acknowledge the debt they owe to Him. He has created a new character, a character infinitely superior to that proposed by the deepest thinkers of Hellas. His character is the source of new life. He has introduced a type of human thought, feeling and action, which was never known in such purity and energy. He has fostered the richest growth of virtues, traits of character, hardly known in classical antiquity; sweet humility and modesty, forbearing patience, tender sympathy and charity, the choicest flowers of Christian character.

Whereas Greek character consisted in mere formation, Christian character is produced by a transformation, by an

elevation and consecration of the natural into something higher, more sublime, even beyond the natural capacities, into the supernatural; it is a real transformation of the earthly into the heavenly.

In the remarkable description which Chaucer gives in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, we see what Christianity has done in the sphere of character formation. There we read of the knight who is distinguished not only by truth and honor, by worth and valor, but also by courtesy; he is not only brave, but "of his port as meke as is a mayde. He was a verray parfit gentil knight." The passage deserves to be quoted. It is as follows (in somewhat modernized spelling):

A knight there was and that a worthy man,
That from the time that he first began
To riden out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honor, freedom and courtesy.
And of his port as meek as is a maid,
He never yet no villainy he said
In all his life unto no manner wight;
He was a very perfect gentle knight.

The idea of meekness and gentleness in a man, in a warrior, would have been unintelligible to the Greek and Roman mind, inconsistent with the fierce Ajax and the relentless Achilles, or the stoic endurance of the Roman. Christ's example has tempered even the characteristics of the sexes and has perfected them; as it has given woman the strength of the martyr, so it has given man something of the female elements of mildness, of sympathy, gentleness and patient suffering. It has given harmony to both.

As Christ was a teacher, in fact, the Great Master, it is natural to expect that the teacher should find in Him the most beautiful example and model of an educator. In Him we see a harmonious combination of all qualities which are necessary for a good teacher; kindness and firmness; zeal tempered by tact and prudence; energy sweetened by patience; perseverance

in spite of ingratitude and apparent failure. His zeal was indefatigable, it was a very passion for work, as we may reverently call it; He taught everywhere and at all times; in cities and in the country, in the temple and in the synagogues, at home and in the desert, on the mountain top and by the seaside; He taught many or few, not disdaining to give "private lessons" to individuals, as to Nicodemus, and the woman at Jacob's well; He taught the learned scribe and the simple country folk of Galilee. He taught with the greatest kindness and sympathy; love was the channel through which He exercised His wonderful influence; His love for children formed one of the most tender traits in His divine character, as is revealed in those touching incidents related in the Gospels, "when children were brought to Him that He might bless them." And we know with what sweetness He blessed and embraced them. But it was genuine love, which, however tender it was, never degenerated into weakness, but administered rebuke whenever it was needed, even to Peter and the beloved disciple. But again, what merciful sympathy with those whose souls were afflicted with diseases worse than any bodily ailment! How kind, how encouraging his words and looks, which instilled new hope, new life into crushed hearts! Well might teachers learn from Him that, no matter how many defects their disciples may have, there are no moral incurables among them; there is always some ray of hope; always some weed of good which may be developed into a noble character.

"There is in every human heart
Some not entirely barren part,
Where flowers of richness scent may blow,
And fruit in glorious sunlight grow."

The Great Master knew how to individualize; He did not destroy originality, did not maim personality; He accepted His methods to different temperaments; the choleric sons of Zebedee, who clamored for fire from heaven upon the inhospitable

cities. He calmed by showing them that He had not come to destroy but to save; the ardor of the sanguine man who enthusiastically offered himself to His service He chastened by pointing out the sacrifices necessarily connected with his discipleship. And so with other natural dispositions. Above all, Christ set the teacher the example of unflinching patience. How much occasion His hearers furnished for practising patience! How slow, how dull, how selfish, the people were who expected a Messiah of glory and splendor, who applauded when He multiplied the bread, but murmured when He taught them truths which displeased their carnal minds! How timid, how cowardly, Nicodemus! And His nearest disciples! How slow to grasp His ideas! How worldly-minded, even after three years of special training in the First Christian Normal School in the First Training School for Teachers! How ambitious and greedy of the "first places in His kingdom"! And yet, what wonderful patience and perseverance, in spite of apparent lack of results, in spite of disappointment and ingratitude. Indeed, Christ's life was a training school for teachers.

Even now can teachers sit at His feet and learn from Him lessons of paramount importance for character formation. And the teacher who graduates in this school will bear a diploma such as no Teachers' Institute or University can give; the testimonial of a spiritual personality, of a truly Christian character. Such a teacher will be an example, a model, an inspiration to pupils, and by his or her very life will say with another great teacher: "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ." (1. Cor. 1v. 16.)

In its most wonderful form the power and inspiration of the Divine ideal is manifested in the lives of the saints. Let me quote two examples: not of hermits or nuns; not of Anthony in the desert or Theresa in her cloister; nor even of missionaries, as of a Xavier in India, but of people living in the world, in the midst of its dangers and allurements. Nor of people from the Latin South, as if they alone had a special fitness for the realization of the Catholic ideal of character, as some seem to imagine, but northern characters, who are said to have a special

tendency toward Protestantism. As ideal characters I would select Sir Thomas More and St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

Sir Thomas More, the Englishman, the man of refinement and humanistic elegance, the lawyer, the writer, the wit, the successful barrister, the favorite courtier, the chancellor of the realm; the cheerful companion, who enjoyed a pleasantry and played jokes on his friends, thereby showing that piety, even of an ascetical kind, is not identical with moroseness, but that, in the words of Coleridge, "religion is the most gentlemanly thing in the world"; Sir Thomas More, devoted to his step-mother, faithful and affectionate husband, loving to a wife who was considerably older than himself, and, as he playfully said, *nez bella nec puella*, "neither handsome nor young," nor shared his own lofty sentiments; Sir Thomas More, the most affectionate father, as appears from his touching relation to his daughter Margaret; the devout Catholic, most conscientious in the observance of the laws of the Church, attending Mass daily, often serving at the altar himself; the courageous, fearless man, who, when nearly all ecclesiastics weakly yielded to the despotic and heartless king, would never consent to declare against poor Queen Catherine, nor recognize the king's supremacy in religious matters; who for conscience' sake laid down his life and died a martyr's death, with sentiments of kind forgiveness and with a pleasant jest; who gave the executioner a gold piece and embracing him said: "Be careful, I have a short neck, don't miss it," and laying his head on the block, he pulled his beard aside, saying, "That at least has committed no treason and should not be cut off." This is the man whom Reginald Pole calls "The best of all the English"; whom non-Catholics admire, whom Macaulay styles "a choice specimen of human wisdom and virtue," that is, an ideal character, a Catholic saint.

The ideal character among the women saints, next to her who was called blessed among women and full of grace, I find personally in Saint Elizabeth. Daughter of the King of Hungary, wife of the Landgrave of Thuringia and Count Palatine of Saxony, she is a type of the sweetest simplicity in an

exalted position; the most attractive among the medieval saints, about whose life there is a winning charm and a delicate poetic halo. Most devout and religious, she was most affectionately attached to her husband, and when he departed with Emperor Frederick on his crusade, her heart was so rent with agony that she fainted. Left a widow at twenty years of age, she rejected all offers from the first princes of the empire; the ties of mortal love once broken, she now devotes herself to the love and service of her heavenly Spouse in the person of His sick and poor and afflicted brethren. Brutally expelled from her castle by the brother of her deceased husband, cast out with her infant children in cold midwinter, compelled to beg for food and shelter, she shows a courage and fortitude of mind which may well put man to shame. The first night she spent in a stable, and the next day had a *Te Deum* chanted in a church, in thanksgiving for the tribulations God had sent her. As the Frenchman Montelambert says, amongst all the saints none has presented in the same degree the ideal of the wife and of the Christian woman as she has done whom even at this day the German Catholics, her country men, never mention but by the sweet title of "our dear Saint Elizabeth." You remember the legend that one day her husband, meeting her on her way to the poor, asked what she carried in her apron. It had been bread for the poor, but she answered: "Roses," and opening she showed the most beautiful roses. It is not a historical fact, but a beautiful poetical legend; the simple works of mercy have turned into beautiful roses, which even now fill the page of her history with their sweet fragrance.

In these Saints we have most attractive characters, fashioned after the ideal as presented by Christ. Perhaps you tell me these are heights of character which we cannot hope to scale. But we must at least endeavor to climb those lofty heights, and by our efforts we shall reach a place far above the lowlands of ordinary and conventional character. For us, too, there is a way on which we can move upward, like the ladder between heaven and earth on which Jacob saw the angels ascend. On the summit, beckoning and encouraging us, stands

the great Model, the Ideal Character. I know that there are men in our own midst who say that there is no room for the imitation of Christ in our country, in our busy, active, restless life. An American university professor not long ago asserted that the imitation of Christ was inimical to modern civilization, that "to imitate Him would mean the downfall of modern culture." (Finality of the Christian Religion, 1906). What ignorance of the character and teaching of Christ and of the needs of our times is betrayed by such language! True, Christ cannot be imitated in everything He did; for He is a model and an example indeed, but not a pattern of which copies absolutely alike can be made. Naturally, His life stands in a special relation to His time and His country; many of His words were particularly fitted to the surroundings in which He lived, but His principles, His spirit, have an application to all ages, to all lands, to all conditions. They have a meaning for the twentieth century as for the first, for America as for Palestine. Even now, even to us, He says:

Follow me!

And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone.
To the centuries that shall be.

For, as the Apostle said, "Christ yesterday, and to-day, and forever." We, too, can develop noble and beautiful characters by "living like Jesus," not borne on the wave of some momentary excitement, and by artificial and forced methods, but by the steady and noiseless consecration of our daily actions. Even in our times and in our country the surest way to the development of a grand character is by assimilation and approximation to the character of Christ. It is a steep road and hard climbing for ourselves and those whom we lead to the summit of Christian character. But the glorious prize is worth the hardest striving.

For character, as we have described it, or even any appreciable approach to it, is a thing of exceeding beauty. It is what the Greeks call *kosmos*; order, proportion, harmony and

symmetry in our innermost being: the senses and emotions obedient to the will, and the will subject to enlightened reason. It is grace, not merely gracefulness, but supreme graciousness and the highest refinement. It is the beauty superior to any physical attractiveness; beauty that does not fade nor wrinkle, but can grow from day to day. It is the beauty and charm of a never-fading flower. And its winsomeness does not depend on social rank or position; the colors of a rose are bright and its fragrance as sweet in a hut as in a palace, as delightful in the schoolroom, the shop and the factory, as in the most gorgeous drawing-room. Such a character is power, it is an influence for the highest good. It inspires all who come near it, and gently draws them to form their own characters after the best pattern.

It is power that works like the mysterious forces of nature, noiselessly silently, but most effectively and irresistibly. It is magnetism. It is a power that can even withstand the destructive hand of death. What will be remembered most faithfully and most affectionately is not success, nor brilliant talent, but kind and sympathetic and generous character. The very name of a man of character will call for the judgment: "He was a man, take him all in all." And the very recollection of a great and noble character is an inspiration to others even after its owner lies silent and cold in the graveyard. Such a character is greatness, true greatness, the only greatness. be our station in life ever so humble and insignificant. To all men and women who possess this treasure above all treasures, we can apply the simple yet beautiful words of Longfellow:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Sponsa Christi

I come to lead a life in God,
A life beyond my strength,
Upmounting through the shadowland,
To rest in Him at length;
To walk upon the waters
And yet to know no fear?
My little faith will fail me, Lord,
Unless I feel Thee near.
I pour my heart out at Thy feet;
Oh, that my life may be
A constant "Sursum Corda,"
A rising up to Thee!
My heart within Thy broken Heart,
My will in Thine enfold,
(For those who taste the Bread of Life,
What prayer can be too bold?)
My sin the awful chasm is
That sunders me from Thee.
Then let Thy Mystic Passion, Love,
The bridge that spans it, be!

Edith R. Wilson.

SIMPLICITY AND GREATNESS

Simplicity and true greatness are closely allied. Listen to an exposition of Psychology or Psychiatry by some pseudo scientist and it seems involved; attend a talk by Dr. Meyer of Johns Hopkins, or some other scholarly exponent of the subject, and we find it logical and natural. These "new" mental sciences have been known and practised for a long time. As to having one's complex removed, didn't Shakespeare tell us to "pluck from the memory" and to "cleanse our foul bosom"? and the Church has practised Confession for many a long day!

It is interesting to compare the modern teachings as to diet, occupational therapy, or other useful subject, with the poets, or with one's early home lessons. A modern health rule says, "If you are worried or tired, take soup or some other liquid easy to digest before you partake of solid food." The stout Earl Doorm, forcing Enid to eat when Geraint lay wounded, and she would not—

"Drink then, he answered.

Lo! I myself, when flushed with fight or hot with anger,
Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat."

The liquid may have been different, but the principle is the same.

The use of occupational therapy to help the ennuï of convalescence was practised, perforce, by many a busy mother in the simple Arcadian days when bread was baked at home; and one recalls, as the cheerful slogan of a mother's improving health, these comforting household words—

"There's nothing makes the time go like a bit of baking!"

So it is with our several vocations, from house-keeping to ruling a nation—or whatever you may choose as a symbol of importance. Perhaps they are about equal in the sight of Heaven.

Great men are simple in their theories and methods of expression, and here one recalls two examples—an Archbishop and a Premier.

The first sight one had of Archbishop Neil McNeil was at a large gathering of all classes and creeds in the Arena, when it was first opened. His Grace slipped in unheralded and unrecognized in his new Arch-diocese, until some one who knew had him take a place in seats reserved for leading Churchmen. This democratic spirit is now a well-known characteristic of the Archbishop—that and his constant insistence on the merits of deeds rather than words—which recalls part of the address presented him by the women of his flock on the Silver Jubilee of his consecration as Bishop—

Ever you teach that deeds, not words, have merit,
And unto doughty deeds the League aspires;

Yet we are women, and would speak our feeling
Even in verse, remembering the Old Land—
Your father's land of misty moor and shieling,
Your mother's Erin—both would understand!

Your life is like a broad Canadian river,
Its source amid the snow-capped hills of home;
'Tis fed by mountain-streams of high endeavor,
And sparkles 'neath the light of holy Rome.

Deep in the river's heart a strong desire,
And all its windings tend to join the sea;
So do your thoughts and actions all aspire
To merge in God, in His Eternity!

“Shepherd of souls,” ah, title most appealing,
Words are but words, 'tis only deeds that tell.
We pray the God of Comfort and of healing
To bless and guard and guide our Shepherd well.

One was privileged, also, to address the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a sonnet written toward the end of the Great War.

when the old Chief was estranged from many of his own political party. My brother, John M. Ferguson, forwarded the sonnet to Sir Wilfrid, who sent the writer an autographed photograph. In thanking the late Premier, my brother told how his wife was envious of the picture every time she visited his sister. Another long-hand letter with an autographed photo arrived with the remark—

“I have always been a promoter of concord in families—private, political and national.”

This is the sonnet to Sir Wilfrid:—

Outstanding figure in our vast domain,
 Sir Wilfrid, we salute you! It is told
 How men in knightly days were brave and bold,
 Yet ever sought life's courtesies to maintain;
 So, in your person, knighthood lives again,
 And we would hail you, Galahad grown old
 In search of Holy Grail more prized than gold—
 United Peoples, French and British strain!

The bubbling cauldron, stirred for party ends,
 Could not besmirch the lily of your life,
 Nor quench the spark of loyalty in friends.
 Together gird we in a world of strife,
 Then brave and debonair, like you, advance,
 Our rallying battle-cry be—“Britain, France!”

But the Premier, in the simplicity of greatness, kept faith with his compatriots, and went down to defeat. For strong souls, such as these, “Because right is right, to follow right is wisdom, in the score of consequences.”

Rose Ferguson.

CARDINAL GASQUET

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph.D.

Cardinal Gasquet was a good friend of our Seminary, and therefore his memory deserves a few words of praise from me. The Catholic newspapers of his own country and of the world have mentioned the principal events of his life and of his labors. But they all have omitted, whether from a delicate reserve or from forgetfulness or from ignorance, the fact that he was near being appointed to the Archbishopric of Westminster. Some English Catholics—and I remember that Sir Bertram Windle (God rest his soul!) was one of them—thought that the reason why Bishop Bourne* was preferred to the Abbot was because the latter was a monk and the former a secular. But that was not the reason, at least not the principal reason. I have good authority for stating that the reason why Cardinal Bourne was selected was that his mother was Irish, and it was considered that, other things being equal, it was only fair to the Irish element in the Church in England to give them an Archbishop who was partly Irish. No doubt Cardinal Gasquet would have made a good Archbishop, but he hardly could have made a better one than Cardinal Bourne, who has just won a great triumph at the elections by inducing the greatest of the British parties† to adopt the policy of justice and equality for the separate schools.

Cardinal Gasquet will be remembered principally as an historian. He did succeed in expelling a good many historical and sectarian falsehoods from the mind of the educated class in Britain. The most original of his writings, however, that on the causes of the American secession from the British Empire, was based on the researches and studies of Martin

* This name is pronounced Born.

† I call the Conservative the greatest of the three parties because it polled the largest vote and for other obvious reasons.

Griffin of Philadelphia, brought to his notice by the present writer, and showed how much of anti-Catholic and anti-French-Canadian bigotry entered into that movement.

The Cardinal was descended from a refugee from the French revolution. His grandfather came from Provence, and the Cardinal placed the sun in his coat of arms to signify that sunny land. Yet he was British to the backbone. He was always a friend of Irishmen. I do not mean by this that he was a Home-Ruler. He was conservative by temperament, and probably would think that the opinions of a monk about a political question were not of much importance either way. But I am sure that he would rather give the Irish Home Rule than have blood shed about it, and I know that he remonstrated with Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, about things which were done by the forces nicknamed "Black and Tans"; and anyhow, he was always ready to do a good turn to an Irishman. He too brought back to England the relics of St. Oliver Plunkett from a Benedictine monastery in Hanover. His wish for peace with the Irish was not due to the tame quality called "pacifism." He was a staunch patriot in time of war with foreign powers. When the Cardinals assembled in Rome after the death of Pope Pius X., he met a German Cardinal who said to him, "We will not speak of the war, Your Eminence," and Gasquet replied with his wonted quickness of wit, "We will not speak of peace, Your Eminence." He was, indeed, one of the wittiest men I ever have met, and most amusing in private conversation. He was a great mimic in relating anecdotes. The anecdotes were as accurate as most anecdotes about great men are, true in spirit rather than the letter. But where his personal experience came in he was absolutely reliable, and such is the character of his historical work. The beginning of his work as an historian was due to the breakdown of his health. His heart was weakened by an attack of typhoid fever in his boyhood, and it broke down under the strain of labor and responsibility in building the great extension of Downside Abbey and schools and the new Church, the strain being aggravated by opposition and

criticism from some of his own brethren, and appeals against him to the Abbot General. A physician in London whom he consulted told him that he must have had typhoid fever sometime. He declared that he never had. The physician said, "Pardon me, I know better than you." When the Abbot told this to his mother, she said, "It is quite true; you had that fever when you were eleven years old." Boys forget their own history, but their mothers do not. The physician asked him if there was a light occupation that interested and amused him, which might keep him from thinking of his own condition. He said that he was fond of visiting the British Museum and reading old books. The physician said this would be an admirable way of filling up his time and keeping his mind occupied. This was the beginning of his serious historical studies. The physicians then thought he might live six months (this was in 1886), but just then fortunately some new drug—a tonic for the heart—was discovered and aided him to recover.

He had many interesting anecdotes to tell about the course of events connected with the commission appointed by Pope Leo to study the question of Anglican Orders, particularly a ruse played by his friend, Father David Fleming, the Irish Franciscan, upon an Italian theologian of another order, who differed from him. When he first visited the United States he told these anecdotes, illustrating human nature in the preliminary work, before the results were laid before the Pope. In the New York Seminary there was one student, traitorous enough to take notes and sell them to a secular, perhaps anti-Catholic paper. Fortunately, the student being unfamiliar with English history, made so many mistakes in names and dates that Gasquet was able to deny the correctness of the report.

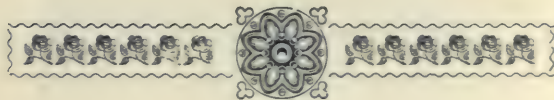
Gasquet in the course of these studies discovered at Douay the Register of Cardinal Pole which proved that this Cardinal, as Archbishop of Canterbury, had never recognized the ordinations of the reign of Edward VI.

Gasquet, when first created a Cardinal, had for his church San Giorgio in Velabro, Newman's Church, St. George being

the Protector of England (not the "Patron"). Afterwards, having a choice, he took the church of Sta. Maria in Campitelli (or, in Porticu). His reason may have been that in this church "a perpetual intercession for the conversion of England" * was founded by the exiled James III., and his younger son, Henry, Duke of York, took his Cardinal's title from that church. The prayers are said every Saturday morning about eleven o'clock and are followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Cardinal's brother, Dr. Gasquet, was married to a niece of Manning; he himself as a little fellow took part in serving Manning's first Mass. But his sympathies were with Newman, whom he described, for his greatness, as "the Woolwich Infant" (a huge cannon of these days).

*St. Malachy in the 12th century, years before a foreign King of England annexed Ireland to his crown, years before Cambro-Normans and Welshmen invaded Ireland at the invitation of a traitor, predicted that the government of England — or England as a state — would not remain true to the church, but that the Irish would always be faithful and at last lead the English home again.



CATHOLIC MISSION

Chuchow, Che., China.

April 15, 1929.

Dear Readers:

Having been requested by the Rev. Editor to contribute an article for the summer number of the Lilies, I can think of no better way of complying with that kind invitation, than by extending a counter invitation to the Rev. Editor and her readers to accompany me on the Spring visitation to the district of Tsing tien.

I am sure that many of the readers of the Lilies are already well acquainted with the work of the English-speaking Canadian missionaries in Chuchow, China, some may even have paid our seminary, at Scarboro Bluffs, the honor of a visit. Would it be rash on my part to hope, that on the completion of our trip, the Canadian missions of Chuchow may count every reader of the Lilies as an ardent supporter? If rash I be in thus hoping, then my rashness I place at the feet of the adage which bids me "hitch my waggon to a star."

Before commencing our journey, however, I beg leave to make one suggestion. China, as you know, is an immense country, covering an area slightly larger than that of the whole of Europe, and supporting (more or less) some four hundred million souls, practically one quarter of the entire world's population. Naturally in a country of such a size, the habits and customs of the people, and even the people themselves, are bound to differ. During our travels we are going to see only a tiny portion of this republic, and in order to prevent anyone from receiving many false impressions, such as I personally had before coming here, I would ask the readers to take into consideration the vast extent of the Flowery Kingdom, and hence when we say China, we simply mean our little district of Chuchow.

China, it has been said and repeated, is a poor training



REV. JOSEPH VININI,
Chuchow, Che, China.

school for those wishing to acquire a good stock of the great virtue of patience. We shall learn this all too well, as we go meandering through the hills and dales of Tsingtien.

The first lap of our journey will be by boat, a sturdy ship, some twenty feet long, with a "beam" of five or six feet. The rounded bottom, and the light draught of the boat are especially adapted to the many shallow rapids in the rivers hereabouts. A telescopic covering of bamboo, protects the passengers against the inclemencies of the weather. Our trusty ship may be rowed, poled, pulled or pushed, and when the gods send along a favorable breeze, the skipper hoists his sail, and crouching at the stern, guides her along with his oar as a rudder.

The boatman has promised us that everything will be ready for an early start in the morning, but alas, all things are relative in this vale of tears. By early we understand, at least, seven a.m. and so this hour finds us, boy, bedding and baggage, already embarked. Our venerable lao da (boatman) is calmly manipulating his chop-sticks, and we feel assured that by the time we are comfortably installed, he will have juggled the last grain of rice and we shall be off. In fact, we are off, a long, long way off. We are informed that the rice stock is very low, and would the zung vu (spiritual father) be so good as to come across with one iron man, wherewith to replenish the impoverished larder. This brings us to seven-thirty. The rice carefully stored away, our lao da seems to have been suddenly stricken with paralysis. How come there is no sign of "opening the ship"? as they say here, meaning, to start. This time it is the "guests" who are a bit tardy. Guests? China is the land of "squeeze" par excellence. The boat was hired to take us, at a certain price, to a certain place, but we can only occupy so much space in the boat, so the lao da sees no reason why we should not rent the unoccupied space to his "guests" at so much per head. Lucky we are if we do not find the boat well stocked with merchandise of some sort. Only recently, on a similar trip, the boatman wished to take into the boat a sedan chair with its occupant and two carriers,

as well as two other men with their baggage, and this after I was forced to pay the "foreign" price for the boat.

Our first call will be Yi du san, a tiny village lost high up in the mountains. A stiff climb of an hour and a half brings us there. The flock here consists mainly of a half dozen granddads, real patriarchs, who have seen the snows of many winters melt and rush down the mountain sides that completely surround their alpine shacks. Well may each one of them say with St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As for the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me on that day." May they, by their intercession, win the gift of the faith for their fellow mountaineers as well, so that the sentence of St. Paul may receive its completion, "and not only to me but to them also that love His coming."

An early Mass the following morning, and after a quick descent of the mountain, we regain our boat. We shall breakfast aboard, to save a bit of time, the next station being several miles downstream. At noon we shall abandon our ship and strike into the mountains. We must pray that the rain which has commenced to fall may soon cease, else we may find ourselves trapped for several days. The village we are to visit lies in a narrow valley, which a few hours of heavy rain quickly turns into a raging mountain stream, which it is impossible to cross, bridges being conspicuous by their absence. The inhabitants of the valley have built several miles of stone dikes in an endeavor to confine the water as much as possible, but periodically the poor people, in the space of a few hours, see the fruit of years of labour washed to the sea.

There is no "chapel" at this station. We say mass and receive the scattered flock in the home of one of the Christians. There is a great bustle and excitement upon the arrival of the priest, and willing arms soon have the central room cleared of all the rubbish it has collected since the last visit. We are rather unfortunate at this mission as most of the Christians are absent.

The sun is shining brightly this morning and it is splendid weather for our hike of thirty lee (ten miles) to the next station, Do lu. This is one of the best missions of our district, but alas, here also "the Master has not a stone whereon to rest His head." A rented house and a loft serve as chapel and residence. At each visit the Christians ask when we are going to build a chapel for them. They are willing to help us to the best of their ability but they are so poor. "To-day has salvation come to this house." This was the reward Zaccheus received for his hospitality towards our Divine Lord. Do lu to-day, as Jericho of old, offers the same opportunity of housing our Lord and King.

We shall spend a few hours here, to enable those who live at a distance, to come to the Sacraments. The routine at each of the stations is the same. Confessions and Communions, perhaps a soul to prepare for its last journey, or it may be a marriage to regulate. There is usually a baby or two, born during the absence of the priest and baptized privately by the catechist or one of the Christians. They are brought to the chapel on the arrival of the priest, to be "supplied," that is, have the ceremonies of the Sacrament supplied. It is on these occasions that the priest is besieged by the mothers for medals or other trinkets to pin on the bonnet of the "best baby in the world." Several trunks of medals would hardly be sufficient to satisfy all the demands. The pagans have miniature idols, of brass or silver, sewn on their children's caps. In the evening the male members drop in for a chat. They are nearly all inveterate smokers from an early age, even youngsters of nine or ten years may be seen to borrow Dad's pipe for a few whiffs. The pipe usually has a long stem of bamboo, as long as three feet, at times provided with a bone or porcelain mouth-piece, and a tiny brass bowl holding only a thimbleful of tobacco. The bowl is cleaned by simply striking it on the ground, and the next pipeful is lighted from the still burning ball knocked from the bowl. The tiny hand stove, carried by the Chinese during the cold weather, is also much used for pipe lighting, or should the smoker chance to be near

the kitchen stove or a lamp, he merely sticks the end of his pipe into the flame. It is a mark of respect here for the host to offer his guest, upon his arrival, a pinch of tobacco. The guest will accept it and then attempt to return a pinch of his tobacco, which the host will politely refuse. Water pipes are used by some, though they are not so common, being too costly. Many of the country folks simply take a piece of young bamboo and from this shape their pipe. The tobacco is very cheap, most of the country people not only rolling their own but growing their own as well.

Night prayers, in common, follow the evening chat. The Chinese Christians say their prayers aloud. I dare say that the Christians here praying in their chapel is the nearest approach to a community of Benedictine monks chanting the divine office, that one could find. When the prayers are well recited, not too fast, and with rhythm and properly scanned, it is really beautiful. I do not think I have ever heard anything so beautiful or devotional, as the last prayers of the school-boys at Chuehow, said in their dormitory just before tumbling into their beds. It was especially beautiful last year. There was one little chap, now in the preparatory seminary at Ning po, with a clear tenor voice. He would always take the lead, his companions filling in. However, the prayers to be beautiful, must be well recited, otherwise it is discord and confusion. On Sundays and on feast days the prayers are much longer, and even more melodious, the women and children being present with their sharper voices to blend with the basses of the men. The busy pastors at home who are toiling year after year to educate their congregations to the beauty of community praying and singing, must come here for their vacation this year, and after hearing our Christians pray, they will find their courage renewed to carry on the struggle. There are usually a number of Christians on hand to recite the prayers when the priest is administering the Sacraments in the chapel, or in the homes of the people, and even when the priest is not present, they gather, on such occasions as the sickness of one of the community, to recite long prayers.

The Chinese have great faith also in the sacramentals and the use of holy articles. The first action of a Christian upon meeting a strange priest will usually be to make a large sign of the cross and then to pull out his rosary, seldom minus a good number of medals. However, it is not always wise to put too much credence in these "external signs of faith" as they are often only the prelude to the main act; the individual in question happened to be striking a bit of hard luck, but a couple of dollars would put him on his feet again.

Another important item at each station is to leave a copious supply of holy water. There is a large jug for this purpose in each chapel and from this central supply the Christians fill their bottles. Has baby a tummy-ache? A gulp of holy water will soon quieten him. The Chinese, then, see the devil everywhere. If anyone takes sick, it is the devil; they hear a strange noise at night, it is the devil; a youngster fails to return home, the devil has surely taken him; and so the stock of holy water must be kept ready for these many occasions.

Tsingtien city is the next station on our list. We shall leave Do lu early in order to arrive at a tiny village, half way to our destination, in time for dinner. The mention of dinner is usually connected with food so perhaps this will be a good place to give our readers an idea of the menu we may expect during our trip. I fear that many of us, of not all, have the most erroneous notions concerning the food of the Chinese. Who does not believe, as I once believed, that rats, mice, cats, and dogs are common articles of food on the Chinese table? I do not know anything about the rest of China, but if there should happen to be any place where rats are in demand I should like to get in touch with some wholesaler in that commodity, because I am sure that I could catch enough of these rodents to supply a good-sized city, in any one of our country "chapels." That rats, mice, cats and dogs are eaten by some Chinese is undoubtedly true, as it is undoubtedly equally true that rats, mice, cats and dogs are eaten by some of the citizens of the fair city of Toronto. My boy assures me, from actual experience, that rat flesh is fine, very warming. Snakes, he

says, also slip down very easily. I happened to pass through the native village of this boy, not so long ago. I did not stop at his home for lunch.

Rice is the staff of life here in our district. What the Chinese cannot make from rice or bamboo is not worth making. Take these two articles out of China and there will be nothing left but the mountains and rivers. The rice is simply boiled until properly cooked, and really constitutes the whole meal. The number and the variety of the other dishes will be strictly in accordance with the pocket book. Pork is the most common meat, though even it is not seen very often on many tables. Beef may be had at times, though it is nearly always very tough, as the cows are not raised for their flesh or milk but are used as beasts of burden. Horses there are none, though occasionally a tiny Manchurian pony may be seen, or rather discovered under the robes of their riders. Goats are fairly plentiful, as well as chickens, ducks and geese, though they are beyond the ordinary budget. The Chinese are good truck gardeners and have many varieties of vegetables, which are always boiled, never eaten as salads. This is quite as it should be, given the local methods of fertilizing the fields. On festival occasions, such as marriages, national holidays, etc., many extras, ranging from birds' nests to sharks' fins, may be added, always, as is natural, varying in quantity and number, according to the financial standing of the family. The number of the dishes prepared from wheat and rice flour is legion. Next Hallowe'en, instead of ducking for apples in the washtub, give the members of your party a pair of chop sticks and a bowl of spaghetti, the spaghetti being at least two feet long. The Neapolitani have nothing on their brothers of the Celestial Empire. When you reach the end (and perhaps long before that) of this article you will be tired and hungry. Try a pair of poached eggs, drowned in sweetened rice wine.

Are any of the readers of the Lilies of an inventive turn of mind? If so I would be ever so grateful if they could succeed in working out some kind of an auxiliary stomach that I could conceal under my soutane. The Christians must think that we

priests have at least as many stomachs as a cow. The minute we cast our shadow on the threshold of their homes, the lady of the house makes a bee line for the stove, and shortly afterwards we are invited to grace their board with our presence. Were the homes of the Christians five or more miles apart this would be perfectly O.K., but when there are from one to five families living under the same roof it is time to consult the ways and means committee. It is absolutely useless to try to convince them that if one or more vitamin slips down your gullet you are going to be sick. Up to date I have discovered only one way out of the difficulty. Apparently the local code of etiquette requires that when you invite someone to have a snack you are to let him eat in peace, because I notice that after the first two or three whirls of the chop-sticks we are left pretty much to ourselves. Now it is my opportunity. By this time my boy (why did I ever grow up) has yodled about two-thirds of his dish away, so after a quick glance to see if the coast is clear, I quickly slip the best part of my lunch into his bowl and then we yodel a duet to victory. It is surprising how quickly my boy learned his part of the act.

The local boards of hygiene are not nearly so strict as they are in some distant lands. The family tooth brush is not discountenanced, in fact, on the coastal steamers from Shanghai to Wenchow they even have international tooth brushes, and no extra charge.

But now to get back to our half-way village. There is no chapel so we must stop at the home of one of the Christians. There are several babies to be "supplied" here. There should also be one old lady but she was afraid to come. She was seriously sick some time ago, remaining in a coma for several days. The coffin was ready to receive her as they held no hopes for her recovery. One of the Christians thought he would obtain a free pass to heaven for her so he baptized her. However, she fooled them and "came to life again." The coffin was resold, but the indelible mark of baptism is there to stay.

I do not think there is anything (after his rice) that a Chinese likes as well as a procession. Here come a wedding

procession. It is headed by a calf bedecked in red streamers, followed by a number of carriers bearing the gifts, and finally the bride in her sedan chair. I hope she is a good sailor. If not she is surely going to be terribly sea sick. The six men carrying the chair are certainly giving her a rough passage, deliberately rocking and swaying the chair, nearly to the point of overturning it. Perhaps it is to prepare the fair maiden for the many storms she may expect on the matrimonial sea.

Here comes another procession. To judge by the music, the fire crackers and the tam-tams, it would seem to be another marriage procession, but no, this time it is a funeral. The cause of the procession is being carried along in his massive coffin, by eight men. The relatives are clothed in sack cloth and their white mourning clothes. White is the color of mourning here. Paper money, simply common wrapping paper, with twenty-five holes punched in each piece (each hole representing one cash) is being distributed freely as they wend their way slowly over the cobble paths. The money is to defray the expense incurred by the defunct on his journey across the Styx. The party has no objections to posing for me while I "shoot" a snap. The person whose funeral procession we have just passed may have died months or years ago, and is only now being buried, either because the family, at the time of his death had not the wherewithal to provide a fitting funeral or perhaps they have waited for some relative living at a distance, or perhaps the soothsayers have decided on this day for the burial. In the meantime the body enclosed in its coffin will have been resting in a nearby temple. In some cities they have, or had, a special building in which to place such coffins. The father of my boy died some years ago, but his body still lies in a temple near the home. The boy's people are pagans. The mother intends to keep the coffin unburied until her death, so that they may be buried together. Faithful unto death.

Finally, just at dusk, as we are entering the city of Tsing tien, we meet our third procession. This time it is an "ex voto" procession, an annual affair. It is made up mostly of

children, accompanied by an older member of the family. These children have been sick during the year, and the parents had promised the idols, or the devil, or somebody, that if the children recovered they would carry them in this procession. Many of the youngsters are taking a purely physical part in the whole proceedings as they slumber peacefully in their gaily-decorated chairs.

There is a fairly good chapel in Tsing tien, though the place is sadly in need of repairs. If any of the Canadian ball teams need any spare pitchers, they might send a couple of their scouts over here, because, judging by the number of broken windows in this chapel, there are many good arms going to waste here in Tsing tien; and sometimes these stones, projected by the aforementioned arms, are not always directed solely at the windows, but the foreign gentleman; or, to use the boy's own words, the yang kwei tz (foreign devil) also comes in for his share.

The visitation of Tsing tien completed, our *via dolorosa* begins. From here on we shall have to be alpine climbers, for mountains to climb there will be aplenty. However, there is always one consolation in climbing a mountain—the joy of going down the other side. Our final objective will be Wong da, a fair-sized town, distant several days, as we poor humans walk, but only about sixty miles, as the crow is supposed to fly. There are several chapels to be visited enroute but the routine will be already described.

The spring scenery to be enjoyed as we pass through these mountains amply compensates us for the energy and shoe leather consumed. There are many pretty bridges crossing the numerous streams, some of them no mean engineering feats. Near Wong da there is a water-fall, fully, in my estimation, one thousand feet high. Unfortunately, at this season there is very little water coming over it, but after a heavy rain it must be a very pretty sight indeed. We clambered down a rocky goat path to the pool at its base, and by the time we arrived at the road once more, I was more inclined to put the height down at five thousand feet.

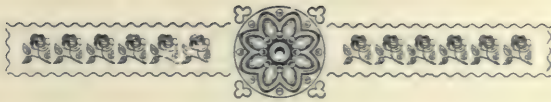
We arrive at Wong da tired but happy, at the end of a perfect day. The inner man satisfied, we take to the hay for a well-deserved rest, but it is only too true, there is no rest for the wicked. Hardly had my head touched my pillow of straw when, rap, rap, and please Zung vu, but there is a sick Christian who fears to die, and will you please come and anoint her. Luckily the house is quite near, so we manage to push our weary legs along for another hour. Next morning a child is sick in the same house, so now they are sure it is the devil who is getting after him, so there is no help for it. Zung vu must come and read the prayers for the sick, assisted by a number of the Christians. The pagan members of the family are also convinced that his satanic majesty is the cause of all the sickness, so they are busy with their superstitious practices. On our way back to the chapel we notice a wooden peg, upon which is written a superstitious omen, planted outside the gate. The catechist sent it sailing down the tiny creek that flows by the house.

We shall remain at Wong da for a week or two, to rest our weary bones, and also to visit the Christians whose homes are scattered far and wide in the mountains surrounding the village. From Wong da we shall strike over the mountains by a different route for "home."

Dear friends, have you enjoyed your trip, or are you weary and rather inclined to ask what it is all about? "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold. Them also must I bring and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." It is all about these "other sheep." Dear friends, let us never cease to thank the good God for the wonderful gift of the Faith that he has gratuitously granted us. Have we ever really considered what this Faith means to us? Have we ever reflected that were it not for this Faith the entire world would be sharing the sad plight of China? In vain do the "enlightened" ones of our day, as those of the past, try to prove that the regeneration of corrupt humanity owes nothing to the Faith; in short, "that Christ has nothing to do with it," as one recently dared to blaspheme. The twelve set

out from Jerusalem some two thousand years ago, to conquer what we are endeavoring to conquer to-day; they, two thousand years ago, found what we find to-day, a world sunk in paganism. Were St. Paul living to-day we could well address his letters to the Chinese, or other pagans, as he addressed them to the pagan Romans or Corinthians. The Apostles, too, had their "enlightened" ones who maintained that the Word was intended only for those of the Law. "We ought to obey God rather than men." was the intrepid reply of the Chief of the Apostles. Clearly had God commanded: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The Apostles obeyed this command, even to the shedding of their blood. We to-day are enjoying the fruits of their sufferings. Let us be grateful for the benefits we have received from this Faith handed down to us at such a cost. Let us prove our gratitude in a practical way, by doing all that lies in our power to spread this Faith, the source of our happiness, amongst the millions who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

REV. JOSEPH VININI.



TO CONQUER THE SOULS OF THE WORKERS FOR CHRIST

By Rev. K. J. McRae.

The following is a translation from the Italian, of a news item, in the Roman Observer (L'Osservatore) of April 17, which, I think, will be of interest to many, if not all, readers of the Lilies:

“An able orator in sacred eloquence, the Rev. Frederick Mack, D.D., of Lussenburg, has finished, these days, a round of Conferences, in Vienna (Austria), which left in the Viennese, an eager desire to be able to hear him again. And the speaker was so contented with the increasing crowds of listeners and the attention given by them to his discourses that he promised to return.

“His sermons for Holy Thursday and Easter Monday quickly rendered his name popular. The Canisian Work (Society) that had invited him to deliver these sermons, in Vienna, then organized special meetings in the first, second and fourth districts, the more thickly inhabited and the more aristocratic, in the city, and each succeeding evening a more numerous concourse of people flocked to the Conferences.

“In these Conferences Doctor Mack spoke of Catholic Action, and the reign of Christ, the Royal programme of Christ the King, the Social Mission of the Catholic Church.

“But the most flattering success obtained by the speaker was in the twentieth and twenty-first districts, which are exclusively inhabited by workers, to whom he spoke of ‘Jesus Christ the workman.’ The two spacious churches, Donaufeld and Zischenbruchen, were crowded during the sermons. The Canisian Work had previously announced them by the distribution of hand-bills to every house, expressly inviting, not only the faithful, but also the unbelievers, apostates and the enemies of the faith, to listen to them. This was successful.

One could see men and women from the most distant quarters of Kagran, Aspern, Hirschetten, Jedledesse, etc., hurrying along, and one could learn from their looks and their bearing, that the Church was seldom visited by them, and that they were coming in a spirit of indifference or rather hostile curiosity. Very well, owing to the affable, persuasive words of the speaker the audience became visibly transformed; the attention became ever more intense, more interested, and at the end, one could observe upon those countenances, so little used to religious emotions, signs of emotion and satisfaction.

“Father Mack spoke of the revolution which destroys and of that which builds up; of the materialism which creates mammonism, epicurianism, and anarchism and the doctrine of Christ which saves humanity from all these scourges. Super-Capitalism and Bolshevism have the same impure source; the Gospel alone can conquer them and substitute for them the harmony of good living. It was not by chance, said the speaker—that the Redeemer was born poor, in a stable; He had for legal father a worker, He Himself choose labour for His profession, to which he devoted thirty of His thirty-three years of life, He experienced all the distresses of the life of labour, He chose His Apostles from the labouring class; He drew His parables from the world of labour. The life of Christ, the doctrine of Christ, are all a hymn of glorification of the nobility, the sanctity of labour. Jesus Christ has revealed to humanity the ideal value of labour, the moral duty of labour, the intrinsic beauty and the pure joy of labour, the social blessing of labour. To turn the modern world of labour from this truth and separate it from Christ is a crime by which the human society is made to sink into the condition of two thousand years ago, to the pagan conception of the slavery of labourers. Jesus Christ, the worker, has solved these and all allied problems: ownership and use of earthly goods, service and command, human tolerance and charity towards the neighbor.

The profound experience of the sacred orator, his vast scientific preparation, his arguments throbbing with life and

truth shook into life those hearts hardened by many years of anti-Christian propaganda, which, by preaching liberty of thought and social revolution, sowed so much uneasiness and confusion in the ranks of labour.

“The effect of these few sermons has given another proof of the susceptibility of ordinary souls to the ennobling ideas of Christianity, the profound goodness of the poor, the necessity of more enlightenment where so much darkness reigns.

“Vienna is a centre very much threatened by the forces opposed to religion, but it can become, with the help of God, once more, a centre of Christian renewal, a bulwark of Catholicity against the invasion of Bolshevism. This will require much Christian work, much ‘Catholic Action.’”

The foregoing should be a lesson for us. Some of our cities, unfortunately, are already, or fast becoming, hot-beds of Bolshevism or whatever other high-sounding names the forces at war against Christianity choose to call themselves. And it behooves us to wake up, where we are not already awake, and to do what we can to stem the destructive tide of infidelity before it gets too much headway. A foolish laissez-faire policy brought other cities and countries, besides Vienna and Austria, to ruin, or the verge of ruin, and we will inevitably meet with the same or similar fate if we remain inactive, or make only feeble, or divided efforts.



To Our Lady of Mount Carmel

(For July 16).

The lark and thrush in brown are carolling
At dawn, on blue and opal trails of sky,
Or steepled wood where lacy branches sway;
Buoyant in joy are they,
Glad for the power of tiny wing
And the boundless air, to fly.

Brown-robed in penance, I would rise
To the glad blue that is thine eyes,
My Mother, and the wings made strong
In hope, to thee outpour my song;

Questing high seas of singing words,
Whose silver spray my melody shall wreath,
And joyous more than soaring birds
That of thy air I breathe
Gentleness, love, humility,
Faith, courage, purity.

Till wings of song be wings of grace
To bring me to that radiant place,—
That Carmel God for each soul has made,
Adoring, reverent, unafraid

Catharine McPartlin.

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1928—1930

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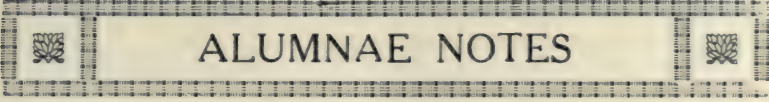
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ALUMNAE NOTES

A general meeting of our association was held at St. Joseph's Convent on Sunday, May 5th, when Miss A. Corcoran, accompanied by Mrs. James Mallon, entertained the assembly very charmingly to the sweet rendering of two vocal solos. After which our President, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, introduced Rev. Father James Cloran, C.S.S.R., who delivered an interesting and scholarly address on "Character Formation." The reverend speaker outlined the factors that contribute to our physical, intellectual and moral development and concluded by exhorting everyone of his listeners to aspire to a worthy ideal. A very hearty vote of thanks for the instructive lecture was tendered by Mrs. W. H. McGuire and seconded by Mrs. James E. Day, who in expressing appreciation of the Reverend Father's lecture, thanked Mrs. Landy through whose initiative they had the privilege of hearing Father Cloran's discourse, also the musical treat given by Mrs. James Mallon and Miss A. Corcoran.

Refreshments were served in the Library. Mrs. W. J. Northgrave and Mrs. A. J. Thompson, who presided at the tastefully appointed tables, were assisted by members of the executive and students of the Academy. Benediction in the lovely Gothic Chapel brought to a close a much-enjoyed social afternoon.

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Cordial felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCarron, who on April 21st, celebrated the 20th anniversary of their marriage. We sincerely wish that time for them may glide happily on to the silver and golden years.

* * * * *

On Tuesday, April 6th, St. Francis' Church, Toronto, was the scene of an interesting wedding ceremony, when Miss Loretto Florence Dee, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dee, became the bride of Mr. Morley Callaghan, son of Mr. and

Mrs. Thomas Callaghan. The beautiful Nuptial Mass was celebrated by the Reverend Father Barrack.

* * * * *

Another interesting wedding was solemnized at St. Francis' Church, Toronto, on May 30th, when Sadie Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chapelle, was united in marriage with Mr. Herbert J. McCusker, Phm.B., son of Mr. A. R. McCusker of Buffalo, N.Y. The Nuptial Mass and ceremony was by Reverend W. A. McCann, P.P.

* * * * *

At St. Patrick's Church, New Town, B.W.I., on Tuesday, 18th June, 1929, Anita, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. de Montrichard of Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I., became the bride of Mr. Thomas Reginald Hayes.

To our Alumnae brides we wish many happy, prosperous years.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Thompson on the coming to them of a promising young baby boy, Francis Albert!

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St. Joseph's Alumnae Celebrates 18th Year.

St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association celebrated the closing of its 18th year, with a Bridge-tea in the Pompeian room of the King Edward Hotel on Saturday afternoon, June 15th. A large table in the middle of the room was effectively arranged with a basket of variegated flowers and candelabra with pink candles, for the thirteen graduates of this year, who were: Misses Irene M. Baxter, Margaret R. Royce, Norma J. Coughlin, Augustina S. Cosentino, Eileen C. Crover, C. Eleanor Godfrey, Mary E. Kernahan, Eileen K. Maloney, F. Betty O'Brien, E. Eileen O'Sullivan, Mary E. Palmer, Angela W. Preu and Mary Adele Tremble.

A little box for each graduate was on the table with her place card, the gift of the President, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, who occupied the seat of honor at the table, and who proposed the

toast to the graduates, to which Miss Angela Preu cleverly responded.

A committee of hostesses who greeted the players for the sixty tables, were Mrs. T. McGarry, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. Thomas McCarron, Mrs. J. G. McDiarmid, Mrs. W. H. McGuire, Mrs. John Ferguson and Miss E. McBride. Conveners for the party were Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. W. A. Wallis, Misses Irene Richards, M. McGrath, and C. Wright. The highest bridge score was won by Mrs. S. Jamieson, and the lucky number, Mrs. F. J. Cooney, Miss J. Gilooly winning the low score prize. Mrs. Rossey and Mrs. E. O'Leary won the euchre prizes, Mrs. F. P. Brazil, one of the first graduates of St. Joseph's College, was at the party.

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Mrs. A. J. McDonagh motored down from Jackson's Point to join her daughters, Miss Pauline McDonagh and Mrs. Arthur Kelly, at the Alumnae Bridge-Tea held at the King Edward Hotel.

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Heaps of good wishes to Dr. and Mrs. H. Murphy, who celebrated their wedding anniversary on Saturday, June 15th.

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Mrs. James Day, accompanied by Mrs. A. Gough and Miss Bunnie Higgins, motored to Ottawa, Montreal and then to Quebec to meet her son, who returned from two months abroad about the beginning of June. Mrs. Day also spent a few days in Detroit following her delightful motor trip.

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Misses McBride entertained to dinner before going to the theatre, for Mrs. Bellew of Chicago.

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Bon voyage to Mrs. W. T. Kernahan and daughters, who are going to Europe for the summer.

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Miss May Orr has again joined her house party at Bluevale, where she will spend a prolonged holiday. Evidently Bluevale

has a strong attraction for May, since for fourteen consecutive summers she has holidayed there.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, who for some weeks have been residing at their summer home at Island Park, intend taking a motor trip through Eastern Canada, stopping off at St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S.

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Much happiness to Miss Helen Grant, who has joined the Community of the Sacred Heart, at Albany, N.Y.

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We sincerely congratulate the St. Joseph's former pupils who on June 5th, completed their course at St. Michael's Hospital Training School for Nurses and winning honours as follows:

Miss Cecilia McDevitt the Scholarship for highest standing in examinations throughout the term—gift of the Women's Hospital Auxiliary.

Miss May Greene the Dr Gideon Silverthorn Prize for Proficiency in Surgical Nursing.

Miss Mildred Tossy the Alumnae Association Prize for General Neatness.

Miss Dorothy Coade the F. J. Hughes Prize for Loyalty in the School of Nursing.

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Many members of St. Joseph's Alumnae attended the Convention of the Catholic Women's League, held at Windsor, Ont., June 17th-20th, among whom were Mrs. J. C. Keenan and Mrs. W. H. McGuire, Officers of the Toronto C.W.L.

While the Convention was in session a resolution sponsored by Mrs. M. J. Lyons and seconded by Mrs. Donald Fraser, expressive of gratitude for the recovery of King George, was passed. The motion read as follows: "Whereas the public press for months past have been giving us very alarming reports about the condition of His Majesty King George's health; and whereas the prayers of the Empire and the world in general have gone up for his

recovery; and whereas Almighty God having vouchsafed to harken to them by the improvement His Majesty has made notwithstanding his recent set-back; be it resolved that we members of the C.W.L. and loyal subjects of His Majesty, in convention assembled, do express our heartfelt thanks that Providence has been pleased to spare him; and be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent at once to His Excellency the Governor-General, to be by him transmitted to His Majesty, the King."

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Mrs. J. D. Warde and Miss Eleanor Warde have returned from a delightful Continental trip.

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Miss May Morrow has recently been bereaved of her dear friend, Mrs. McKee of Guelph, who died in New York. Miss Morrow, who happened to be in New York at the time, returned to Guelph for the obsequies.

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Miss Teresa O'Connor visited Washington during May as a delegate to the Annual Convention of the American Library Association. The return trip was broken by a week's holiday in New York, where Libraries and places of note were visited, and much that was informing and delightfully interesting was enjoyed.

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The Biennial Convention of the Provincial Chapter of the I.F.C.A., will be held at St. Joseph's Convent during the first week of October.

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Congratulations to Mrs. W. Lehane of St. Lambert, Quebec, whose daughter, Miss Nora Lehane, was graduated from St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay, Ont., on Wednesday, June 12th. Mrs. Lehane paid a short visit to friends in Toronto and was entertained to dinner at the Royal York by Miss J. L. Lehane.

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Congratulations are extended to Miss Annie O'Brien, B.A., of St. Joseph's, who obtained her Master of Arts degree, Uni-

versity of Toronto; and to Miss Rita Frances O'Grady, B.A., of St. Joseph's, who obtained her Master degree in Sociology at Washington, D.C. Miss O'Grady will be connected with the Staff of the Newark, N.J., Catholic Charities, under the direction of the Rev. Father Kirk, P.P.

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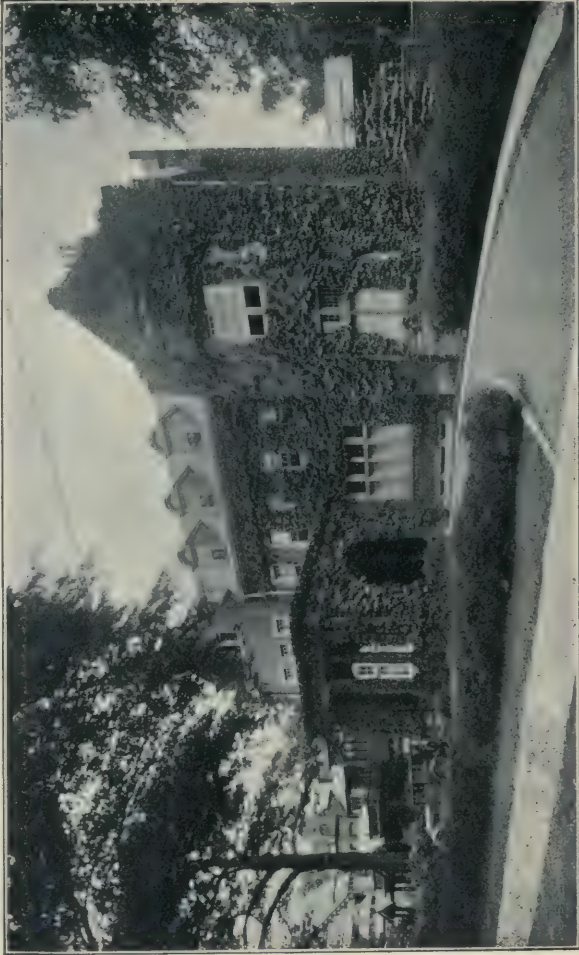
The many friends of Rev. Sister Helen of the Cross will gladly welcome her sister, Rev. Sister Marcella, of the Sisters of Mercy, from Pawtucket, R.I.

Obituary.


The prayers of our readers are requested for the happy repose of these our recently deceased friends:

Rev. P. J. Howard, C.S.B.; Rev. Anthony J. McCaffery; Rev. Brother Barnabas, F.S.C.; Mrs. C. Gannon; Mrs. Bridgit O'Connor; Miss Julia Hallinan; Mr. D. Downey; Dr. Geoffery Francis Dowdall; Mrs. Desmond Shannon (Mary F. Carey); Miss Anna Josephine Cooper; Mr. John McDougall; Mr. James P. Murray; Mrs. Christina Schewer; Mrs. James Blachall; Mr. Antoine Chalue; Mrs. Anne H. McNamara; Mrs. Sarah Dance; Mrs. Mary McCrathy; Mrs. Mary A. Farrell, Mr. James Blachall, Mr. James Copeland; Mrs. Brady; Mrs. Elizabeth Doyle Murphy; Mr. Francis Larkin; Mr. Thomas O'Gorman; Mr. R. B. Chalue; Mr. Thomas Glancy; Mrs. Annie Henderson; Miss June Henderson.

Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, 29 QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

**COLLEGE NOTES****EXAMINATION RESULTS OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
IN THE FACULTY OF ARTS, UNIVERSITY
OF TORONTO.****PRIZE LIST AND DISTINCTIONS.****University of Toronto:**

The Sir Wilfrid Laurier Memorial Scholarship for French,
obtained by MISS JENNIE FARLEY.

Governor General's Silver Medal for Proficiency in First and
Second Years, obtained by MISS HELEN KNOWLTON.

St. Michael's College:

Alumni Prize for English in Fourth Year, obtained by MISS
MARY McCARTHY.

Alumni Prize for English in Third Year, obtained by MISS
KATHLEEN HARRIS.

The F. J. Hughes Prize for Honour English in Second Year,
obtained by MISS MARYBELL QUINN.

Pass Course Prize for Proficiency, Grade A in Second Year,
obtained by MISS HELEN KNOWLTON.

Honours for Proficiency in First Year obtained by MISS
BERNITA MILLER.

Fourth Year

MODERN LANGUAGES—Class II.: Lorraine Driscoll.

PASS COURSE—Grade "B": Miss Dorothy Enright, Miss
Catherine Kernahan, Miss Mary McCarthy. Grade "C":
Miss Irene Berhalter, Miss Loretto Breen. "Without
Grading": Miss Theresa McDonald (English).

Third Year.

CLASSICS—Class III.: Miss Gertrude H. O'Malley. Aegrotat:
Miss Alice O. Quinlan.

MODERN LANGUAGES—Class II.: Miss Marie Crean. Class
III.: Miss Mercedes French (English).

PASS COURSE—Grade "B": Miss Ena Harrington, Miss
Catherine Smyth. Grade "C": Miss Aileen Berney, Miss
Julienne Gauthier, Miss Bernadine Simpson, Miss Kath-
leen Harris, Miss Alma Laforest (II. History), Miss Wini-
fred Parke (English). "Without Grading": Miss Chris-
tina Johnston (Organic Chemistry, I. Mathematics), Miss
Eleanor McBride (Latin).

Second Year.

ENGLISH and HISTORY—Class III.: Miss Eileen O'Brien,
Miss Isabel O'Rourke.

MODERN LANGUAGES—Class II.: Miss Marybel Quinn, Miss
Wilhelmina Keller. Class III.: Miss Mary Derocher, Miss
Helen Dolan, Miss Elizabeth Miller.

PASS COURSE—Grade "A": Miss Helen Knowlton. Grade
"B": Miss Elizabeth Cooney, Miss Margaret Gaughan,
Miss Kathleen Kelly, Miss Victoria Quinlan. Grade "C":
Miss Catherine Carroll, Miss Mary E. Gardner, Miss Helen
Mahon, Miss Alma O'Connor. "Without Grading": Miss
Audrey Campbell (English), Miss Marie I. McGarry
(Philosophy).

First Year.

CLASSICS—Class I.: Miss Constance Hinds. Class III.: Miss
Lorraine Patterson. Below the Line—Miss Dorothea
Greening.

MODERN LANGUAGES—Class II.: Miss Jennie Farley, Miss
Pauline Bondy, Miss Loretto McGarry, Miss Eileen Battle,
Miss Willie Ann Luckett. Class III.: Miss Philomena Mc-
Donald. Transferred to Pass Course: Miss Clarece Hart-
man.

PASS COURSE—Grade "A": Miss Bernita Miller. Grade "B": Miss Eleanor Godfrey. Without Grading: Miss Patricia Cashman (Mathematics, French), Miss Agnes Costello (Mathematics), Miss Norma Coughlin (English Religious Knowledge), Miss Angela Preu (Mathematics), Miss Rita Halligan (Spanish).

OCCASIONAL—Miss Jessie Grant obtained Second Class Honours in French and Pass in Spanish of the First Year. Miss Jeanette Naud. First Year Latin; Miss Helen Farrell, Second Year French; Miss Monica McGinn—Second Year Latin.

TEACHER'S COURSE—Miss Rosella Cronin passed in Third Year Geology and Second Year Philosophy.

MUSIC—Second Year Bachelor of Music—Miss Maude McGuire; First Year, Miss Augustina Consentino (Harmony).

Congratulations to Miss Jennie Farley, '32, on the winning of the Sir Wilfrid Laurier Memorial Scholarship. This competition is open to all undergraduates of the University of Toronto and is awarded to the student, not of French parentage, who can converse most fluently in French. It is no small honour to have this prize of \$100 awarded to one of our number.

We also wish to congratulate Miss Katherine Harris, '30, on the winning of the Alumni Prize in English in Third Year. Well done, Katherine!

With the termination of May Examinations the college year closed, to be reopened September 25th. We shall miss the graduates of this year, but we extend a warm welcome to the High School graduates who will join our ranks in September.

GRADUATION DAY AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

On Friday afternoon, June 7th, after Convocation at the University of Toronto, at which the students received the degree of B.A., a reception for the parents and friends of St. Joseph's College graduates was held at St. Joseph's College,

29 Queen's Park. A pleasant social hour was spent with the staff by the graduating class and their friends. Mrs. J. Trepainier, a graduate of 1925 and sister of Miss Dorothy Enright, one of this year's graduates, poured tea, with the undergraduates, Misses Eleanor McBride, Helen Knowlton, Patricia Cashman, and Eleanor Godfrey, assisting.

On Saturday morning at 9 a.m. a High Mass of Thanksgiving, which was attended by the Graduating Class of St. Michael's College, was sung in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel by the Rev. Dr. Boyle, of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N.S., and the Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, who urged the graduates to be true to the ideals that had been placed before them during their college course, and to do their part in furthering the interests of the Church by word, and especially by example.

Breakfast was served in one of the convent reception rooms, after which Rev. Father Muckle, C.S.B., and Rev. Dr. Bondy, C.S.B., in turn, addressed the graduates, congratulating them on their success and impressing on them the necessity of their being first of all exemplary Catholics, a thing which would ensure their being worthy representatives, socially and intellectually, of their Alma Mater.

The last of a series of Recitals by the music pupils of the School and College was that given on Tuesday evening, June 4th, before a large assembly of music lovers. The programme was as follows:—

Valse Mignonne	Palmgren	R. McCartney
Danse Humoristique	Denne	O. Beer
Vocal: Little Old Garden	Hewitt	I. Nealon, M. Crane
Smilin' Through	Penn	O. Cardinali, P. Ryce
Valse Caprice	Mentor-Crosse	H. Locke
Variations	Beethoven	E. Arnold
Mazurka de Concert	Pissard	E. Orlando



MISS ANNA O'BRIEN, M.A..
Graduate 1929.



GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, JUNE, 1929.
Standing—Irene Berhalter, B.A., Katherine Kernahan, B.A.
Seated—Loretto Breen, B.A., Lorraine Driscoll, B.A., Dorothy Enright, B.A.
Absent—Mary McCarthy, B.A., Theresa McDonald, B.A.

- Vocal: The Call of the Woods Bath P. Ryce
Tendre Aveu Schutt K. O'Flaherty
Cello Solo Intermezzo R. Stokes
 Accompanist B. Grobba
Poeme de Mai Moszkowski A. Ryan
Vocal: "Angels Guard Thee" Godard I. Nealon
 Violin Obligato B. Grobba
Rainy Weather Poldini D. Callaghan
Impromptu Schubert M. McCandlish
Ballet from Rosamunde Schubert M. Finucan
Harp Selected E. Phelan
 Violin B. Grobba
 Piano E. Phelan
Witches' Dance McDowell U. Montag
Polonaise Chopin Op. 40 No. 1 . N. Welsh
Idylle and Shadow Dance McDowall D. Duke
Vocal:—
 (a) Viens, mon bien aimé .. Chaminade } M. Crane
 (b) You'd Better Ask Me .. Lohr }
Polacca Brillanto Weber A. Finucan
 Silver Medalist, '29
Forest Sounds and Sprites of
 the Glen Denne R. Barnes
Polonaise Chopin Op. 26 No. 2. M. O'Brien
Claire de Lune Debussy M. Jereux
 Silver Medalist, '28
Etude de Concert Poldini Op. 19 No. 4&8. M. Keller
Danse des Elfes Sapellnikoff B. Grobba
 Silver Medalist, '26
 Gold Medalist, '29
Andante Faberi Beethoven T. McMahan
 Gold Medalist, '28
Orchestra Selections:—
 Spanish Dance, and
 Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

CERCLE FRANCAIS.

La dernière séance du Cercle Français au Collège St. Joseph eut lieu le 2 avril 1929. L'assemblée fut ouverte par Mme la présidente, Julienne Gauthier; Mlle Marybel Quinn lut le procès-verbal et l'on passa à l'ordre du jour. Mme la présidente présenta le conférencier de la veillée, M. L. Dusseau. M. Dusseau choisit pour le sujet de son discours un de nos pionniers—Philippe Aubert de Gaspé. D'une manière très libre et venant au fait directement M. Dusseau nous traça la vie et l'œuvre la plus importante de cet écrivain canadien-français.

Né à Québec le 30 octobre 1776 Philippe de Gaspé descendit de l'une des anciennes familles de la noblesse canadienne. Après des études classiques faites au Séminaire de Québec, de Gaspé étudia le droit et fut reçu au barreau de Québec où il pratiqua pendant quelques années. Entouré d'amis qui le recherchaient pour sa fortune autant que pour ses qualités de gentilhomme, il se ruina pour obliger ses amis, et complaire à ses aises. Après quatre années d'incarcération de Gaspé se retira dans sa belle seigneurie de Saint-Jean Port Joli. Ce temps de solitude, au milieu de sa famille et des bonnes gens, fut la période la plus heureuse de sa vie, et la plus féconde. Il y relut ses classiques, y étendit la culture de son esprit, et en même temps s'appliqua à observer les mœurs de ses braves censitaires. A son insu de Gaspé se préparait à l'œuvre littéraire qu'il devait faire. C'est à l'âge de soixante-seize ans, qu'il eut la fantaisie d'écrire un roman, "Les Anciens Canadiens."

Cette œuvre est à la fois un roman de mœurs et un roman historique. Tout le Canada s'y reconnut aussitôt, car dans ce livre, dit l'abbé Casgrain, "il n'y a presque pas une ligne qui n'ait sa réalité dans la vie de notre peuple."

L'intrigue est très simple: c'est l'histoire de deux jeunes gens de races différentes, le Français Jules d'Haberville et l'Écossais Archibald de Locheill. Amis de collège, ils sont séparés par la vie et se retrouvent dans des camps opposés à la bataille de Sainte-Foye. Puis, la guerre finie, ils se reconcilient :



LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

Marybel Quinn, Helen Dolan, Julienne Gauthier, Pauline Bondy.

les deux races ne feront qu'une nation; Jules d'Haberville épousera même une Anglaise. Mais sa sœur ne croit pas que l'honneur lui permette d'épouser Archibald, qu'elle aime et dont elle est aimée. Elle ne peut oublier qu'il a combattu dans l'armée de Wolfe; "il est maintenant un gouffre entre nous, dit-elle, que je ne franchirai jamais."

Le sujet n'est pas sans grandeur; mais l'essentiel, ce sont les digressions dont le roman abonde. Elles servent toutes à dépeindre les mœurs des anciens Canadiens, principalement celles des paysans. La simplicité naïve des coutumes populaires y est peinte avec vérité—la description du costume de l' "habitant," et les conversations toutes pleines de l'esprit et des vocables du parler populaire: tout cela, répandu, dispersé, distribué à travers les pages du livre, reconstitue aux yeux du lecteur la vie d'une époque dont peu à peu nous abandonnons les traditions les meilleurs et plus françaises. Le style de ce roman est fait de simplicité, de bonhomie, et parfois de périodes éloquentes où paraît tout le patriotisme de l'auteur.

Quand M. Dusseau eut fini son discours, un vote de remerciement lui fut proposé par Mlle Helen Grant. Mme la présidente prit la parole à son tour et remercia Monsieur le conférencier et tous ceux qui avaient contribué au succès du Cercle. La séance se termina par un petit programme musical auquel les demoiselles Betty Grobba, Mary Crane, et Hermine Keller prirent part. Après quoi Mlle Helen Dolan, la vice-présidente, présenta à Mme la président un portrait encadré des officiers du Cercle, et en même temps lui adressait quelques mots de remerciement et d'appréciation pour son vif intérêt et ses efforts soutenus auxquels le succès du Cercle cette année est en grande partie redevable.

Julienne Gauthier, '30.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

The character of Sir Roger de Coverley was intended by Addison to be that of an ideal country squire, who takes his duties seriously, and does his utmost to fulfill them. Whether Sir Roger was typical of the country gentleman in the eighteenth century, or simply Addison's idea of what a squire should be, is left to ourselves to judge. Before doing this, it would be well to know, just what the name squire implies.

Squirearchy is an institution developed by English society, and found nowhere else but in England. In fact, the squire is as English as John Bull himself. He is the last link connecting the old with the new, the last fragment of feudalism, that may be found in the entire world. England, while being the first country to adapt modern methods, has retained even to this day a method of local government that belongs solely to the Middle Ages.

The name squire may be found in English literature as early as Chaucer, and in the early Robin-Hood ballads, but the squire in the Canterbury tales was an attendant of a knight. Gradually in the course of the centuries, the word evolved into its present meaning. We find the name in Shakespeare who describes a squire as being second in rank to a knight, and in the early Tudor period the squire became as he is to-day, a member of the "landed gentry."

Under the Tudors, any man possessing a certain income or amount of property was bound on payment of a fee, to be knighted, and serve his sovereign in the army when called upon. The local government was put into their hands, and this became known as squirearchy. As this service was gratis, in certain crisis they came to hold views apart from the king, from whom they received neither income, lands, nor social esteem. In Elizabeth's reign the squires or magistrates became responsible for the administration of the Poor Laws, as each parish had to support its own poor. The judges at the circuit acted for the government as inspectors of the magistrates' conduct, and at the meetings of the assizes, the squires were instructed on how to carry out their duties.

The magisterial duties of the squires were numerous. The state depended on them to execute the laws, that kept Catholics down, the enforcement of law against ordinary criminals, the management of police, the examination of prisoners, dispensing petty justice, at their own assizes, and the control of prisons. Although this power was often abused and there were many injustices done, nevertheless squirearchy still had its uses. It preserved society from confusion, the poor from death by hunger and saved England's local liberties, and in the long run, her Parliamentary institutions. This use of unpaid officials ensured both the ill-success of the republican propaganda, and the failure of the Stuart kings to establish a despotic government. In the Parliament of the Commonwealth were many squires, and also in the Parliament of the Stuarts, for they represented the landed gentry, the most important factor in English political life.

Besides the official status of the squire, there is also their social position to be considered. The squire was the big-man in the country, whose word was law. Together with the parson, whom he practically always chose, he settled the disputes of the people. "and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring alehouse, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country." He must never be contradicted, must have his own way, prescribe other people's ways for them, and always, and everywhere, speak his own mind, without hindrance. "The essential characteristic of the type is that he lives on his hereditary acres, never goes to London—and is surrounded by a little court to whom his word is law. The exercise of authority, even on the smallest scale, is dear to his soul, and subserviency is the air he breathes." He spent his days mostly in hunting, and was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds—and a pointer. He prided himself on his good health and there was a saying in common use, that "there's nothing so good for the inside of a man as the outside of a horse." On the whole he was a good, honest, blustering, country gentleman, full of oaths, fox-hunting, good wine, and gout; an early riser and a late roysterer," and was as much of a whig as was humanly possible.

The squire exercises a paternal despotism over state, church and domestic life, and in choosing his vicars, exercises his qualities to the full. "No socialistic folly, no setting class against class, or encouraging labourers to think they are badly off." On education he is equally decisive. He dislikes education as a rule and is jealous of the vicar's influence. He watches zealously for any overstepping of the work on the parson's part. "The combination of zeal for the Protestant faith with haziness about its tenets" is very characteristic of the typical squire.

Sir Roger de Coverley has most of the good traits outlined above, of the typical squire without the squire's most pronounced faults. When Addison first introduces us to him, we learn of his kindness to his servants, who have grown old in his service, and of his humanity, and good nature. On Christmas he holds a feast in his hall for all his tenants and sends around food to all the poor in his parish. Every one about him loves him for his charity and good nature, and all 'his tenants grow rich.'

He is charitable not only to his own poor but to all the poor he meets. We find him giving money to a beggar in the street and sending food to the waterman, who brought him to Vauxhall. Out of the kindness of his heart he speaks to everyone he meets, and invites the guide at Westminster Abbey to come and visit him.

Not only Sir Roger's kindness but also his humour and heartiness endear him to all. When he is enjoying himself he likes everyone around him to share his pleasure. Oftentimes this whimsical quality shows itself without Sir Roger knowing it, as may be seen in his naive remarks in the play. His delight in others' enjoyment makes him very hospitable and when Will Wimble comes to visit him, he receives a hearty and sincere welcome. Hospitality was a virtue very dear to the squire's heart, and in this respect Sir Roger is very typical of the ideal squire.

But in another respect Sir Roger is superior to the typical squire. That is in his education. He is, as may be seen, quite well versed in contemporary events, and appears to be fairly

well read, in spite of the fact that he didn't want a learned parson. His knowledge of history appears, in his visit to Westminster Abbey, and he argues nobly with Sir Arthur Freeport. His knowledge of the great preachers in the English Church, and his appreciation of their good qualities, could not be possible in an ignorant man.

In Sir Roger's relations with the parson a shade of egoism creeps in. He tells Addison that when the Vicar could not settle the tenants' disputes, they appeal to me. And in "Sir Roger at the Assizes" we see the good knight getting up to make a speech, "to give him a figure in my eye and keep up his credit in the country."

Sir Roger is not only egoistical but is inclined to be quite dictatorial in his attitude to his tenants. At church, "he will suffer no one to sleep in it besides himself," and he makes it quite plain to his parson just what he expects from him. He even goes so far as to stand up in church and count the congregation and in calling out to "one John Mathews to mind what he is about, and not disturb the congregation," he does not seem to mind how much disturbing he does himself.

His attitude of authority, though carried too far at times, shows his interest in the welfare of his people, and his desire to carry out the duties intrusted to him. His magisterial duties he takes very seriously, even to the point of being absurd, as when he advised Moll White "as a justice of the peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbour's cattle."

This sincerity is apparent also in his religious beliefs. He is strictly protestant, and abhors anything in the least bit ritualistic. This is very characteristic of the English squire but, unlike the English squire, Sir Roger is not a Whig. A rivalry existed between him and a "Whig justice of the peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy, and antagonist."

Like most country squires, Sir Roger very seldom left his home to go to town, and when he comes to visit Addison it is a big event in his life. He tells us himself he has not "been at a play these twenty years." While at the play, Sir Roger

reveals to us his constancy to the widow, and we begin to suspect he is a trifle sentimental. While at Vauxhall he tells us of how he walked by night, "and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale." But in this as in all his other traits Sir Roger reveals a very strong, practical strain in his nature.

Equally as strong as his Church of England views is Sir Roger's patriotic zeal in the welfare of the British Empire. In "Sir Roger at Vauxhall" we glimpse the extreme, almost pigheaded, patriotism of Sir Roger who believes England the embodiment of perfection. But it would be impossible to portray a squire without this feeling, for it has always been one of the strangest characteristics.

Taken on the whole, Sir Roger is a typical English squire, but with his faults not quite so marked as the squire's. "It is the type of a species, though, we are afraid, not of the genus." He has the vigorousness, the hearty joviality, the hospitality, and genial good-heartedness of the squire, together with the squire's narrowness, love of expressing authority, strong party views, though not a Whig, and even stronger patriotism. He likes hunting, and a drink of ale, but not to excess, and his only vices seem to be backgammon, and Sir Richard Baker. He takes greater interest in his tenants than was generally the custom among squires and does not hunt and drink to the great excesses common in the eighteenth-century country gentleman.

Sir Roger represents a type that has always been typical of England, and a type that has always, in spite of its faults, had something lovable, that has always inspired a certain respect, but one that is rapidly vanishing from English life.

Perhaps because the squire is one of the most human of English types, Sir Roger has outlived the other characters created by Addison. It is certain, he has always been the most popular of all Addison's creations and will, I think, retain that popularity as long as Addison's work will be read.



BASEBALL CLUB.

Semi-circle—V. Quinlan, P. Bondy, L. McGarry, E. Harrison, K. Gleason, A. Quinlan.
Centre—M. Gardner.

WHY DID FRANCE ENDURE THE TERROR.

Republican France was, in the Spring of 1793, confronted with such a crisis from foes within and without that vigorous action was absolutely necessary. In the face of gathering perils, a small faction, identifying its interests with those of the Republic, established the Committee of Public Safety, a body armed with almost unlimited powers. This Committee directed its energies with savage vigour to organizing an aggressive defence, and a ruthless extermination of all internal resistance, potential as well as active, suspected as well as proved. The period during which this Committee kept its party in power and its foes at bay, is known as the "Reign of Terror," a period which lasted from April, 1793, to the fall of Robespierre in July, 1794.

Before considering the factors which concurred to bring about this crisis, we must recall the fact that the great mass of the French people held tenaciously to the privileges gained by the Revolution. These privileges were far-reaching and were matters of vital interest not only to the bourgeoisie who had gained the long-desired measures of social equality, but also to the peasants who were rid of their hated tithes and feudal dues. They affected not only the small farmer who had bought for his own a few acres of land, but also the wealthy middle-class speculator, who, for a few assignats, had secured vast blocks of church or confiscated property. These people were determined that there should be no going back to the old régime, and that was precisely what the restoration of the Bourbons meant. The Manifestos of the Emigré princes had been quite clear on two points, the restoration of the old privileges of the monarchy and the nobility, and wholesale reprisals for the moderates of 1789, as well as for the republicans of the tenth of August.

In February of 1793 France was at war with all her neighbours. Every frontier was threatened, in Belgium and along the Rhine by the Austrians and Prussians, along the Pyrenees by Spain, hostile since the execution of Louis, on the south-east by the Piedmontese. England and Holland were in arms

against her, and the former country was not only threatening France with blockade and famine but was spending money freely to galvanize the Allies into something like action.

To meet the situation, the National Convention ordered a forced levy of three hundred thousand men. This decree fanned the long-pent-up smouldering fires of rebellion in La Vendée. Here, the people had been deeply stirred by the Civil Constitution of the Clergy and the proscription of the non-juring priests. The execution of Louis XVI had further increased their horror for the Republicans, but when it was decided that their young men must fight for these same Republicans, resistance was decided upon.

Simultaneous risings took place in La Vendée and in the departments of the old provinces of Anjou and Poitou, in Brittany, already honeycombed with Royalist's plots, and along the Loire. Soon there was an army of 30,000 men, under popular leaders like Cathelineau, Stofflet and others. In March D'Elbée was chosen General of this grand Armée which in May issued its first proclamation in the name of Louis XVII. This rebellion was likely to prove a formidable thing, not only because of its character, but the nature of the country, wooded, hilly, full of swamps and long narrow lanes giving every advantage to the insurgents who were familiar with the ground.

While couriers were bringing the Convention the news of the uprising in the west, others from the north-east were arriving with similar baneful tidings. In March, Austria and Prussia seemed for the moment to forget their long-standing differences and began to push the war with vigour. A series of French failures followed. Aix La Chapelle and Liège were abandoned, the siege of Maestricht was raised. Belgium, goaded to fury by the irreligious excesses of the representatives of the Convention, was about to throw off the French yoke. These reports caused consternation in Paris. Every defeated general was suspected with complicity in royalist plots, and with suspicion came loud demands for vengeance. On March 10th, just after Paris had heard of these reverses, the Revolutionary Tribunal was set up—an extraordinary court from which there

was no appeal—to deal with acts and persons hostile to the Republic. “Let us be terrible,” said Danton, “that the people may not be.”

But there was worse to come. To Dumouriez, a royalist at heart, the war had always meant the restoration of the prestige of the French Monarchy. The execution of Louis had then filled him with resentment towards the Convention. After that, the idea of leading a victorious army back to Paris, and restoring the monarchy and the Constitution of 1791, had taken possession of his mind. When he invaded Holland in February, he felt that the speedy conquest of that country would be an exploit which would conquer the imagination of France and supply the setting for the carrying out of his long-desired plan. A series of brilliant manoeuvres was just on the point of success when the order came for him to fall back into Belgium to restore order there. He immediately obeyed. His anger towards the Convention, smouldering for months, burst out beyond control at the ruin of his plans and the condition of Belgium. He gave battle to the Austrians at Neerwinden on the 18th, and at Louvain on the 21st, and was defeated in both battles. He then decided that laurels or no laurels, he would march on Paris. He made no secret of his plans and the Convention, warned of them, summoned him to appear at its Bar. Four deputies and the Minister of War were sent to conduct him thither but Dumouriez promptly handed them over to the Austrians.

Paris was in a panic. From the army of the Rhine came the news of Custine's defeat at Birgen and the consequent retreat of his army. The Convention acted quickly. Dumouriez was declared an outlaw. A Revolution army was to be raised to cover Paris. “Representatives on Mission” were sent off to all the armies. Many arrests were made, including those of all the Bourbons still at liberty, Egalité among the number. But most important of all, the Committee of Public Safety, mentioned above, was set up.

Soon after this uprisings took place in Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Toulon, and Normandy. At Lyons the outbreak

was most serious. Here the economic disturbance caused by the Revolution had brought ruin to its industries. The decline in the silk industry alone threw thirty thousand labourers out of work. These unemployed were disgusted with the Revolutionary Government and were ready for any form of reaction. In May, representatives from Paris arrived in Lyons and imposed a loan of six million livres on the poverty-stricken city. Immediately there was a revolt. A force of 40,000 National Guards was raised under the command of the Comte de Prècy and every preparation was made for a stout resistance.

At Marseilles, through the influence of some of the Girondists, the Commissioners of the Convention had been expelled and a battalion was raised to march on Paris. Bordeaux, like Marseilles, was the centre of the Girondist activities. There a local Committee of Public Safety was set up, and the representatives were sent out all over France to denounce the coup d'état of June 2nd. At the same time Normandy was the scene of a rising. But it was Toulon which, above all, startled the Convention. This city, blockaded by an English fleet, was driven to desperation by the Jacobin minority. On August 23rd the Moderates there surrendered the city and the French fleet to the English.

The fall of Toulon was really the climax to the disasters of the Republic. As a result, a series of decrees were passed which finally let loose the "terror" of France. A Revolutionary Army was raised to patrol Paris, to make war on reactionaries, to carry out revolutionary laws. This measure gave a legal status to the bands of armed ruffians which had long been the scourge of Paris. Private houses were next thrown open to the search. It is, I think, unnecessary to speak of the terrible vengeance wreaked against those who had dared to revolt. The Committee of Public Safety showed horrible efficiency in restoring the appearance of unity in France. In repelling the foreign invader, too, the Committee acted with such energy that by the end of the year 1793 all danger from foreign invasion was over, for the time being at least.

The Terror was, however, prolonged. It became, as Madelin

says, a "Device for Ruling." Robespierre had in September, 1793, become the dominant force on the Committee and he maintained his virtual dictatorship by the simple method of guillotining all those who were opposed to him. Dissensions had broken out in the radical party. Two leaders were particularly obnoxious to Robespierre. Danton, now that the crisis was over, anxious for moderation, and Hébert of the Paris Commune, a wretch, whose efforts were directed to making capital out of the economic situation, and to dechristianizing France. Both, with many of their followers, were guillotined in March and April, 1794.

With these annoying forces removed, Robespierre proceeded to lay the foundations for his ideal Republic, wherein no one was to be allowed to live who didn't think and act according to strict Robespierrian principles. Naturally, this necessitated the permanent use of the guillotine. Such terrorism could only result in reaction. Men began to ask themselves when their turn was coming. The law of the 22nd of Prairial, by which the immunity of the deputies of the Convention from arrest, save by consent of the Convention itself, was removed, crystallized the opposition that Robespierre had aroused. Tallien, Barres and others knew that to save themselves they must crush the tyrant. The Battle of Fleuries removed the last vestige of excuse for the terror. After that Robespierre's life was only a matter of days. He was declared an outlaw on the 9th of Thermidor; on the 10th he was executed.

With the death of Robespierre the terrible nightmare of the terror was over. People once more began to breathe freely. Reaction immediately began to set in, and within a short time every institution connected with revolutionary government was swept out of existence.

Mary McCarthy, '29.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE STUDENTS WHO HAVE OBTAINED DEGREES FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, 1914-1929.

1. Agnes Murphy, B.A.....1914—Sister Mary Agnes.
M.A.1915 St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
2. Emily Johnston, B.A.....1915—Sister M. Josephine,
B.Paed.1924 St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
3. Mary McSweeney, B.A...1915—Sister M. St. Charles,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Vancouver.
4. Madeline Burns, B.A.1916—Mrs. C. E. Fraser,
7 Avalon Blvd.,
Birchcliffs P.O., Ont.
5. Eileen Dowdall, B.A.....1917—36 Earl St., Toronto.
Home: Almonte, Ont.
6. Emily Quigley, B.A.....1917—
Home: Penetanguishene, Ont.
7. Muriel Gendron, B.A.....1917—Parry Sound Collegiate.
Home: Penetanguishene, Ont.
8. Florence Quinlan, B.A....1917—Lecturer in Physics.
Home: 1 Delisle Ave., University of Toronto.
Toronto.
9. Kathleen Gilmour, B.A...1918—Mrs. M. E. O'Grady,
187 Pearson Ave.,
Toronto.
10. Geraldine Korman, B.A...1918—Sister Mary Alica,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
11. Mary Hodgins, B.A.....1918—Sister St. Leonard,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
12. Edna Madden, B.A.1918—
Home: Penetanguishene, Ont.
13. Madeline Murphy, B.A...1918—Sister Mary Augusta.
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
14. Helen Duggan, B.A.....1919—
Home: 10 Vermont Ave.,
Toronto.
15. Marion Allen, B.A.....1919—Mrs. Stephen H. O'Brien,
932 King St. E.,
Hamilton, Ont.

16. Theresa Murphy, B.A....1919—On Staff Stamford High
Home: 239 Melita Ave., School,
Toronto. Niagara Falls, Ont.
17. Geraldine O'Connor, B.A..1919—Harriet Judson, Y.W.C.A.
50 Nevin St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.
18. Mathilde Sears, B.A.....1919—On Staff Scarboro
Home: 647 Euclid Ave., High School,
Toronto. Scarboro, Ont.
19. Frances Whalen, B.A....1919—Mrs. J. Ryan,
Peterborough, Ont.
20. Emily Foy, B.A.....1919—On Staff Port Hope
Home: 163 Concord Ave., Collegiate,
Toronto. Port Hope, Ont.
21. Anna MacKerrow, B.A...1920—
Home: 49 Cecil Ave., Toronto.
22. Ruth Agnew, B.A.....1920—Professor of English,
M.A.1921 Smith College,
Northampton, Mass.
23. Frances Ronan, B.A.1920—Sister M. St. Fergus,
B.Paed.1925 St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
24. Winifred Schenck, B.Ss...1920—Instructress in Hous. Sc.,
Home: 23 York St., St. McDonald Institute,
Catharines, Ont. Guelph, Ont.
25. Cleo Colgan, B.A.....1921—
Home: 1390 Laurier Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C.
26. Mrs. Lillian Charlebois, B.A. On High School Staff,
.....1921— Haileybury, Ont.
27. Susan McCormack, B.A...1921—Mrs. F. Halloran,
521 Markham St.,
Toronto.
28. Elizabeth O'Meara, B.A...1921—Sister M. Loretto,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
29. Kathleen O'Brien, B.A....1921—Sister M. Emmerentia,
M.A.1922 St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
30. Irene O'Malley, B.A.....1921—Sister M. St. John,
M.A.1924 St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
31. Mary Whalen, B.A.....1911—Sister Perpetua,
M.A.1924 St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.

32. Wanola Collins, B.A. 1922—On High School Staff,
Home: 19 Chestnut St., Niagara Falls, Ont.
St. Catharines, Ont.
33. Catherine Tuffy, B.A. 1922—Sister M. Bernard,
M.A. 1925 St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
34. Kathleen O'Leary, B.A. . . 1922—Sister St. Catharine, S.S.J.
Sacred Heart Convent,
London, Ont.
35. Mary McCardle, B.A. 1922—On High School Staff,
Home: Linwood, Ont. Mimico, Ont.
36. Agnes Simpson, B.A. 1922—On High School Staff,
Home: Port McNicholl, Ont. Midland, Ont.
37. Naomi Gibson, B.A. 1922—
Home: Scarth Rd., Toronto.
38. Lillian Latchford, B.A. . . 1923—On High School Staff.
Home: 359 Brock Ave., Deseronto, Ont.
Toronto.
39. Ernestine Gravelle, B.A. . . 1923—Sister St. Peter,
M.A. 1925 St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake,
Scarboro, Ont.
40. Veronica Ashbrook, B.A. . 1923—
Home: 308 E. Wheeling St.,
Washington, Pa.
41. Vera Gibbs, B.A. 1923—
Home: 499A Brock Ave.,
Toronto.
42. Monita McDonald, B.A. . . 1923—Clerk in Imperial Insur-
Home: 182 St. Clair Ave. E., ance,
Toronto. Toronto.
43. Laura Wilson, B.A. 1923—Mrs. Neylan,
On Midland H.S. Staff,
Midland, Ont.
44. Dorothy Agnew, B.A. 1923—
Home: 72 Gardner Ave.
Allston, Mass., U.S.A.
45. Lois Gibson, B.A. Mrs. J. Murphy,
44 Granfield Ave.,
Chicapee, Mass., U.S.A.
46. Evelyn Burke, B.A. 1924—On Staff Barrie Collegiate,
Home: 116 Henderson Ave., Barrie, Ont.
Ottawa.
47. Mary Dobell, B.A. 1924—
Home: 195 Leslie St., Toronto.

48. Isabel McCormack, B.A...1924—
Home: Battlefield, Sask.
49. Eleanor Murray, B.A...1924—
6 Springbank Ave.,
Birchcliffe, Scarboro, Ont.
50. Averille Kavanagh, B.A. .1924—On Staff North Bay H.S.
North Bay, Ont.
51. Anna Bauer, B.A.1925—
Home: Waterlee, Ont.
52. Helen Kramer, B.A.1925
Home: Guelph, Ont.
53. May Benoit, B.A.1925—Mrs. E. D. O'Brien,
Timmins, Ont.
54. Muriel English, B.A. ...1925—At the Historical Museum,
Home: 94 Pleasant Blvd., Bloor St., Toronto.
Toronto.
55. Madeline Enright, B.A. ..1925—Mrs. J. Trepanier,
Brampton, Ont.
56. Anna Hayes, B.A.1925—
Home: 306 Wright Ave.,
Toronto.
57. Grace Houlihan, B.A. ..1925—
Home: 90 Garden Ave.,
Toronto.
58. Catharine Kehoe, B.A...1925—High School Staff,
Home: Bolton, Ont. Gananoque, Ont.
59. Blanche Larochelle, B.A..1925—Sister Marie Thérèse,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
60. Kathleen McNally, B.A...1925—Sister St. Armand.
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake,
Kingston Rd.,
Scarboro, Ont.
61. Constance Shannon, B.A..1925—Mrs. Wm. B. Greenwood,
North Bay, Ont.
62. Clara Moore, B.A.1925—Mrs. Nolan,
Alliston, Ont.
63. Kathleen Young, B.A. ..1925—Glebe Collegiate Institute,
Home: 8 Valleyfield Gds., Ottawa, Ont.
Toronto 9.
64. Isobel Pamphilon, B.A...1925—Mrs. Basil Ryan,
112 Spruce St.,
Toronto.

65. Anna O'Brien, B.A.,1925—Post Graduate Work,
Home: 303 Dovercourt Rd., University of Toronto.
Toronto.
66. Pauline Blake, B.A.1926—Sister M. Dominica,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.
67. Camilla Coumans, B.A.1926—
68. Margaret Crummy, B.A.1926—Office of Minister of Mines,
Home: 542 Euclid Ave., Parliament Buildings,
Toronto 4. Toronto.
- Home: 21 Church St.,
69. Grace Cooney, B.A.1926—On Staff of H. School,
St. Catharines, Ont. Windsor, Ont.
70. Mary Coughlin, B.A.1926—On Staff Tweed H. School,
Home: 37 Erskine Ave., Tweed, Ont.
Toronto.
71. Norma Duffy, B.A.1926—
Home: 151 Wellington St.,
Hamilton, Ont.
72. Lillian Duggan, B.A.1926—On Staff Galt High School,
Home: 84 Mineral Springs Galt, Ont.
Rd., Buffalo, N.Y.
73. Marie Foley, B.A.1926—
Home: 245 St. Clarens Ave.,
Toronto.
74. Helen Kernahan, B.A.1926—Mrs. Arthur Holmes,
80 Chatsworth Drive,
Toronto.
75. Eleanor McCarthy, B.A.1926—
Home: 558 Bruce Ave.,
Windsor, Ont.
76. Helena McCarthy, B.A.1926—On High Schoou Staff,
Home: Dixie, Ont. Port Rowan, Ont.
77. Rita O'Grady, B.A.1926—
M.A.1929
Home: 172 Leslie St., Toronto
78. Gertrude Quinlan, B.A.1926—On Staff Welland H. S.,
Home: 184 Walmer Rd., Welland, Ont.
Toronto.
79. Ida Wickett, B.A.1926—On High School Staff,
Home: 35 Deer Park Cres., New Liskeard, Ont.
Toronto.
80. Camilla Wright, B.A.1926—
Home: 39 Langley Ave.,
Toronto.

81. Loretto Bradley, B.A.1927—
Home: Farrellton, Que.
82. Norine Wiley, B.A.1927—Vanleek High School.
235 Main St., Weston, Ont.
83. Eileen Young, B.A.1927—St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake,
Kingston Rd.,
Scarboro, Ont.
84. Dorothy O'Connor, B.A. . .1927—Glebe Collegiate Institute,
Home: Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Ottawa, Ont.
85. Regina Harrison, B.A. . . .1927—On Staff Madoc H. School,
Home: Tamworth, Ont. Madoc, Ont.
86. Doreen Smith, B.A.1927—
Home: 43 Jackman Ave.,
Toronto.
87. Bessie Dunn, B.A.1928—Attending College of
Home: 91 Strathmore Blvd., Education.
Toronto.
88. Mary Fitzgerald, B.A. . . .1928—Attending College of
Home: Hillsdale, Ont. Education.
89. Gladys Graham, B.A.1928—Attending College of
Home: 111 Coady Ave., Education.
Toronto.
90. Alice Hayes, B.A.1928—
Home: 133 Crescent Rd.,
Toronto.
91. Marion Hayes, B.A.1928—College of Education.
Home: Smiths Falls, Ont.
92. Ida Jones, B.A.1928—College of Education.
Home: Ottawa, Ont.
93. Rachel Kelly, B.A.1928—College of Education.
Home: 158 St. Clair Ave., E.,
Toronto.
94. Helen Monkhouse, B.A. . .1928—
Home: 202 Rosedale Heights,
Toronto.
95. Hary MacNamara, B.A. . .1928—College of Education.
Home: Niagara Falls, Ont.
96. Mary McGarvey, B.A.1928—
Home: 223 Davenport Rd.,
Toronto.
97. Anita Murphy, B.A.1928—College of Education.
Home: Mount Forest, Ont.
98. Anna O'Brien, M.A.1929—
Home: 303 Davenport Rd.,
Toronto.

99. Edith Quinlan, B.A.1928—
Home: Barrie, Ont.
100. Marg't Thompson, B.A. . .1928—Clerk in Dominion Security
Home: 37 Colin Ave., Toronto ties.
101. Irene M. Berhalter, B.A. .1929—
Home: Thorold, Oit.
102. Loretto H. Breen, B.A. . .1929—
Home: 13 Ravenal St.,
Toronto.
103. Lorraine A. Driscoll, B.A. 1929—
Home: Oshawa, Ont.
104. Dorothy A. Enright, B.A. 1929—
Home: 30 Woodlawn Ave.,
Toronto.
105. Kath. A. Kernahan, B.A. 1929—
Home: 26 Elm Ave., Toronto.
106. Mary McCarthy, B.A. . .1929—
106. Theresa McDonald, B.A. .1929—
Home: Weston, Ont.
107. Mary McCarthy, B.A.1929—Sister M. Alexandrine,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.

The Deaf-Mute

“Can I, whose dead and numbéd throat
No pulse has waked—no note e'er borne
Of joy or hope or fear,
Seek to make Thee hear, Lord?
Hope to reach Thine ear?”

Yea, friend, thy very muteness sings
More mightily, more sweetly yet
Than seas upon the sand—
Surmounts this Babel towering
Voice-pinnacled, 'neath my Hand.
. Thy silent praises make but fret
The timbrels of triumphant kings.

R. M. Laplante.

E-X-C-H-A-N-G-E-S**“THE TRINITY COLLEGE RECORD.”**

We wish to congratulate the staff of “The Trinity College Record” for the excellent matter and arrangement of their literary quarterly. The many stories and the exceptional quality of its poetry show a keen interest in literary composition. We enjoyed in particular the cleverly-written editorials, and the events of College life, so well summarized in the article “Three College Years,” which gives one a kaleidoseopic view of student activities. A few photographs would make this magazine quite complete.

B. SIMPSON.

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THE RAINBOW — LORETTO ABBEY.

The Rainbow—Loretto Abbey, Toronto, gives an excellent idea of the achievement of Loretto Students in Canada and the United States. Contributions of superior literary quality are found, among which we note the poems entitled “The Star,” and the article “Mother Heart.” “The Collegian” has vivid and humorous pictures of first months at College and show enthusiastic interest in all college activities.

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“THE NARDIN QUARTERLY.”

The keynote of this magazine strikes us as enthusiasm. The pages reveal an admirable interest and zeal on the part of the students which fills the little book to overflowing with contributions. We were particularly pleased with the section entitled “Bits of Student Philosophy,” as being original, thoughtful in tone, and varied in subject. Of the poetry the depth of “Immortality” has the greatest appeal. May we congratulate you on the school spirit shown in the splendid work you are doing for the missions.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, PRINCE RUPERT

The Feast of the Patronage of our dear St. Joseph was a glorious day of joy and devotion at St. Joseph's. High Mass was celebrated by our chaplain, Reverend J. Allard, O.M.I. The resident pupils sang the Mass of St. Basil; the solo parts being taken in very pleasing style by Misses Kathleen Letchford and Thelma Seaton. Following the time-honored custom, the ladies of the parish visited the Sisters during the afternoon. Tea was served from 3 to 5.

At a quarter past five all assembled in the chapel where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by our beloved Bishop, Right Rev. E. M. Buno, O.M.I.

On Sunday, May 9, our good friend Mr. Chas. Balagno brought his orchestra, the "Capitolians," and gave us a rare musical treat.

On Friday evening, May 11, the resident pupils assembled to bid farewell to our revered chaplain, Rev. Father Allard, O.M.I., who left the following day to undertake the arduous labour of Indian Missionary at Atlin. The good father talked to us about his missions and our own homes and families, all so well known to him. A farewell chorus was sung and Miss Kathleen Letchford, on behalf of the pupils, presented a Spiritual Bouquet and a little token of remembrance. May God's blessing be with the zealous missionary, is the prayer of the Sisters and pupils.

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PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

Prince Rupert is destined to be, as Hon. Ramsay McDonald expressed it, "The Liverpool of the Pacific." Well might this great statesman use these very effective words for does not our beloved city possess all the advantages that contribute to the growth of a commercial centre?

Its magnificent harbor covers approximately ten miles in length and from one to three miles in width. Ships can anchor any distance off-shore. The total wharfage is about 8,000 feet,

and one of the largest drydocks in America is operated here by the Canadian Government Merchant Marine.

Everyone knows Prince Rupert is the terminus of the C.N.R. — as one traveller said, “It was built to stop the train.” We all hope the government will see the wisdom of making it also the outlet of the proposed Peace River Railroad.

There are three lines of steamships calling at the port—the C.N.R., C.P.R., and Union, the palatial steamers of which offer the travellers the last word in luxury. Tourists, by thousands, take advantage of the few hours’ stop-over to visit Rupert.

On the whole we have a delightful climate. I think I hear someone say, “What about the rain?” Well, it’s true it does rain—but even the rain is interesting. It rains in such a whole-hearted, energetic manner, and one rain can keep up for a whole month without any apparent effort. But no one stays indoors because it is raining. We have rain coats and rain hats and rain boots. (For girls there are garments made in a most artistic fashion). Even the Sisters have rain cloaks. But in summer we often have a month at a time with most beautiful sunshiny days.

Prince Rupert’s sunsets are world-famed. One could sit and watch for hours, as some lover of beauty said, “The portraits of paradise in the heavens which Nature alone could paint.”

Owing to its northern position we have daylight in July and August from about 3.30 A.M. to 10.00 P.M.

Rupert is a very desirable place for Catholics. We are blessed with having for our spiritual Fathers those zealous priests, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, with their superior Right Reverend E. M. Bunoz, who is Vicar Apostolic of the Yukon and Prince Rupert, and is truly the good shepherd to his numerous and widely-scattered flock.

A well-equipped parochial school is in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, and, at the Academy of St. Joseph’s, girls from all parts of British Columbia and Alaska enjoy the advantages of a Catholic education.

We are a very happy, sociable people here in Rupert and are justly proud of our beautiful little city.

Paddy, Palmer,
Eighth Grade St. Joseph's Academy,
Prince Rupert.

* * * * *

AN EVENING SCENE

It was an evening in early January. For one long hour, from four to five, I had been wrestling with an important set in bookkeeping. I had spent the last five minutes trying to decide whether to put an entry in the Cash Book or the Journal, and, finally, with my brain in a whirl, I left my books and went out for a turn on the court to settle my feelings of mingled anxiety and disgust.

As I stepped out into the evening, a cool breeze fanned my cheeks. Looking to the east I saw the beautiful crescent moon just rising above the snow-clad mountain tops, shedding on their immaculate whiteness a faint bewitching light. But whence the exquisite shades of pink and purple flashed across the snowy clearness? I turned—and held my breath. On the western horizon the sun was half hidden by a purple ridge of mountain-islands. The sky itself was streaked with various shades of red and gold, and shed its reflection with magnificence on the shiny surface of the harbour.

I stood spellbound, gazing on this wondrous sight, and thinking of what the beauty of heaven must be. Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a bell which warned me that I must go back to duty. As I turned to go, the sun, seeming to tarry for one last smile at the glorious mountains, dropped from sight, leaving the moon with her gentle radiance to proclaim the glory of God.

Kathleen Letchford,
Commercial Class, St. Joseph's Academy,
Prince Rupert.

A TRIP TO THE BABINE

The Babine Lake is situated in northern British Columbia. It reveals one hundred and five miles of hidden beauty in the sheltering inlets, softly lapping waters and scattered islands. The lake and its district are widely known for their game, fish and fowl.

Let me take you for a three days trip to the Indian village of Babine, situated on the northern shore of the Lake.

My father has traded with the Indians for many years and has won their respect and confidence. Last September he was to take a trip into the Babine country and my mother, sisters and I persuaded him to let us accompany him. It certainly proved to be a novel and most enjoyable experience. We left our town of Topely very early in the morning of September 18th, just as the sun was sending its first rays over the eastern mountains. We started off on our quiet, patient horses, our only means of transport for the twenty-four miles to the shores of the Babine Lake. The road was but a mere trail, forcing our horses to fall in one behind the other as we rode on.

Nature had painted the world in the most glorious colors. Here and there a flame-red poplar tree stood as a sentinel amongst the deep green of the stately pines. As the sun rose higher in the heavens nature seemed to stir to new life. A graceful deer would suddenly spring up, startled by steps of the intruder; birds of brilliant colors perched on the trees or fluttered overhead; fairest flowers nodded in the sun and clusters of the most tempting fruits hung within reach on every side. To us the morning passed all too quickly and we arrived at the half-way camp at noon. We soon had a fire blazing and dinner was prepared. We all ate with a relish, such as only a morning's ride through the woods can give. The afternoon proved as full of joy and wonder as the morning, and at about six o'clock there appeared in the distance the beautiful Lake Babine.

After taking a refreshing dip in its cool waters we enjoyed our evening meal on the shore, pitched our tent, and then

proceeded to gather the spruce bows for our beds. We were soon asleep between our warm blankets. I awoke that night to hear the lapping of the water and the hauntnig hoot of an owl so close that I crept further down into my blankets. The camp fire was almost out and I could see through the open tent the moon and stars reflecting on the water. Nature was at rest.

Early next morning we were in our boat ready for our fifty-mile voyage up the lake to Babine. It was a beautiful sunny day, the water was calm and a refreshing breeze was blowing as our sturdy motor-boat sped along the lake. At about noon we stopped in the pleasant village of Old Fort which stood on a sunny slope, above a gravel beach. The Indian church won much of our attention. Our next stop was at a small village, Halifax, but we were eager to reach the larger town. We arrived at Babine proper at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Here, in this far-away wild country, we found a neat substantially-built village of about seven hundred souls — good, simple Indians whose lives show forth the training of the zealous Oblates of Mary Immaculate, those holy missionaries who came out in the van of civilization to bring the light of the Gospel to the Indians. The place most loved and frequented is the Catholic Church, of which the villagers are justly proud. It was built entirely by their own efforts. They had given up their own labor to cut down the trees and to whip-saw the lumber and put up the building. Their own money which they had obtained from the sals of furs had purchased the beautiful statues and paid for the interior decorations. While we were admiring the church several Indians entered and knelt in prayer, and then the Angelus rang. In the evening the church bell rang again and the Indians of the village assembled for night prayers. These prayers, lead by the chief of the tribe, were said in their own tongue. They prayed very devoutly and with great outward reverence. They are surely an example for Catholics of more settled districts when we consider that these poor Indians see the priest so seldom—about twice a year.

They have the greatest reverence for the priest. When they hear that he is coming to visit them they ride out for miles to meet him. As he approaches, guns are fired off and the whole tribe gathers round to welcome him with every mark of respect. He usually stays two or three weeks, and during that time he has his whole congregation for Mass and Benediction and instruction every day. Then for the rest of the year they keep up the custom of coming to the church to say their evening prayer in their own tongue.

Chief Danial accompanied us on our excursions and afterwards invited us to dine with him and his wife. The house was very clean and comfortable. In the center of the room was a large table. We noticed, to our surprise, that each guest was supplied with twice the usual number of cups, plates, knives and forks. We learned later that this was a mark of respect to the honored guest. When my mother was introduced to the natives they very reverently kissed her hand.

That night, as we sat around the camp-fire, our guide told us many interesting stories in connection with the Indians. One story I recall with reference to their method of reasoning. It appears that the previous winter the lake had not frozen over, a circumstance which the natives could not understand. Our friend had tried to explain that it was caused by the warm Japan air currents that prevented the frost. On hearing the explanation the Indians, as is their custom, went off to talk it over among themselves. Finally, one old man, thinking the light had dawned, exclaimed, "Yes, many moons ago God, He make the winter. Now Japan, he fix'm."

On the morning of the third day we left for home, impressed more than ever with the goodness and simplicity of the Babine Indian.

Yolande McCrea.

Form II, St. Joseph's Academy,
Prince Rupert.

The Erring

Think gently of the erring!
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Deal gently with the erring!
Oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet,
Heir to the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet mayest win them back
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be —
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee!

—Selected.

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DR. GERTRUDE LAWLER.
First Editor of St. Joseph Lilies.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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No. 2

DOCTOR GERTRUDE LAWLER

Since the appearance of the June Number of this periodical, Death has stolen away the most precious life of its founder and first editor, Dr. Gertrude Lawler, who departed this life after a brief illness on July 21st, 1929. This eminent scholar and remarkable woman was looked upon by all who knew her intimately as both great and good. In educational circles she was widely known in Toronto and throughout the Province as one who stood at the head of her profession and was one of its most brilliant ornaments.

Doctor Lawler had received from nature a mind of the highest order and she had cultivated it with care and success. Though Nature had been bountiful, Art also had added a full share in enabling her to produce results that were rarely if ever surpassed. From the platform her public addresses, and from the desk her essays, reviews, poems and letters showed, we may say, the terseness of Demosthenes, the grace of Cicero, the aptness of Horace, and a smoothness, ease and dignity peculiarly her own. She inspired one, either listening to her words or reading them, with full confidence in her ability to impart a thought or impress an idea which was worth while. She was always greater than her subject and could embellish it with the charm of a lively imagination and enrich it with the wealth she had accumulated from a thorough study of the classics of both ancient and modern times.

Miss Lawler lived and acted in the open, and in the busy world amidst realities. Her days were filled with deeds accomplished and showing tangible results. She was an early riser and often had completed what others would consider a day's work before her breakfast. As a teacher, she always entered her classroom well prepared to interest her class with some-

thing new, mentally refreshing and worthy to be remembered. All her work was done so perfectly as to require no revision. Her thought was clear, direct, and logical and whenever committed to paper, it was written in her own handwriting, which was so regular and uniform that it resembled copper plate. The first numbers of this magazine, "St. Joseph Lilies," were copied page after page from cover to cover by her own hand so carefully and distinctly that the printer was not asked to send proofs. In a faithful copy of her MS. there could be no mistakes. Her office work was efficient and methodical; her business letters were models of clearness and practical wisdom. Miss Barclay, the secretary of The Mothers' Allowance Board, being closely associated with the deceased, speaks with authority, and she says:

"Her death will be a terrible loss to us. One of the first members of the Board, she has always been a guiding spirit and an inspiration to the rest, as well as being a capable executive with the powers of immediately finding the weak spot in any situation. In the years that I have known her I have found Dr. Lawler to be as nearly perfect as any human being could be."

Those who knew Miss Lawler best are aware that her sympathy was ever ready to relieve distress or suffering. Her gentleness was no less admirable than her scholarship and her—unswerving loyalty was a rebuke to all those who held the Commandments lightly. There was never a more ardent Catholic. She loved and honoured the Church with a tender passionate devotion, laboring always to gain for that Spiritual Mother a public recognition not hitherto accorded. Her patriotic addresses during the late war and her generous support of relief measures for the gallant youths (many of them her pupils) who defended our cause in that mighty struggle, occupied a part of almost every day during those four years of deadly strife.

Although born in Boston, Mass., Dr. Gertrude Lawler's love of Canada, the land of her adoption, was above question. She came to Toronto at an early age, attended St. Josephs Convent

as a resident student during her High School course, received her B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Toronto, where she made a brilliant record and subsequently spent over twenty years in charge of the department of English in one of the city's most prominent Collegiate Institutes. In 1910 she was appointed member of the Senate of the University, where her voice and judgment were highly respected, and in 1927 she was selected for the highest distinction in the gift of the University, the Degree of Doctor of Laws.

This pen has said no more in praise of this extraordinary woman than all who knew her well will ratify. The judgments passed publicly in the press upon the talents, virtues and services of Doctor Lawler have all been laudatory in the highest degree. Her former pupils and those who were in daily intercourse with her have expressed themselves as highly privileged in being permitted to know, love and revere her. To them she was a pleasant companion, a faithful and affectionate friend, a wise and prudent counsellor. They admit that they have never met, nor have they any hope of meeting her equal in another, and they have no words to express how deeply they feel their bereavement.

From the editorial page of "The Saturday Night" we quote the following beautiful tribute in part:

"This versatile woman, whose talents were so many and varied, served her country and generation in manifold ways and gave service of a superlative character. Brilliant of brain, kindly of heart, loyal to her country, her Alma Mater and her Church, Gertrude Lawler held a place in the esteem of all her associates. In an age when the fashion is to deery the virtues of reticence and dignity, she was a model of graciousness and decorum. She will be missed in the city, in the University and in the State . . . Her love of the beautiful in literature, art and song was an inspiration to thousands of students who found her classes a fount of intellectual refreshment. To have lived such a life of helpfulness is an achievement which deserves to be kept in remembrance in the school and the city for which she had an enduring love. Such achievements in scholarship, such graces of character, are not too common—

and in this hour many of Gertrude Lawlers admirers feel that 'we shall not look upon her like again.'

A very touching and grateful tribute from an old pupil—H. L. Tracy of Kingston,—will be found at length on another page of our magazine, also an affectionate remembrance in verse composed on the funeral day by a loving co-laborer and entitled, "Into The Way of Peace," which is reminiscent of Miss Lawler's own little "Peace Anthem."

In "The Catholic Register," from the sane and fluent pen of Rev. L. Minehan, we read:

"Miss Lawler never spoke merely to show how well she could speak. As long as the speaking was done satisfactorily by others she was glad to leave the stage to them. Only when her intervention was necessary to give a push forward to a worthy cause or to keep a movement away from the danger line, did she voice her sentiments. And then she was invariably most helpful. Her modesty in conjunction with her merit made her a most valuable co-worker."

A year ago to-day (Aug. 29th) was the last time Gertrude Lawler spoke in St. Joseph's reception room. It was the day on which the delegates of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae came to Toronto and paid a visit to her Alma Mater. After solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the ladies gathered around the tea tables which invited them to accept hospitality. Being requested by the President of St. Joseph College Alumnae, Mrs. Landy, to greet the guests, she unpreparedly stood forth at the head table, and in her characteristically fluent and happy grace of expression, most cordially welcomed one and all and urged that they return again to her dear St. Joseph's when the students, who were its fairest ornaments, would fill the halls and class-rooms of this historic seat of learning, this home of true Catholic education. Her words were commented upon by the listeners, who remained a moment thoughtfully silent after her last words, as "a sweetly beautiful greeting, most loyal in sentiment and heartily earnest in expression." It was her last word

in public within the walls of her beloved St Joseph's, and as such will long be cherished in fondest memory.

The outbreak of Dr. Lawler's last illness announced itself suddenly. Early in April of this year the malignant nature of what proved to be a fatal malady, was revealed. She was accustomed to attend the High Mass in Our Lady of Lourdes church on Sundays, and this she did for the last time on April 14th. While there she was overcome by weakness and was obliged to return home before the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice. A physician and a priest were summoned. An operation was pronounced necessary. The bodily struggle was severe, but in her soul there was no struggle—only a blessed peace. She had no fear of death—all was perfect peace. When asked, during her painful illness, if she would consent to the use of an opiate to relieve the pain she suffered, she refused to accept any relief at the expense of a loss of consciousness. She said: "My Reverend Uncle always maintained that it was unworthy of Christian fortitude to seek escape from pain by recourse to narcotic drugs, and it is my wish that my soul shall appear unclouded before God." Thus she bravely met the inevitable suffering of a painful death with unshaken courage.

When the life of this noble woman was calmly passing into the valley of the shadow of death and she was suffering intensely, she was heard to say in labored accents, "For the sake of those dear to me I would like longer life, but if it is God's will that I should go now and leave all, I am satisfied and fully resigned." In such a death after such a life there is no sting, but rather a sense of calm and consolation seems to fall upon our hearts, as we chant that psalm of unquenchable hope.—the *De Profundis*. Gently the curtain of life is drawn aside and the Divine Master bids our loved one to eternal rest. Silent, patient, unperturbed, she listened for the noiseless rustle of that mysterious curtain, for she hoped to meet the Master face to face when that veil which hides the future was withdrawn. Let us hope that its removal has opened up for dear Miss Lawler the glory of the celestial vision in a new,

resplendent life, where parting is no more and peace and happiness is without end. To apply to her the words of a familiar quotation from Cardinal Newman, "He had supported her all the day long, till the shadows lengthened and the evening came, and the busy world was hushed, and the fever of Life was over, and her work was done." Now in His mercy may He give her a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last!

* * * * *

From the announcement of Miss Lawler's death until the funeral day the flag on the University campus floated in the air at half mast, and on that Sunday of her decease the carillon in Memorial Tower rang out appropriately, "Rock of Ages" and "Nearer My God to Thee." For four decades of years and more she had passed in and out through those classic halls where she had been student, professor, examiner, senator and governor with credit and fair renown. To show a last mark of respect to her whom they revered, nearly all the members of the University staff, not absent on vacation, members of the Communities of St. Joseph's and Loretto, and their alumnae, of the Catholic Women's League and the Mothers' Allowance Board, attended the full funeral rites of ritual. Present at the solemn Pontifical High Mass of Requiem sung by His Grace Archbishop McNeil, assisted by the Rev. H. Carr, O.S.B., LL.D., as deacon and Rev. G. Kirby, M.A., as sub-deacon, were Very Rev. W. H. Hingston, S.J., His Lordship Right Rev. A. McDonald, D.D., Right Rev. M. D. Whelan, V.G., Right Rev. J. L. Hand, Rev. J. C. Carberry, Rev. E. McCabe, Rev. A. Conway, Rev. F. Flanagan, Rev. L. Barnett, Rev. W. Hayden, in the sanctuary. In the nave of the church were Sir William Mullock, Chancellor of the University, and his sister, Alderman J. A. Cameron of the U.E.L. Association, Mrs. E. T. Reburn of the Local Council of Women, Mrs. F. Denison Taylor of the Social Hygiene Club, Mr. J. Hunt Stanford of the Dickens Fellowship Club, Representatives of the League of Nations Society, Dr. James Brebner, Dr. H. A. Moure, Dr. A. T. DeLury, Dr. A. Baker, Dr. C. A. Chant, Dr. J. Loudon, Dr. Esther

Loudon, Dr. Augusta Cullen, Dr. E. F. Burton, Dr. A. Hunter, Professors D. . Keys, E. M. Ashworth, J. W. Bain, A. B. Fennell, J. J. Gibson, and A. Kelly of the Senate, and Chief Justice H. Kelly of the Board of Governors.

The entire church was filled with fellow-parishioners and friends. The chief mourners were Miss Lawler and Mrs. Walsh, sisters of the deceased, and Miss Mariam Walsh, a niece, to all of whom we tender our deepest sympathy in their sorrow.

The remains of Dr. Lawler were borne to Mount Hope Cemetery, where with the blessing and the prayers of Holy Church, they were placed in the splendid mausoleum which she had designed herself for all the members of her family. May she rest in peace!

We shall rest in Paradise. The earth is the field of labour. Let us remember that very soon our body will return to the earth, our soul appear before the Sovereign Judge, and our lot for eternity be fixed. Soon we shall have no more suffering; it will be the time to reign: then let us suffer willingly for a few days, that we may reign for ever with Jesus. The time for seeking God is life; the time to find Him is death; the time to possess Him is eternity. Pleasures pass, but the pains of pleasures are eternal. Tribulations pass, but rewards are eternal. Eternity depends upon death, death depends upon life, life may depend upon a moment, a moment may decide eternity.—(Père de Ravignan).

“Into the Ways of Peace”

“Thoughts all too deep for utterance
 Fill many a heart with grief untold;
 Fond recollections clustered round
 The homeland hearth, and joys sevenfold!

Anon, the Master beckons thee
 Thence to His many mansions where
 Lo! at the pearly gates of Heaven
 He bids thee enter—enter there!

Behold us—those who walked with thee—
 Here, on this consecrated ground,
 Pledge thy sweet spirit, scarce yet fled,
 In token of our grief profound.

Continued zeal in every cause
 Akin to Christ, the cornerstone;
 Thus thou wouldst surely have us do,
 Nor toil for self, and self alone.

“Well done, thou faithful servant!” lo,
 The tender Shepherd bids thee “Come!”
 Where everlasting bliss abounds
 Beyond the confines of the tomb.

Nor mourn we, as those without hope;
 Nay! all the saints in Heaven rejoice
 When forth earth’s royal priesthood fare
 And hear in turn their Saviour’s voice!

Nor can Time compass such delights
 As these His faithful flock behold—
 Infinite peace withal, and sweet
 Immortal joy His courts unfold.

July 24, 1929.

Mary H. Rathom.
 (Jeanne Valdez).

TENNYSON AND COLERIDGE

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph.D.

AMONG the English poets of the last age, the most golden genius was Coleridge, while the Artist who most steadily used and cultivated and made the most of his natural talent was Tennyson. Coleridge derived the music of his verse partly from Crashaw, and Coleridge was one in whom the connection between music and feeling, and between feeling and thought, was peculiarly deep and subtle. Crashaw's verses upon St. Theresa, he says, "were ever present to my mind whilst I was writing the second part of *Christabel*; ¹ if, indeed, they did not by some subtle process of the mind suggest the first thought of the whole poem." "I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations and if I were in the hearing of fine music as much as I wanted, which has a sensible effect in harmonizing my thoughts and, as it were, lubricating my inventive faculty."²

It was from Wordsworth, apparently, that he learned to aim at simplicity of poetic style. As soon as he became acquainted with that poet, he abandoned the attempt at stateliness which continued to beset his prose, and he wrote some poems like Wordsworth's; but the latter never wrote any poems like Coleridge's, because he was not able to do so. He contributed a few lines to the *Ancient Mariner*, and more he could not do. The author of that poem had a gift of imaginative flight which Wordsworth had not received and could not acquire. The latter

¹ There is a point in *Christabel* always overlooked. When the witch, the serpent-woman, comes to the door of the castle, she sinks down and has to be carried in. That is because it was a mediaeval saying that the devil cannot come into your house unless you bring him in yourself. Daily experience proves to us the truth of this.

² Newman says the same thing about his own violin.

with all his merits is comparatively pedestrian. His nearest approach to Coleridge was Peter Bell.

The genius of Keats, rich and fine as it was, stands to that of Coleridge as a boy to a man, from its want of strength of intellect; while it must be said of Shelley, not in order to lower him but in order to be just, that the genial, sympathetic, and gracious spirit of Coleridge excels the work of Shelley in its quality, as much as the warm, golden, caressing sunshine surpasses the hard, metallic beam of an electric street-lamp, for Shelley has no pathos except for his own woes, real or imaginary or hypocritical, and no humor at all, while his fanatical zeal for atheism and anarchy is offensive to every unsophisticated taste—*Non satis est pulcra esse poemata; dulcia sunt*, Shelley's poetry with all its beauty is not sweet; and this is said not from any prejudice against that poetry whose merits I admire and have praised in these pages, but in order to do justice to a finer poetry.

It is remarkable how much we hear about the opium-eating of Coleridge and Thomson, as if there were not millions of opium-eaters without poetry; and this talk is all the more singular when we contrast it with the habitual silence about the opium of Shelley. The reason why Shelley is thus favored by the critics is that he was not only an atheist but the prophet of Atheism. It is for this reason that Morley, for example, audaciously describes him as "the most spiritual of English poets"; for Morley confessed that atheism had no chance of ascendancy until it had a literature equal to that of Christianity or at least to that of Deism.

Tennyson was a disciple of Coleridge, though not of Coleridge alone; and I purpose to draw a comparison here between *The Ancient Mariner* and a poem of Tennyson contained within the *Holy Grail*—a poem which shows that Tennyson had an independent genius with a distinctive quality of its own even when he was sailing over the foam of perilous seas in fairy lands. Coleridge in his great poem shows himself to be both a great teller of a story and a great poet. As children we enjoy the story, as men we admire the poetry. Invention is one of the

rarest talents of the human mind, and it is striking how few original stories, and how much fewer interesting original stories there are in the literature of the world. The originality of this story, formally considered as a whole, is not diminished by any reference to materials in Shelvoek's Voyages. And the story is more wonderful than any of those of Sindbad the Sailor in the Arabian Nights. And it has the true magical power of making us believe it while we are reading it; and when we doubt his story we do not yet doubt the existence of the old man who tells it. The unity of spirit throughout the whole and the sustained level of power are truly remarkable. But there are great story-tellers who are not equally great poets, such as Ariosto or "the Ariosto of the North." Scott is still greater in prose than in verse—greater in relating a story than in the expression of feeling. There is nothing in his versified tales equal to the story of Wandering Willie in Redgauntlet; the Bride of Lammermuir and Kenilworth stir our feelings more deeply than Marmion or the Lady of the Lake. To take parallel cases, the meeting of Cleveland and Minna Troil in the Church of St. Magnus, in the Pirate, is narrated with far more of power and emotion than the meeting of De Wilton and Clare on the battlements of Tantallon Castle, in Marmion. Coleridge's tale belongs to the same order of imagination as the Tempest and the Midsummer Night's Dream; and the form of expression with its melodious verse and the beauty of its simple diction is equal to its invention and composition. It has moral loveliness too, though Coleridge used to say that as a wild imagination it might have been still better if it had no moral at all. But the moral is not at all pushed upon us but arises quite spontaneously from the old Mariner's reflections. There never will be another poem like it. It is inimitable.

But there is a tale in Tennyson which bears some analogy to it, though told with intentional moral teaching and with deeper passion and earnestness. Everyone knows the Ancient Mariner, but Tennyson's poem of which I am speaking needs to be extracted from the Holy Grail and studied by itself.

The Knights that returned from the quest of the Grail³ are telling their histories in Arthur's Hall at the wish of the King, and here is Lancelot's Quest of the Grail related afterwards by Percival to a monk:—

'O King—and when he paused, methought I spied
 A fire of dying madness in his eyes—
 O King, my friend, if friend of thine I be,
 in me lived a sin
 So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
 Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung
 Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
 And poisonous grew together, each as each.

.....
 And forth I went, and while I yearned and strove
 To tear the twain asunder in my heart
 My madness came upon me as of old
 And whipt me into waste fields far away.
 and then I came
 All in my folly to the naked shore,
 Wide flats where nothing but coarse grasses grew,
 But such a blast, my King, began to blow,
 So loud a blast along the shore and sea,
 Ye could not hear the waters for the blast
 And blackening in the seafoam swayed a boat,
 Half-swallowed in it, anchored with a chain,
 And in my madness to myself I said,
 'I will embark, and I will lose myself
 And in the great sea wash away my sin.'
 I burst the chain, I sprang into the boat;
 Seven days I drove along the dreary deep
 And with me drove the moon and all the stars;

³ It is now discovered that there was a grail at Glastonbury, which popular imagination would easily connect with the Last Supper and with Joseph of Arimathea. It was hidden when the German invaders in the fifth or sixth century came near; and this fact furnished a core for the legend of its vanishing.

And the wind fell, and on the seventh night
I heard the shingle grinding in the surge
And felt the boat shock earth, and looking up—
Behold! the enchanted towers of Carbonek,
A castle like a rock, upon a rock,
With chasm-like portals open to the sea,
And steps that met the breakers. There was none.
Stood near it but a lion on each side
That kept the entry; and the moon was full.
Then from the boat I leapt, and up the stairs;
There drew my sword. With sudden-flaring manes
Those two great beasts rose upright like a man.
Each gript a shoulder, and I stood between,
And I would have smitten them, heard a voice—
'Doubt not; go forward; if thou doubt, the beasts
Will tear thee piecemeal.' Then with violence
The sword was dashed from out my hand, and fell,
And up into the sounding hall I passed;
But nothing in the sounding hall I saw,
No bench nor table, painting on the wall,
Or shield of Knight, only the rounded moon
Through the tall oriel, on the rolling sea.
But always in the quiet house I heard,
Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,
A sweet voice singing in the topmost tower
To the eastward. Up I climbed a thousand steps
With pain; as in a dream I seemed to climb
Forever; at the last I reached a door.
A light was in the crannies, and I heard
'Glory and joy and honour to our Lord
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail!'
Then in my madness I essayed the door;
It gave, and through a stormy glare, a heat
As from a seven-times-heated furnace, I—
Blasted and burnt and blinded as I was
With such a fierceness that I swooned away—
Oh yet methought I saw the Holy Grail

All palled in crimson samite, and around
 Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.
 And but for all my madness and my sin
 And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
 That which I saw; but what I saw was veiled
 And covered; and this quest was not for me.
 So speaking, and here ceasing, Lancelot left
 The hall long silent.

.....
 Nay, but thou errest Lancelot; never yet
 Could all of true and noble in knight and man
 Twine round one sin, whatever it might be,
 With such a closeness but apart there grew
 (Save that he were the swine thou spakest of)
 Some root of knighthood and pure nobleness;
 Whereto see thou that it may bear its flower.'

Both the parallel and the contrast between Coleridge's and Tennyson's poem will be noticed by every reader. The rhyme and melody of the *Ancient Mariner* give it an outer loveliness beyond that of *Lancelot's Quest*. And this is fitting, for it is mere poetry, a recreation of the imagination revelling in the exercise of its own power and grace, with no aim or purpose beyond; whereas this story of the Holy Grail is composed with a grave moral purpose and a deep moral earnestness which the blank verse suits perhaps better than a more graceful, lovely and luxuriant form of verse would.

THE IN MEMORIAM

Aubrey de Vere used sometimes to urge Tennyson to write a third part for his *In Memoriam*, saying that, as it contained a mournful part, corresponding to Dante's pilgrimage through Hell, and a hopeful part corresponding to the Purgatory, so it should be completed by another part analogous to the Paradise. (I do not suppose that de Vere was equalling the theology of a Protestant poet to the teaching of our great Catholic bard, for his invitation implies an inferiority.) Tennyson used to

reply that he had written all that he felt and all that he had to say on the subject. But in truth, the Introduction to the In Memoriam, which was last in composition, does very well for a completion, and I have always found great pleasure in reading that at the end of the poem. Let us read it together thus, as a conclusion, or third part, and I am sure you will agree with me in liking it more:—

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove,

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth
And in Thy wisdom make me wise.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me,
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair;
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,
Thou madest life in man and brute,
Thou madest death, and lo! Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

Our little systems have their day,
 They have their day and cease to be;
 They are but broken lights of Thee,
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith, we cannot know,
 For knowledge⁴ is of things we see,
 And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
 A beam in darkness; let it grow;

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell,
 That mind and soul according well
 May make one music as before

But vaster. We are fools and slight,
 We mock Thee when we do not fear,
 But help Thy foolish ones to bear,
 Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood Thou;
 Our wills are ours, we know not how,
 Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

Here you see that with a slight change in the order of the stanzas, the introduction becomes perfectly suitable for a conclusion. But in truth, even without any new arrangement these stanzas would have suited for a closing part; and I would recommend every student of Tennyson, at the end of the In Memoriam, to read the introduction, with or without alteration, and taste how much better it seems there, at the close.

⁴This is science (as the term is now used).

Rus in Urbe

By P. J. Coleman, M.A.

God scatters beauty in our way
With lavish hand, our souls to bless;
We need but look, and night and day
Are filled with magic loveliness.

No need to leave the dusty town
And search afield for marvels strange,
When at our doors, and up and down
Our streets the twinkling maples range.

The robin on my strip of lawn
Sings for my joy such songs of glee
As rapturous oread and faun
In Tempé heard and Thessaly.

The bee that in my lily dives
Or to my campanula clings
The honey sweet from golden hives
Of Hybla and Hymettus brings.

The breath of woodbine and of rose
My garden's dusk with fragrance fills;
As much, no more, of beauty knows
The shepherd of Sicilian hills.

The timid dawn that softly lights
The city roofs with fairy fires
No rosier is on Alpine heights
Than on our chimneys and our spires.

We need but search with seeing eyes
For miracles as yet unseen,
And lo! our long-lost Paradise
Spreads round our feet its wonders green.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER

To Honest and Intelligent Inquirers.

By Rev. Michael Joseph Watson, S.J.

Continued from September, 1928.

Inquirer: Why do you say "the Blessed Virgin"; we call her "Mary," or "the Virgin?"

Catholic: We call her so because the Angel Gabriel by the command of God called her "*blessed among women*," and she was blessed, also, because the fruit of her womb was blessed, her Son Jesus, Our Saviour and God. Moreover, in the Magnificat (St. Luke i., 48), which Mary uttered under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that Divine Spirit made her prophecy of herself, "*Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.*" The Catholic Church is the only one in which that prophecy is fulfilled. Is it not just that she should be called blessed who, in giving a body to the world's Redeemer, gave Him the very blood which was the price of man's salvation, blood which first flowed in her own pure veins?

Inquirer: Well, I must confess that you make Catholic belief seem much more reasonable than I ever held it to be.

Catholic: Up to this time, my friend, you only heard one side of the question, and that side a gross misrepresentation. Now you hear the true Catholic explanation, and you are surprised that it is no different from what you have been told. W. Gordon Goodman informs us in his "Converts to Rome" that the list of converts includes 620 Protestant clergymen, 350 clergymen's daughters and 296 clergymen's sons, 586 graduates from Oxford University, 346 from Cambridge University, 24 from Durham, and 63 from Trinity College, Dublin. Do you think that all those intelligent and educated persons would have entered the Catholic Church if that Church were the abode of darkness, superstitious error and idolatry that so many Protestants represent it to be? Do you believe that

such men as Newman, Manning, Faber, Hope-Scott, de Vere, the Marquis of Ripon, and the Judge, Sir Henry Hawkins, in England; and Brownson, Bayley, Wadhams, and Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice, in America, were pitiful dupes, and not honest and sincere men, each of whom not only persevered with joy in the full profession of the Catholic Faith till death, but could heartily approve of the words written by Newman in a letter to the "Globe" (1862): "I do hereby profess, 'ex animo,' with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No! 'The net is broken, and we are delivered.' I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if in my old age I left 'the land flowing with milk and honey' for the city of confusion and the house of bondage."

VI.—Alleged Bible Difficulties.

(St. John, Chapter II., 1-11).

And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited, and His disciples, to the marriage. And the wine failing, the mother of Jesus saith to Him: They have no wine. And Jesus saith to her: Woman, what is that to Me and to thee? My hour is not yet come. His mother said to the waiters: Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye. Now there were set there six atterpots of stone, according to the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three measures apiece. Jesus saith to them: Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And Jesus saith to them: Draw out now and carry to the chief steward of the feast. And they carried it. And when the chief steward had tasted the water made wine, and knew not whence it was, but the waiters knew who had drawn the water; the chief steward calleth the bridegroom, and saith to him: Every man at first setteth forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until

now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and He manifested His glory, and His disciples believed in Him.—St. John, chap. II., vv. 1-11.

It is alleged by non-Catholics that in this account of the first miracle which Jesus wrought, Our Saviour showed disrespect to His mother, and rebuked her.

FIRST ANSWER.

Before we consider the words of the text, let us take a view of the whole incident. At the marriage feast the wine failed. Mary became aware of this fact and in her kindness of heart she wished to relieve the embarrassment of the bridegroom and the bride. Accordingly, she went to her Son, whose Infinite Goodness and Power she knew, and said: "They have no wine," implicitly asking Him to come to their relief. Our Lord did not refuse her request. That Mary knew He would do what she asked is evident from the fact that she said to the waiters: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." Then Jesus wrought the miracle she petitioned for by changing the water into wine. In thus anticipating the time for the working of His miracles ("My time is not yet"), Our Saviour, far from showing any disrespect to His Mother, both honored and pleased her.

SECOND ANSWER.

Protestant Bible: "And Jesus saith unto her: "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come."

Catholic Bible: "And Jesus saith to her, 'Woman, what is it to Me and to thee? My hour is not yet come.'"

"Woman," the Protestant author, Canon Farrar, in his "Life of Christ," vol. I., p. 165 (23rd edition), considers the words of Our Lord's reply to be consistent with the most delicate courtesy and respect. The Protestant, Dr. Wescott, holds the same view. The word "Woman" in the Syro-Chaldaic language, in which Our Lord spoke, means also "Lady" and "Mother," as is well known to Orientalists. Moreover, He used the same word on the Cross when He was about to die,

and certainly could not have meant to show her disrespect while fulfilling towards her the last tender offices of love by providing for her remaining years on earth.

“What is it to me and to thee?” St. John wrote his Gospel in Greek, and his exact words for this text are these, “What to me and to thee?”—(Ti emoi kai soi)—in which there is no justification whatever for the absurd and false Protestant translation, “What have I to do with Thee?” Even though we were to admit that there was some reproof in the words themselves, yet Our Lord must have uttered them in a tone and with an air that made it evident to His mother, who had lived with Him so long and knew Him so well, that He not only meant no disrespect, but granted her request. Geikie says (“Life and Words of Christ,” vol. I., p. 476): “Using an every-day form of words, of immemorial usage in the nation, He, with a look of love and tenderness, waived her implied solicitude aside.” In any case, the great miracle was wrought, and it is impossible to question the large influence of Our Lady in bringing it about. She had no part in the working of the miracle, which was due to Divine power; but she had, as intercessor, the whole work and glory of inducing Our Lord to exert His Omnipotence then and there by a supernatural act which stands at the beginning of the glorious chain of the Gospel wonders. And this incident affords us an example of how she prays for us now in Heaven; she pleads as an intercessor with our One Advocate, Jesus, the world’s Redeemer.

In the Protestant Archbishop Trench’s “Notes on the Miracles of Our Lord” occur these words:

“Any severity which this answer may seem to carry with it in the reading was mitigated, as we cannot doubt, in the manner of its speaking; allowing, as it must have done, a near compliance with her request to look through the apparent refusal. For when she ‘saith unto the servants, Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it,’ it is evident she read, as the sequel shows, rightly read, a ‘Yes’ latent in his No.”

VII.—Second Alleged Difficulty.

“A certain woman from the crowd, lifting up her voice, said to Him: ‘Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the paps that gave Thee suck.’ But He said: ‘Yea, rather, blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it.’”

Some Protestant commentators say that in this passage Our Lord was annoyed at hearing Mary praised, and answered the woman that praise was due rather to those who hear God’s Word and keep it; they thereby imply that Mary did not keep God’s Word.

ANSWER.

The Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J., says in his “Ought We to Honor Mary?”: “It is enough to make one’s hair stand on end to see what disagreeable characters the Reformers and their followers make of Jesus and His Holy Mother. If such were the terms on which Our Blessed Lord lived with His mother in public, and if such the way in which He spoke of her to the crowd, what must have been the state of things in the house of Nazareth, where the restraint of being observed by others would be removed? Such are the blasphemous speculations to which such rabid exegesis naturally leads.”

As to the text in question, we reply, first, that Our Lord did not deny that His mother was blessed. For what this woman said was affirmed long before by the Angel Gabriel, who “was sent from God” to the Virgin—“Blessed art thou among women.” It was also said by Elizabeth, who “was filled with the Holy Ghost, and cried with a loud voice: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb . . . and blessed art thou who hast believed”; and Mary, in reply to Elizabeth, declared, through the inspiration of the Divine Spirit—“Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.” Here, with the approval of God, Mary is called “blessed” four times: Therefore, Our Lord, Who is God, did not, in the text, deny that His Mother was blessed.

We reply, secondly, that Our Lord really assents to what the woman says, but points out to her a second blessedness

which is within the grasp of all, and is of great practical importance. It is as if He said: "The blessedness of being My Mother can belong to only one, and it comes to her as a free gift from God; but what is most to be considered just now is this other blessedness, which you should seek to obtain through Divine grace—namely, blessed are they who hear God's word and keep it—the first blessedness is beyond your grasp, and it is useless to consider it, but this other is of great importance, and its acquisition is, with God's help, quite within your power. As for My Mother, she is doubly blessed—she is blessed in being the Mother of God, and still more blessed in having heard God's word and kept it."

In "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," Cardinal Newman speaks thus of the text:

"She has been made more glorious in her person than in her office; her purity is a higher gift than her relationship to God. This is what is implied in Christ's answer to the woman in the crowd who cried out, when He was preaching, 'Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts which Thou has sucked.' He replied by pointing out to His disciples a higher blessedness: 'Yes, rather, blessed,' He said, 'are they who hear the word of God and keep it.' You know, my brethren, that Protestants take these words in disparagement of our Lady's greatness, but they really tell the other way. For consider them: He lays down a principle that it is more blessed to keep His commandments than to be His Mother; but who, even of Protestants, will say that she did not keep His commandments? She kept them surely, and Our Lord does but say that such obedience was in a higher line of privilege than her being His Mother; she was more blessed in her detachment from creatures, in her devotion to God, in her virginal purity, in her fulness of grace, than in her maternity. This is the constant teaching of the Holy Fathers: 'More blessed was Mary,' says St. Augustine, 'in receiving Christ's faith than in conceiving Christ's flesh'; and St. Chrysostom declares that she would not have been blessed, though she had borne Him in the body, had she not heard the word of

God and kept it. This, of course, is an impossible case; for she was holy that she might be made His Mother, and the two blessednesses cannot be divided. She who was chosen to supply flesh and blood to the Eternal Word was first filled with grace in soul and body; still, she had a double blessedness, of office and of qualification for it, and the latter was the greater. And it is on this account that the Angel calls her blessed; 'full of grace,' he says, 'Blessed among women'; and St. Elizabeth also, when she cries out, 'Blessed art thou that hast believed.' Nay, she herself bears a like testimony, when the Angel announced to her the high favour which was coming on her. Though all Jewish women in each successive age had been hoping to be Mother of the Christ, so that marriage was honourable among them, childlessness a reproach, she alone had put aside the desire and the thought of so great a dignity. She, who was to bear the Christ, gave no welcome to the great announcement that she was to bear Him; and why did she thus act towards it? Because she had been inspired, the first of womankind, to dedicate her virginity to God, and she did not welcome a privilege which seemed to involve a forfeiture of her vow. 'How shall this be,' she asked, 'seeing I am to live separate from man?' Not, till the Angel told her that the conception would be miraculous and from the Holy Ghost, did she put aside her 'trouble' of mind, recognize him securely as God's messenger and bow her head in awe and thankfulness to God's condescension."

VIII.—Our Lady's Virginity.

The Catholic Faith teaches that Mary was a virgin before Christ's birth, during His birth, and after His birth. It is morally certain that she had resolved to remain always a virgin. When the Angel announced that she was to be the mother of Christ, the Son of God, she said: "How shall this be done, because I know not man." She did not consent to become the mother of Jesus until the Angel declared that her chastity would remain unviolated. St. Gregory of Nyssa, St.

Augustine, and St. Ambrose held that she had taken a vow of perpetual virginity; and the theologian Suarez calls this "the Catholic view."

An objection is derived by some from the words, "His mother and His brethren" (St. Matt. xii., 46). But everyone acquainted with the usage of Scripture knows that cousins and other near relations are called "brothers" or "brethren." Thus Lot was nephew to Abraham, yet the latter called him "Brother," saying, "For we are brethren" (Gen. xiii., 8). The Fathers and ancient writers of the Latin Church have always maintained that the "brethren" of Christ were his cousins. James and Joseph were the sons of Alpheus, or Clopas, and of Mary, the Blessed Virgin's sister. Jude, in his New Testament Epistle, speaks of himself thus: "Jude, the servant of Jesus Christ and brother of James." If he were our Lord's real brother he would not have written thus. Again, the Blessed Virgin in the Gospel is always called the Mother of Jesus, and of Jesus alone. Even where she is mentioned with the brethren of Jesus, they are never said to be her sons. The Protestant, Dr. Lightfoot (on Gal. i., 19), says: "Our Blessed Lord, when dying left His mother to St. John, passing over His 'brethren,' which He certainly would not have done had there been other sons."

What precedes answers sufficiently other objections taken from the text, "he (Joseph) knew her not till she brought forth her first-born son" (St. Matt. i., 25). In addition, we know from the Bible that "first-born" was a legal term among the Jews, and was applied to an only child no less than to the first of many children. Again, in Bible phraseology, the use of the word "till" is clear from the text of Psalm 109: "Sit at My right hand till I make Thine enemies Thy footstool." Surely the Son of God would not cease to sit at the Father's right hand after all enemies were made His footstool. So, too, the Gospel, in using the word "till," merely declares what happened before Christ was born, without indicating or suggesting what happened after His birth.

St. Basil says: "Those who love Christ will not brook

the assertion that the Mother of God ever ceased to be a Virgin"; and St. Augustine (Serm. de Temp. 23) exclaims: "Behold the miracle of the Mother of Our Lord she conceived as a virgin, she gave birth as a virgin, she remained a virgin after child-birth."

St. Thomas gives the following reasons why it was necessary that the Blessed Virgin should observe perpetual virginity: (1) The unique character of Christ as the Only-begotten Son of God; (2) the honour and dignity of the Holy Ghost who overshadowed her virginal womb; (3) the high dignity of Mary as Deipara, or Mother of God-made-man; and (4) the honour and chivalry of St. Joseph, who was appointed by the Eternal Father as the protector and guardian of his chaste spouse.

"But He, answering him that told Him, said: "Who is My mother, and who are My brethren? And stretching forth His hand towards His disciples, He said: Behold My mother and My brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of My Father that is in Heaven, he is My brother and sister and mother." (St. Matt. xii., 48, 49, 50).

Protestants say that in these words Christ denied, or at least slighted, His Mother. The answer is plain and easy. Our Lord checks an untimely interruption of His discourse by saying, in answer to the importune message, that He preferred His Father's business and ministry to material affection. What he prized more than natural relationship was the spiritual relationship that came from the doing of His Father's will. For that reason He must have prized His Mother beyond all others, for she was the holiest of created beings, since she accomplished, in the most perfect manner, God's adorable will, she who was the well-beloved daughter of the Eternal Father, the Virgin Mother of God the Son made flesh, and the Spouse, or Bride, of the Holy Ghost."

Gother's "Papist Represented and Misrepresented," a work well known and approved of in the Catholic Church, makes use of this plain and forcible language: "Cursed is he that commits idolatry; that prays to images and relics, or worships them for God. Amen. Cursed is every goddess worshipper,

that believes the Virgin Mary to be any more than a created being; that worships her (or puts his trust in her) more than God: that believes her above her Son, or that she can in anything command Him. Amen."

IX.—The Divine Motherhood.

The chief prerogative of the Blessed Virgin Mary is her Divine Motherhood, the source or origin of all her privileges, of her "fulness of grace." The Third Ecumenical Council, at Ephesus, in the year 431, defined that Mary is truly the Mother of God, and bestowed upon her the title, "Theotokos" (in Latin, "Deipara"). The definition runs thus: "If any one does not profess that Emmanuel is truly God and that consequently the Holy Virgin is the Mother of God (theotokos)—inasmuch as she gave birth in the flesh to the Word of God made flesh, according to what is written: "The Word was made flesh"—let him be anathema."

The Athanasian Creed teaches:

"For the right faith is that we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and man: God of the substance of the Father, begotten before the ages; and man of the substance of His mother, born into the world."

And the Fifth General Council, which assembled at Constantinople in the year 553, defined: "If any one do not confess the Word of God has two births, the one before the ages, from the Father, out of time and incorporeally, and the other . . . from the holy and glorious Deipara and ever-Virgin Mary . . . let him be anathema."

"No one will say of Elizabeth," says St. Cyril to Nestorius, "That she is the mother of St. John's flesh, but not of his soul; for she gave birth to the person of the Baptist, that is, to a human being composed of a body and a soul."

For a similar reason, the child whom Mary conceived and bore in her womb and to whom she gave birth was the Person of the Incarnate Son of God, the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity. He was God of God, Light of Light, True

God of True God—and therefore she is rightly called the Mother of God. In her Son, Jesus Christ, two natures, human nature and the Divine nature, are united in and by the perfect unity of the Personality of the Word of God, the Son of the Eternal Father, to whom He is equal in Godhead or Divinity. Being one undivided person, the Son of God and the child born of Mary are absolutely identical, and consequently Mary is in very truth the Mother of God.

* * * * *

Hitherto I have treated of the dogmatic truths set forth in the Church's doctrine regarding the Blessed Virgin Mary, and I will conclude with some striking passages from Cardinal Newman's Sermons on Our Lady:

“Such art thou, Holy Mother, in the creed and in the worship of the Church, the defence of many truths, the grace and smiling light of every devotion. In thee, O Mary, is fulfilled, as we can bear it, an original purpose of the Most High. He once had meant to come on earth in heavenly glory, but we sinned, and then He could not safely visit us, except with a shrouded radiance and a bedimmed majesty, for He was God. So He came Himself, in weakness, not in power; and He sent thee, a creature, in His stead, with a creature's comeliness and lustre suited to our state. And now thy very face and form, dear Mother, speak to us of the Eternal; not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, which is thy emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven, and infusing peace. O harbinger of day! O hope of the pilgrim! lead us still as thou hast led; in the dark night, across the bleak wilderness, guide us on to our Lord Jesus, guide us home.”

Autumn

There's music in the crackling sound
Of Autumn leaves beneath our feet
When Nature paints the scenes around—
Work that no artist can repeat;
And in the silences profound,
Where gold and scarlet banners meet
With purple traceries inwound,
The spell of magic is complete.

The flowers, our dear companions, now
Are mostly in a dying state.
Like gladiolas, while they glow,
Begin to meet the common fate;
And, in the pine tree singing low,
The bird is whispering to his mate
A warning, as the bleak winds blow,
That winter's waiting at the gate.

While Autumn's tang is wild and sweet;
Lured by the keen, delicious aid,
Far from the haunt of city street,
We feast on Nature's sumptuous fare:
The scene of mystery complete,
Our pathway picturesque and fair,
Ours is a spiritual treat,
A blessing we hope others share .

Frederick B. Fenton.

THE TECHNIQUE OF NEWMAN'S VERSE

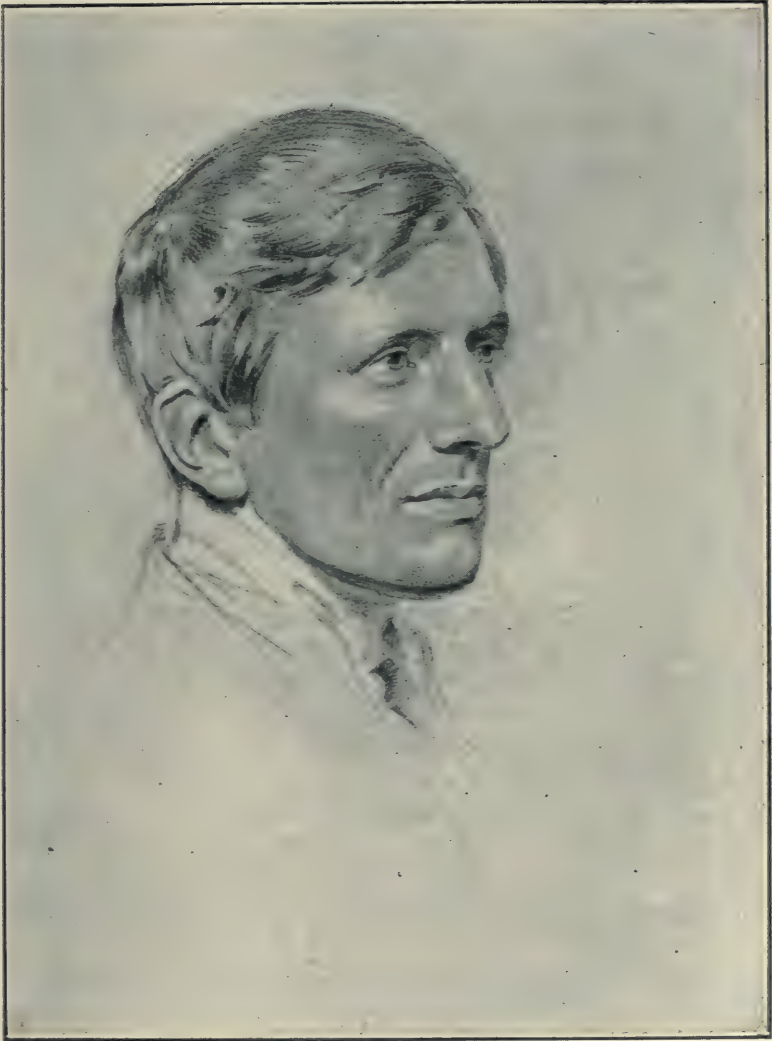
By Catherine A. Burns.

CHAPTER III

MOST of Newman's poems were reissued by their author several times. The changes made in the collections offer much interesting evidence of Newman's progress as a poet, the maturing of his mind, and the growth of his belief. The purpose of the different publications necessitated the rejection of some poems and the addition of others. From one edition to another, the author re-touched and polished many of the verses. Only three poems from *Memorials of the Past* were preserved in the next publication, *Lyra Apostolica*. In *Verses on Religious Subjects*, dated 1853, appeared *Temptation*, which, though written at Rome in 1833, had not been printed in *Lyra Apostolica* of 1836. All the poems that the author cared to save were issued in their final form in 1868 under the title, *Verses on Various Occasions*.

The most noticeable alteration that the poems underwent is found in their titles. At their first publication many poems were offered without title or with only a prefatory biblical text. Later, definite titles were substituted; for instance, one poem appeared in the *British Magazine* as "It is I; be not afraid"; then in *Lyra Apostolica* as "Be Not Afraid," and finally in *Verses on Various Occasions* as *Consolation*. Another poem in these three publications appeared successively as, "Blessed be ye poor," *Obscurity*, and *Humiliation*. Again, instead of the text, "Quit ye like men, be strong," a title, *The Watchman*, was chosen for a third poem, of which the first lines are:—

Faint not, and fret not, for threaten'd woe,
Watchman on Truth's grey height!



CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Or such an awkward heading as *The Penitent and Not the Righteous* for three simple stanzas was changed after a single appearance in the *British Magazine*, to *Confession* in *Lyra Apostolica* and to *Scars of Sin* in later publications. In the final edition of 1868 every poem bore a definite title.

By such alterations Newman often enhanced the concreteness and force of his titles. The title, *Faith*, was given first to the familiar lines, *Lead, Kindly Light*. Next in *Lyra Apostolica* the more suggestive title, *Light in Darkness*, was chosen, which was in keeping with the text in *Lyra Apostolica*, "Unto the godly there riseth up light in the darkness." But more fitting is the Biblical *Pillar of the Cloud*, selected for the final edition of 1868; for Newman's desire was "not to go by his own judgment but by something external like the pillar of the cloud in the desert." *A Voice from Afar*, likewise, is more specific, and more in keeping with Newman's faith, than were the other two titles previously given to the lines on the death of his sister Mary. Another poem was at first designated only by the text, "I bear on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Since this was hardly consistent with the lines that followed, a title, *Shame*, was given it in the volume of 1853; and then, to come nearer to the idea, the heading, *The Brand of Sin*. This, finally, was superseded in *Verses on Various Occasions* by the even more vivid title, *The Brand of Cain*. Figurative language was sometimes hit upon in the final and most effective title. *Purgatory* in *Verses on Various Occasions* became *The Golden Prison* in the final collection. The text "Am I my brothers keeper?" which appeared in the *British Magazine*, was given up in *Lyra Apostolica* for *Indulgence*, but again resumed in the final collection together with the title, *The Religion of Cain*.

In other cases a greater precision in phrasing and meaning was attained by these changes. *Separation* was later called *Separation of Friends*; *Fastidiousness* was changed to *Sensitiveness*; and *Sacred Places* was superseded by the one word *Sacrilege*, which indicates the theme more definitely. More clearly than the plural *Guardian Angels*, the later name *Angelic Guidance*, indicates the contents of the lines beginning, "Are

these the tracks of some unearthly friend?" Similarly, in the poem composed off France, Newman was thinking, as the verses indicate, of infidel France; hence the fitting shift in title from *France* to *Apostacy*. *The Cross*, *The Cross of Christ*, and *The Sign of the Cross*, successive titles, increase each time in definiteness; the final one contains the idea of the poem, namely, the power of the sacramental.

A change in mood may account for a rewording of some of these titles. When Newman composed the poems in 1833, his whole attention was concentrated against the liberal movement in the England of his day. Although the dogmatic principle was ever dear to him, the occasions that originally prompted the poems were no longer of consequence after the close of the Oxford Movement. The different titles assigned the four poems on zeal give the clue to the author's animus against Liberalism when he wrote them. Eventually they received the generalized, smooth titles, *Zeal and Love*, *Zeal and Purity*, *Zeal and Patience*, and *Zeal and Meekness*. The *Apologia* in tracing Newman's deep aversion to liberal tendencies makes reference to the first poem under the title given it in *Lyra Apostolica*, namely, *Zeal Before Love*. The second poem originally held the title, *The Zeal of Jehu*. The third was first called *Martha*. The last poem was composed on the voyage home from the Mediterranean when England was solely in his thoughts. Before its final title in *Verses on Various Occasions*, these verses were called in the *British Magazine*, *St. Paul in Prison*, and in *Lyra Apostolica*, *The Church in Bondage*. Often, when he thought of his place in the church, he reflected his devotion to St. Paul as in the last set of titles. Other examples of this process of generalizing after Newman's conversion to Catholicism and the subsequent removal of the original mood are the following:—

Scattered Sheep to Protestantism and then to *Private Judgment*;

The Prospects of the Church to Day-Labourers;

Sacred Seasons to External Religion;

Forebodings to Declension.

Again, his own personal feelings on penance became more serene with the years. In 1859 he looked back on a time when he spoke much of self-denial, mortification, and the like. The poems before the end of 1833 reveal in their titles perplexity on such subjects. The final selections show a more settled attitude. The groups are as follows:—

Chastisement, Providence, and Thanksgiving;
The Restless, Restlessness, and The Gift of Perseverance;
The Ambitious, Sleep, and Sleeplessness;
Progress, Providence, Discipline, and Semita Justorum;
Conversion, Disappointment, Heavenly Leadings, and Our Future;
Terror and Absolution.

On the whole, the reason for changing titles was good and resulted in greater effectiveness. Sometimes Newman added texts; usually he shortened them. The fitting quotations for *Messina* occurred only in the last compilation. In a few cases, the specific cause of change in title is not evident. *Removal* was changed to *Sympathy* in the poem of the impotency of calling on those "lodged in Eden's cell." *Prayer* became *Intercession of Saints*. A slight change in feeling may have increased his willingness to make more specific the idea of the communion of saints. The poem in *Verses on Various Occasions*, called *Relics of the Saints*, may be explained by its earlier title, *The Resurrection*. The Church Fathers were in the habit of associating the idea of the relics of the saints with the idea of their resurrection. For example, St. Ambrose in speaking of the discovery of the relics of St. Gervase and St. Protase, whose relics worked miracles, observed, "Not without reason do many call this the resurrection of the martyrs; . . . for us certainly the martyrs have risen." Again, he gave up the Latin title, *Gregarious Thelolgus*, for *St. Gregory Nazianzen*. Through continuous manipulation, Newman secured for his final collection of poems, brief, clear, and suggestive titles.

But these poems underwent alterations in other respects than in title; variant readings are numerous. In general, such

alterations in form mark the poet's progress in precision, directness, and rhythmical smoothness. Although Newman thought these changes did not introduce new sentiments, he recognized, doubtless, that the latest readings were removed from the others in mood, in circumstances, and in technique. Not all changes were felicitous; in fact, some experimentation had little result. The critic Frederic Chapman has noted that Newman might better have kept the word *silent* in the line of *Solitude* that now stands, "No mortal measure swells that *mystic* sound." And only an indifferent choice, likewise, can lead one to prefer the first word to the second in the following cases: *Sacred shrine* and *blessed shrine*, *prudent word* and *skillful word*, *patient Job's*, and *holy Job's*, *vestment* and *ritual*, *match* and *scan*, *ill fitted* and *ill-attuned*, *holy-tempered* and *holy-vested*, and *mould* and *cast*. No one of these alterations seems anything more than casual.

Slight modifications of importance, however, do occur which enhance the value of the poems. By the change from *sinful* to *earthly leaven*, the poet avoided the unpleasant repetition of the *s* sound here and in the word almost immediately following. Suggestive, too, are the alterations, *Such need is gain*, to *Such loss is gain*, and *Christ only of God's messengers to man*, to *One only of God's messengers to man*. Sometimes, a more concrete word was substituted; *the brand of Cain* for *the mark of Cain*; *pageants* for *structures*; *earth stain'd souls* for *common souls*. A change in wording often produced greater simplicity. The later choice, *his prophetic strength*, is less pedantic than the earlier phrase, *truth's predictive strength*. The use of one word instead of two or the avoidance of an awkward compound tended also to improve the verse. Such are *awful ancient* for *high-arched ancient*; *rocky road* for *rock-strewn road*; *sad drops* for *strength-drops*; *niggard course* for *self-wise course*, and *friends* for *patron-friends*. Such revisions, unimportant in any one detail, furnish ample evidence of the care that Newman was fond of bestowing on his poetry.

In recasting the poems, Newman makes the sentence-structure more direct. He shortened the lines,

And this is tidings good,
 But in the Angel's reckoning, and to those
 Who angel-wise have chose
 And kept like Paul, a virgin course, content
 To go where Jesus went;
 But for the many, laden with the spot
 And earthly taint of sin, 'tis written, "Touch me not,"

to

And this is tidings good
 For souls, who, pierced that they have caused that woe,
 Are fain to share it too:
 But for the many clinging to their lot
 Of worldly ease and sloth, 'tis written, "Touch me not."

To prevent the abruptness of the lines:

Till there springs up that hope of God's elect
 My faith shall ne'er be wrecked,

Newman wrote in a later publication,

Till there springs up a courage high and true
 To suffer and to do.

A second attempt often secures greater force:

Dim is the philosophic flame,

instead of,

Feeble and false the brightest flame.

The later revisions do away with much of the early inversions and so gain in smoothness. "This day I vowed Thy festival . . ." Newman afterwards made, "I vowed this day . . ." Perhaps a better notion of such improvement can be had by the stanza,

Then plead for me, thou blessed Saint
 While I seek round and use
 All man e'er guessed of work or plaint
 To cleanse sin's deep-grain'd hues,

and its revised form,

Then plead for one who cannot pray,
Whose faith is but despair,
Who hates his heart, nor puts away
The sin that rankles there.

In all these changes a reader finds that Newman gained in mastery of verse as time went on. Newman once wrote to R. H. Hutton: "I have never had practice enough to have words and metres at my command. And besides, at the time [*of Lyra Apostolica*] I had a theory, one of the extreme theories of the incipient movement, that it was not right *agere poetam* but merely *ecclesiasticum agere* . . ." But even then he intended making certain revisions later, for when he sent his sister, Harriet, *Consolation in Bereavement*, he wrote, "I am conscious they need much correcting, which at times it will be a solace to me to give. . ." Greater directness and simplicity, smoother rhythm, and increased force mark plainly the improvement in technique. His re-writings were based on the motive principle, as he says, of making more clear and exact his meaning. The gain in many cases was attained by the changing of only a word, or, at most, a brief phrase.

Changing moods and new beliefs may account for the omission in the final collection of certain poems. From the Lazaret, Malta, he wrote his mother that he had hardly seen or spoken to anyone for six days, and added, "Scripture so clearly seems to mark out that we should not be literally solitary." Accordingly, in a poem, *The Desert*, he censures such a career:

And gloom or pride is shown,
If e'er we seek the garden shade;
Or walk the world alone.

The poem was not reprinted in the final collection probably because such words from a Roman Catholic might look like a condemnation of cloistered religious life.

The chief reason for the omission of many poems was doubtless their triviality. The largest number of omitted poems, at any rate, includes unimportant experiments in rhyme. *The Holy Trinity* was perhaps composed on the occasion of the publication of *Verses on Religious Subjects*, since it closes that collection and does not appear elsewhere. Newman later probably recognized the crudity of the composition and so discarded it. For much the same critical reason Newman rejected his paraphrase of Ecclesiastes XII., although he retained another better done of Isaiah LXV. Verses that are strictly secular were for the most part rejected, such as the Juba song in *Callista*, three birthday poems, which contain nothing of weight, or the even more trivial *Reverie on a Journey*,—all found in *Memorials of the Past*. Again, of the same ephemeral nature are the three eclogues *Summer, Autumn, and Spring*, and a *Prologue to the Masque of Amyntor*, which were printed in only the 1832 collection of Newman's verses. Except to show the poet's progress, many of the verses are of no significance.

Only by an examination of the whole body of Newman's poetry can his rank be rightly discerned, or the significance of the verses themselves be justly estimated. All along the years Newman practised verse-writing. Most of his early output was experimental and only a small section of this was considered worthy of preservation. *Memorials of the Past* contains lines that are wholly mechanical and subjects that are purely conventional. But before Newman's next verse, that of *Lyra Apostolica*, his motives were deepened and intensified; he sought then to "produce shadows of high things, if not the high things themselves." He worked deliberately and hard. Sometimes the emotions rose from unchanging depths of his spiritual life, so that the poem never needed alterations. Such were the two pieces, *Lead, Kindly Light*, and *Our Future*. Again, many poems were much improved through revision, the second or even the third or fourth reading successively evidencing a better grasp of the subject. The variants mark an increase in simplicity, clearness, and smoothness of rhythm. Such, for instance, is the change in the poem on Gregory Nazianzen from.

So, gentle one,
 Heaven broke at last the consecrated tool
 Whose work was done.

to the more personal and easier expression,

So, gentle one,
 Heaven set thee free,—for ere Thy years were full
 Thy work was done.

One notices a steady progress in Newman's art of versification. From his college days when he began verse-writing to his Oratorian years when he wrote *The Dream*, Newman developed in technical skill. His first efforts were purely experimental. School exercises in Latin and English verse led Oxford men to make such metrical attempts naturally and without serious intention. Newman first tried the heroic couplet, which he handled in a purely mechanical fashion. During the Michaelmas term at Oxford in 1818, he composed a part of the narrative poems, which was done with William Bowden, *St. Bartholomew's Eve*. Next, he attempted birthday pieces. One of them, in 1819, *On My Birthday*, was composed in the Spenserian stanza. At any rate, Newman had considerable practice before he took his degree at Trinity in 1820. Hundreds of other Oxford men, doubtless, experimented on the same themes in the verse-forms.

Yet he continued to write any small occasion. In fact, throughout his long life, Newman composed for friends whenever their pleasure might be so assured. Every member of the family circle, Mary, Henrietta, Jemima, Charles, and Francis, was given pieces. The verse-albums of his sisters and intimate friends should be honored, he thought,

With wisdom, fancy, graceful gaiety,
 Of ready wit or happy sentiment.

Hence, at the request of his friend and hostess, Mrs. Rickards, he composed the lines, *Snap-dragon*. And for his cousins, he wrote the experiments in rime, *Opusculum* and *Monks*. In 1850 appeared the verses, *Valentine to a Little Girl*. And, as an

old man at the Oratory, he rimed a playful letter of thanks for a small gift. When he was ninety, he wrote on the back of a letter his own translation in verse of the prayer, "Anima Christi, sanctifica me."

Very few notes of real poetry were struck during these days of experimentation. At this time, Newman acknowledged the need of an incentive or a definite purpose for such composition. More seriously, then, than it may seem, he wrote:

Why, dear Cousin,
 Why
Ask for verses,
When a poet's
Fount of song is
 dry?

These very verses show this lack of true inspiration which Newman complains of. Another playful piece begins,

Could I hit on a theme
To fashion my verse on,
Not long would I seem
A lack-courtesy person.

The words, *Stray Seeds of Poesy*, tell of his vain striving

To summon at will
The spirit of song,

and admits

I never could find
A suitable friction
To frenzy my mind.

Apparently he was incapable yet of serious poetical work.

These reasons account for the slight worth of Newman's earliest composition. He knew that his praise of country life was in a conventional strain, for in one elogue he lists the phrases of those who "sing the spring by rule." Both awkward

inversion and trite phraseology characterize the eclogues, for instance, the lines:

Two youths I spied drag on their weary way,
The first's keen eye, and vest in rustic sort,
And murderous tube, bespoke the man of sport.

Nor in its commonplaceness of idea is this passage at all exceptional:

Each, his own good, as Horace sings, forgot,
Sighs for the blessing of his neighbor's lot.

The *Reverie on a Journey* contains the lines:

This dark stifling closet expands on my eyes!
Its sides they recede and its windows they rise!
Its seats become chairs; and a table is made
Of the shawls and great coats on our knees that are laid.

No wonder that Newman discarded such trivialities in his final collection!

One of the pieces so discarded is entitled *To J. C. W.* In content it is bad enough; for the poet after starting in the first stanza with the idea, "I am a tree whose spring is o'er," adds the incongruous thought, "my viol must be struck no more," and then returns to his first figure,

Green fruit and faded flower,
Shrub unfit for lady's bower.

But the versification, also, is unsatisfactory. At the close of each sentence the rhythm breaks, and the change, instead of helping, only distorts the meaning. There is neither rhythm nor a natural order of words in the lines,

Flowers deck the spring; and fruits instead
Summer's rich hand supplies.

"Instead" in this passage furnishes a rime for "shed," though neither choice of word fits the sense well. And the heavily stressed, "Summer's rich hand supplies," harmonizes ill in

sound as well as in thought with the line, "Ere years proclaim me wise." In another place, an otherwise unnecessary "they" is added to complete the verse. Altogether, the style shows Newman's immaturity as a writer of verse.

The conventional phrasing is mainly responsible for the sing-song which is strongly noticeable in the poem, *To F.W.N.*; here the thought is autobiographical and important enough and there is little inversion. But attention is drawn to the rime, for instance, in the following, which is one of the most significant parts of the poem:

Dear Frank, we both are summon'd now
As champions of the Lord;—
Enroll'd am I and shortly thou
Must buckle on the sword:
A high employ not lightly given
To serve as messengers of Heaven .

There is doubtless a striving here for better expression and form. Still the whole is monotonous in effect. The closing stanza has two exclamatory sentences followed by the trite couplet,

Till in the end of days we stand,
As victors in a deathless land.

Snapdragon is written in the octosyllabic rimed couplet; Newman, the reader suspects, had Milton in mind, especially in these closing lines,

May it be! then well might I
In college cloister live and die,

which are so similar to the closing lines of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. The first two stanzas are varied little from the normal rhythm, but the third beginning, "Life's gay gifts," shows greater freedom and is rounded out by the longer line, "Pleasure, wealth, birth, knowledge, power." The following passage from the fourth stanza, although in the regular four-beat trochaic measure which lends itself so easily to sing-song effect, reveals the same metrical ease:

Be it mine to set restraint
 On roving wish and selfish plaint;
 And for man's drear haunts to leave
 Dewy morn and balmy eve.
 Be it mine the barren stone
 To deck with green life not its own
 So to soften and to grace
 Of human works the rugged face.
 Mine the Unseen to display
 In the crowded public way
 Where life's busy arts combine
 To shut out the Hand Divine.

In these verses Newman achieves a certain lightness and grace in his versification that place them on a distinctly higher level than his first mechanical efforts.

As he mailed the first poem written on board the *Hermes* to his sister, he added the disparaging remark, "This is all I have to say at present. Meanwhile I transcribe one of my follies . . ."

The majority of the four-line poems, in contrast with these earlier more elaborate efforts, are effective in thought and in versification. An example of such better verse is found in *The Gift of Tongues*, where each stanza forms a single sentence, with a short pause at the end of several successive lines or within a line, left in such a way as to give lightness and grace to the whole. A glance at *The Brand of Cain*, an early four-line poem, reveals Newman's skillful use of the metrical aids of pause, enjambement, and hovering accent. Particularly is this true of these closing stanzas:

The course of passion, and the fret
 Of godless hope and fear,—
 Toil, care, and guilt, their hues have set,
 And fix'd their sternness there.

Saviour! wash out the imprinted shame;
 That I no more may pine,

Sin's martyr, though not meet to claim
Thy cross, a saint of Thine.

A possible reason for Newman's choosing the four-line stanza which he learned to handle with such dexterity may have been his knowledge of Latin hymns. With these he must have been familiar in his college days. The most common Ambrosian hymns have four beats to a line, and the lines are rimed in pairs, in fours, or imperfectly. The following stanza Newman adopts; it is somewhat rarer:

Parvum Quando cerno Deum
Matris inter brachia
Colliqueacit pectus meum
Inter mille gaudia.

One feels that even in this earlier period Newman was influenced by the simple Latin hymns of the Ambrosian school as well as by the ideas of Ambrose on hymns.

Newman showed deep interest in church hymns after 1836, when he first came to know the Roman Breviary. Then, he translated practically all the hymns found in the regular office and a number also in the proper office. His own Latin hymns, *Ad Vesperas* and *Ad Laudes*, in honor of St. Philip, imitate the more usual office hymn in having four unrimed verses of four beats each and in closing with a stanza that is a kind of doxology. On being repeated for the third time, the Latin stanza in *The Dream* changes the first line from "Paree mihi, Domine," to "Mortis in discrimine." Such a practice of variation is common to Latin hymn writers. On the feast of the Seven Dolors of the Virgin Mary, the closing stanza of the hymn which is said at Lauds is altered at Terec and again at Sext. Among the Latin hymns stanzas of six, seven, eight, nine, and ten lines are found. The six-line stanza, which is a favorite, includes the rimes, aabccb, ababab, and aaaaaa. In this and in other long stanzas three rhymes are the general rule; a single line in the middle of the stanza rimes with the closing line, and before each of these lines are grouped two, three, or

four others bound together by rime; thus the last stanza of *Lauda Sion* is aaaabceeb. In variety of length of line the following illustration may serve:

Christum ducem,
 Qui per crucem
 Redemit nos ab hostibus,
 Laudet caetus
 Noster laetus,
 Exultet coelum laudibus.

These Latin hymns are far from intricate, but they have considerable variation in stanza form.

The Latin hymns thus afford a pattern for Newman's more involved stanzas, but he may have been influenced even more by George Herbert, in whose poems Newman's more complicated stanzas are found in abundance. The six-line stanza common to both poets includes those riming abbaee, aabceeb, aabbee, ababec, and abaceb. And Newman's favorite stanza, ababce, is also Herbert's favorite. This stanza, used in *The Dream* for the hymn beginning, "All praise to him, at whose sublime decree," has in length of line only the variation of a final alexandrine. Newman usually makes the b-line, or less often the a-line, short. In general, however, Newman does not permit himself Herbert's great freedom in the use of these stanzas; seldom, for instance, is found in Newman such quaintness in versification or thought as in the following from Herbert's, *The Pilgrimage*:

My hill was further, So I flung away
 Yet heard a crye
 Just as I went, *None goes that way*
 And lives! If that be all, said I,
 After so foul a journey death is fair,
 And but a chair.

Newman's later stanzas, especially, are noticeable for their regularity. It may have been partly the influence of Latin hymns

as well as the metrical habits of the nineteenth century, that led Newman to moderation in the use of the stanza of Herbert.

Herbert's eccentric poem, *The Pilgrimage*, bears some resemblance to the following stanza of Newman's *The Power of Prayer*:

All may save self:—but minds that heavenward tower
 Aim at a higher power,
 Gifts on the world shower.
 And this is not at once:—by fasting gained
 And trials well sustained,
 By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,
 Abidance in the truth and zeal for God above.

Again, Michael, which approaches a picture-poem in appearance, reminds one of Herbert's technique. This poem, beginning with a four-syllable line, increases each verse throughout the stanza by an iambic foot. In the closing stanza this varied length of line, in conjunction with frequent pauses, plainly heightens the elevation. It reads:

And thou at last,
 When Time itself must die,
 Shall sound that dread and piercing blast,
 To wake the dead and rend the vaulted sky,
 And summon all to meet the Omniscient Judge on high.

Though entirely without the conceits of the seventeenth-century poet, Newman probably remembered Herbert's stanzas; hence he adopted many such stanzas for his own poems.

Though Newman handled well these difficult stanzas, many of the *Lyrae* tend towards simplicity and regularity, *Pusillanimity* and *Faith against Sight*, have five lines followed by a closing short line rimed variously. *Samaria* contains three five-beat lines and a three-beat line, riming abab. *Vexations* varies from iambic pentameter to a closing Alexandrine. A number of poems are iambic pentameter throughout. The sonnet, however, is a favorite form in the periods of *Lyra Apostolica*. *Abraham*, *Corcyra*, *Angelic Guidance*, and *Semita Jus-*

torum have the exact rime of the Italian form. *Melchizadek*, *St. Paul*, *The Wrath to Come*, and *Substance and Shadow* follow the Italian form in the octave, but like two of Milton's sonnets, close with a couplet.

More weighty evidence that Newman could adapt difficult verse-forms to his purpose is found in his apt imitation of the Greek choral ode. Two poems, *Judaism* and *The Elements*, successfully follow a form which has ensnared many poets of considerable power. When he wrote, Newman doubtless had in mind the choral ode of the Greek tragedies which admit of considerable freedom. *The Elements*, however, has the structure of the strict Pindaris code, with a strophe and an antistrophe identical in form, and an epode somewhat different. In both poems the recurring rimes and the intermingled long and short lines are so managed as to obscure the mechanism of the stanza and to give the effect of simplicity. Altogether, as R. H. Hutton has observed, these are pieces which even a classical writer himself might have been proud of.

To achieve the purpose of *Lyra Apostolica*, Newman felt little need of relying on the usual devices of poets. This attitude was accentuated by his theory at the beginning of the Movement that it was not right to be a poet, and that the one thing called for was to bring out an idea. Still, the scholar and student asserted themselves in the ease with which Newman used various difficult stanza-forms.

Nevertheless, although Newman's best poems are on a high imaginative level, their chief graces are those of the sermons. He was all but unconscious of his power of composition. Hence, he was surprised at the high terms in which R. H. Hutton spoke of his verses. This critic has observed concerning the *Lyra*, "For grandeur of outline, purity of taste, and radiance of total effect, I know hardly any short poems in the language that equal them."

A Peace Anthem

Lord in Thy gifts to earth,
Grant us the royal girth
Of peace divine!
Peace that from virtue springs,
Peace that true glory brings
To fill the minds of kings
And to refine.

Lord of humanity,
Give us urbanity
To strengthen Peace!
Peace that unites us all,
Peace that prevents our fall
When home and duty call
At War's surcease.

Father of all mankind,
Nations in League combined
Find Peace in Thee;
Guide of the worker's hand
Under the soul's command,
Guard of the statesman's land,
So may it be!

Gertrude Lawler, M.A., LL.D.

THE KILMERS

By Rose Ferguson.

It is about fourteen years since the poem "Trees" delighted many readers of current poetry, and introduced a new poet to the public. Joyce Kilmer wrote many other fine poems and considerable prose after that, but as our Canadian poet, John McCrae, will be known by the poem, "In Flanders Fields," so will his American brother be remembered by the lines beginning:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."

Both were young, well-educated men, engaged in the practical affairs of life; both lost their lives on the field of battle; each will be remembered for a little poem! Truly, the simple things of life endure.

Having had the good fortune to meet Joyce Kilmer when he lectured in St. Joseph's College during the early years of the World War, and read, by request, his poem on the sinking of the Lusitania, called "The White Ships and the Red," one remembers distinctly what Richard le Gallienne called "his concentrated and intense young presence." He envied our part in the Great War, and when the United States joined the Allies, in 1917, he did not wait to be called, for, as Christopher Morley says in his tribute to Kilmer's memory,

"The poet must go where the greatest songs are singing."

From France, Kilmer wrote letters, since published, to his wife, "that lady Aline, whose name will be gently twined about his as long as the printed word endures," to his Mother, to his friends, to his son Kenton, and to his little four-year-old daughter, Deborah, whose letter he concludes:

"Remember me to young Michael and young Christopher, and believe me your respectful Dad." Another daughter, Rose,

the second eldest child, had died about 1914. Writing to the Editor of "St. Joseph Lilies," just before his death, Kilmer said that he felt the prayers of all his friends, especially those of his little daughter Rose. In the same letter he wrote:

"Pray that I may love God more. It seems to me that if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distractions, that absolutely nothing else can matter"

His "Prayer of a Soldier in France" expresses his living, ardent faith, and his great love of God. He was fond of the good things of life, and very modern in his outlook, and had a keen sense of humour, but above all and beyond all, was his spiritual life, as vivid as that of a Crusader of old

Mrs. Kilmer had been Aline Murray, stepdaughter of Henry Mills Alden, Editor of Harper's Magazine. She has published a book of essays and two of poems, and through her connection with Harper's Magazine, has met many of the modern American authors, of whom she tells in her lecture tours. These literary talks commenced immediately after her husband's death in 1918, for she was left with four small children to support, and had need of the "high heart" she claimed in a poem written just after her husband had sailed for France.

In Scribners Magazine her poem, "Tribute," tells of her children in those years of struggle:

"Deborah and Christopher brought me dandelions,
Kenton brought me buttercups with summer on their breath,
But Michael brought an autumn leaf, like lacy filigree,
A wan leaf, a ghost leaf, beautiful as death."

Robert Cortes Holliday, Joyce Kilmer's biographer, tells in "Men, Books and Cities" how he happened to hear Mrs. Kilmer while he also was on a lecture tour, and was very much impressed by the artistry of her effort. He had thought of Aline as a charming hostess, an ideal wife and mother, and now he found her a consummate artist,—

"She stood very erect, chin slightly tilted, looking far away straight before her, one arm lightly resting across the

top of a reading-stand. Girlhood she looked, newly come to perfect bloom. She began in a little voice that soared out over the space like a bird high in the sky . . . Elves were in it too, innocent, mischievous sprites . . . She told with a kind of brotherly sympathy, and with some sly amusement, of women who were poets, many of them her personal friends. She was all simplicity—she was all naturalness.”

This description exactly tallies with our picture of Aline Kilmer in Toronto, just after the War, when she bravely faced the public in the interests of her little flock, and told with charming intimacy of her literary friends in New York City, among whom one recalls the names of Sara Teasdale, Margaret Widdemer and other familiar writers

On her return home, Mrs Kilmer wrote to a Toronto friend, telling how her children had welcomed her, each in characteristic way, and again little Deborah appears, this time as a higher critic in embryo. She ran to meet her mother, exclaiming:

“Oh, Mummie! I hugged the Iceman—and he wasn’t ice at all; he was only damp.”

In her volume, “Vigils,” published in 1921, Aline Kilmer tells of waking in fear of the storm, and stretching out her hand for comfort—forgetting,—

“No pain that the heart can hold is like to this one—
To call, forgetting, into aching space,
To reach out confident hands and find beside you
Only an empty place”

The author of many beautiful tributes to his “Blue Valentine” is fittingly remembered by her who pictures herself in “Vigils,” as going on her knees to the door of Heaven,

“Crying for only a little sight of your face.”

In 1923, the writer was present at a meeting of the Kilmer Literary Club, in Washington, D.C., and strange to say, was the only one in the room who had met the Kilmers and lis-

tened to their interesting talks on Current Literature. Joyce Kilmer had spoken in many American cities, but mostly in those of the Northern and Middle Western States. His early death deprived many admirers of meeting one who might fittingly be described by his own lines on Martin:

“Some people ask, ‘What cruel chance
Made Martin’s life so sad a story?’
Martin? Why he exhaled romance
And wore an overcoat of glory.”

And now poems by Kenton Kilmer have begun to appear in the current magazines, so we may look for future music from a fledgling of that nest of singing birds. At any rate the children of Joyce and Aline Kilmer have a gracious heritage in the poems dedicated to the beautiful home life of their gifted parents.

While Verdi was putting the finishing touches upon “*Il Trovatore*,” he was visited in his study by a privileged friend, who was one of the ablest living musicians and critics. The latter was permitted to glance over the score and try the “Anvil Chorus” on the pianoforte. “What do you think of that?” asked the master. “Trash!” said the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. “Now look at this, and this, and this,” he said. “Rubbish!” The composer arose and embraced his friend with a burst of joy. “What do you mean by such strange conduct?” asked the critical one. “My dear friend,” responded the master, “I have been composing a ‘popular’ opera; in it I resolved to please everybody except the great judges and critics like you. Had I pleased you, I should have pleased no one else; what you say assures me of success. In three months ‘*Il Trovatore*’ will be sung, and roared, and whistled, and barrel-organed all over Italy.” And so it was.

TRIBUTE TO TEACHER

To the Editor of the Globe: A great many old students of Harbord Collegiate Institute must be calling to mind now the days when they studied under Miss Gertrude Lawler, whose death was recently announced in your columns. They all must feel a deep sense of indebtedness to her and to her work. The writer, for his own part, acknowledges the greatest obligation to her for the lasting impression that her personality has left upon him. He has been so fortunate as to know and cherish many great teachers, in school and in university, men whose names are household words; but no one has exerted a more profound influence upon him than Miss Lawler.

In her class-room manner, and in her unofficial contact with her students, Miss Lawler was equally gracious. We were won to her above all by her way of mingling dignity with friendliness; and then by the depth and refinement of her scholarship which did not fail to command our respect even when we were too young to grasp fully the meaning of it. We used to be told that she read all the papers through before school each day; for a proof of this we had her daily resume of current events given at the beginning of the lesson hour, little sketches of important topics that bespoke her genius by their deftness and sure touch. The academic world has recognized her as a woman of mature culture; more important still, generations of pupils have learned to love and admire her spirit, so truly great and gentle.

Perhaps one may mention a subtle tribute to her. Her students always avoided referring to her by any familiar nickname. Most of the instructors were known by some unofficial title—usually, of course, an evidence of warm esteem in un-sentimental guise. One could not bring himself, somehow, to make any such light or careless reference to her; nor did the notoriously callous venture upon disrespectful acts in her classes. These observations will not sound trivial to those

who understand the delicate shades of feeling and unerring instincts of high school children.

Miss Lawler was a great teacher. There will be hundreds who share the writer's conviction that she gave her life as a rich gift to her profession; and many who follow that profession will take new courage from the memory of her.

H. L. Tracy.

Paradise

Within each heart there lies apart
From all cares and sorrows
A paradise which knows no sighs,
A world of happy morrows.

A heaven of light unknown to blight
Of winter bleak and dreary,
Whose days are long and sweet with song,
Whose hours are never weary.

What matter though earth's pathways glow
No more with springtime gladness,
What if each June has flown too soon
And left a look of sadness.

No real love so true will prove,
No tones one half so tender,
No lips so pure as those which lure
The soul to visioned splendour.

E. Field.



COMMUNITY NOTES

A throng of interested people crowded the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent on Thursday morning, August 15th, to witness the solemn ceremony of religious Reception and Profession at which Rt. Rev. Bishop McDonald, D.D., officiated, when eleven young ladies were clothed in the Holy Habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and six Novices pronounced their Final Vows.

In his characteristically impressive style Very Rev. Gerald Murray, C.S.S.R., who had conducted the Annual retreats, preached on the occasion.

The Sermon.

A beautiful ceremony is taking place this morning before God's altar. What is the meaning of it? A number of young ladies attired in white are going to exchange that vesture of gladness for a plain black habit that is a symbol of their renunciation. They are leaving their homes, the homes of father and mother, brothers and sisters; they are parting from their friends, the friends of childhood and of girlhood; they are giving up the world with its pleasures and promises: the pleasures that appeal to the human heart, that promise much, for all their hollowness seems bright and fair.

Other young ladies clothed in black are going to come before God's altar and pronounce their Vows. They have experienced the religious life; they have borne its burdens. Their consecration to God thus far has been a temporary one, not because they doubted God's goodness and fidelity, but because they questioned the constancy of their own poor human hearts. They have thought the matter over well. They have implored the grace of the Spirit of Light and of Strength and they have reached a momentous decision; they have resolved to give themselves to God for life by the Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. What is the explanation of this re-

nunciation of the pleasures of the world and of this consecration of human lives? Here is the answer:

One day the Pharisees seeking to entrap Jesus in His speech, crowded about Him and one of them, a Doctor of the Law, tempting Him, said, "Master, what is the first commandment of the law?" And Jesus, answering, said to them, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . This is the first and greatest commandment." Now, these young ladies, these religious, have heard these words of Christ and they have decided to carry out in its perfection that injunction of the Son of God. They are going to love him with their whole heart, with their whole mind, with their whole soul.

We might ask why this anxiety on their part to fulfil in its perfection this commandment of the law. Might they not love Him without all this sacrifice? Yes, they might, but they want to love Him perfectly. They want to carry out the injunction of our Divine Saviour not only as His creatures, but as His chosen and privileged children, and that is why they are here this morning. In carrying out that command of our Divine Saviour in its perfection they are fulfilling the purpose of their lives. Why did God make us His creatures and by His grace His children? To know, love and serve Him. Now, love is the central, the vital word in that simple answer of our Catechism. We know God in order to love Him, and we serve Him because we love Him. These young ladies, then, wish to love God with their whole heart. They call to their help the observance of the Gospel counsels so that they may be sure of carrying out God's command in its perfection. They are willing to promise to detach their hearts from money, from sensual pleasure and its enjoyments, even from that yearning of the human heart to guide its conduct according to its own fancies. By this ceremony, then, they are carrying out the purpose for which God made them.

Again, they are securing in the surest possible way their genuine happiness. The religious life is not a path of roses. Those who have experienced it know that there are many trials, worries, disappointments and temptations along the

path of religious life. But they know, too, that there is nothing that brings to the soul more surely the grace of God than the desire to love Him perfectly: and where the grace of God is, there is the Holy Spirit and the Holy Spirit promises peace, contentment and genuine happiness.

The last reason why these young ladies are consecrating themselves to God is because they have been invited to do so by Jesus Christ, and before our Divine Saviour presented His invitation to them He reminded them of His love. "My child," He said, "Remember that I have loved you with an everlasting love. It was for you that I became man. It was for you that I toiled with calloused hands in the workshop of Nazareth. It was for you that I journeyed along the roads of Judea. It was for love of you that I wore a crown of thorns upon my head and a cross of wood upon my shoulders. It was for you that, before shedding the last drop of blood of my heart I gave you the Sacrament of my love, my own Presence, my own Body and Blood to be your food, strength and refreshment. Now, my child, in view of that, here is what I ask: Give me your heart. And these young ladies in answer to that invitation of Christ backed by the love of His Sacred Heart are saying this morning, "Jesus, Son of God, Lover of man, Spouse of my soul, here is my heart."

The ceremony is a source of consolation to the parents who are giving back to God the treasures that He entrusted to them. There may be a little twinge of sorrow in their hearts, but it is swallowed up in the generosity of their sacrifice. It is a day of comfort for the brothers and sisters and the friends who are proud to think that a Sister and a friend is to be numbered among the chosen Spouses of Christ. It is a day of joy for the religious who have borne for years the burden of their life. This morning they recall wistfully the day when they knelt before this altar dressed in white bridal robes and made there the act of renunciation. They recall the day when they knelt before this altar, clothed in black, and consecrated themselves for life to the service of God and His love.

Thus the ceremony is a source of comfort to every Catholic heart because in the soul of every Catholic there is an instinct that goes out with reverence and tender affection to the chosen Spouses of Jesus Christ.

May the Sacred Heart of our Divine Saviour keep these, God's chosen privileged children, and may our Mother look down upon them all with favour, and may she lead us all with motherly care, every one of us, to the feet of her Divine Son, in His eternal home. Amen.

Holy Mass was then celebrated by Rev. J. Kennedy, whose sister made final profession.

The Sisters' choir very artistically rendered appropriate music throughout the service and during the interval of clothing with the holy habit. Over a score of the clergy of the Archdiocese were present in the sanctuary, and among those from outside the city were noticed Rev. A. D. Rheume of Winnipeg, and Rev. J. V. McAuley of Peterborough, Rev. A. McQuillan of St. Catharines, and Rev. E. J. Canning of Grimsby.

The candidates who received the Holy Habit were: Miss Runge, Odessa, Sask., in religion Sister M. Rudolph; Miss Wise, Vancouver, B.C., Sister M. Arnold; Miss Stirn, Vancouver, B.C., Sister M. Georgina; Miss Lockwood, Vancouver, B.C., Sister M. Rachel; Miss Yawny, Stenen, Sask., Sister M. Olga; Miss Dupuis, Sandwich, Ont., Sister M. Corinne; Miss Greyerbiehl, Toronto, Sister M. Protase; Miss Welsh, St. Catharines, Sister M. St. Denise; Miss Hitchen, Toronto, Sister M. Blandina; Miss Young, Ennismore, Ont., Sister M. Bernita; Miss Hayes, Phepston, Ont., Sister Mary Patricia.

At an earlier hour at the Novitiate House, Scarboro, with Rev. Dr. Markle presiding, the following novices made First Annual Vows: Sister M. Frederica Bradish, Winnipeg, Man.; Sister M. S. Dunstan, Colgan, Ont.; Sister M. Clarence Coreau, Arnprior, Ont.; Sister M. Irma McDonald, Owen Sound, Ont.; Sister Jean Baptiste Lalonde, Perkinsfield, Ont.

Those making Perpetual Vows were: Sister Marie Stella Lemieux, Penetanguishene, Ont.; Sister Mary Bernadette Ken-

nedey, Orillia, Ont.; Sister M. St. Justin McDonnell, Merrickville, Ont.; Sister M. Seraphine Heis, Little Current, Ont.; Sister Maria Kennedy, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister M. Anadea LeGree, Toronto.

ANNIVERSARIES.

On the feast of St. Aloysius, June 21st, Reverend Sister M. Eucheria observed the Diamond Jubilee Anniversary of her Consecration to God in holy religion. At nine o'clock that morning a High Mass of Thanksgiving was chanted by the Reverend J. Kennedy, C.S.B. All the members of the Community assisted at it and united with the Jubilarian in her Te Deums on the occasion.

* * * * *

On the closing day of our annual retreats a triple Jubilee celebration was held at our Mother-house, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto,—the Diamond Anniversary of Reverend Sister Herman's Reception of the holy habit; the Golden Anniversary of Sister M. Hortense's Reception into our Community, and the Silver Jubilee Anniversary of Reverend Sister M. Ursula's Profession of Vows. Holy Mass of thanksgiving was offered by Very Rev. Father Murray, C.S.S.R., in the Convent Chapel, for the Jubilarians, at 6 o'clock that morning. During the Mass the Jubilate and other hymns suitable for the occasion were rendered by the Sisters Choir. Later at 9 o'clock our Venerable Sister Herman was singularly honored in having a Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving offered for her in the Convent Chapel by her nephew, the Reverend Hermand Pocock of St. Peter's Seminary, London, Ont., and assisting him as deacon and sub-deacon respectively were her cousins, Reverend R. H. Digman and Reverend Philip Pocock. On the same morning and place two low Masses were offered for her, one at 8.30 by Rev. Joseph Cook, and another at 9 o'clock by Rev. Joseph E. McHenry, also cousins of Sister Herman. Present for the celebration were Dr. and Mrs. Hubert Pocock

and family; Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Pocock and family; Mr. and Mrs. Parsons and family and Mrs. Pocock, widow of the late Sir Philip Pocock.

While heartily felicitating our Jubilarians, we pray that God may further bless them with length of happy days of fruitful merit in His service.

* * * * *

The "Sacred Love Story of the Mass," presented in the Auditorium of St. Joseph's Convent, on Sunday, September 15th, by Rev. Father Keith, S.J., of Loyola College, Chicago, proved to be an unusual spiritual experience for those present. The audience, composed of the Religious and lay teachers of the Separate Schools of the City, followed with deep attention the succession of beautiful pictures representing the ceremonies of the Mass, and the accompanying scenes from the Life and Passion of our Divine Lord. The deeply moving commentary and exhortations of the Reverend speaker on the importance of the Mass and its deeper signification could not fail to open up new vistas of information on the Holy Sacrifice and reveal new possibilities of its influence on the spiritual life of all Christians. The representation was repeated in the Auditorium of St. Joseph's Convent on Tuesday, September 17th, at 1 o'clock, for the pupils of St. Joseph's College School, and on Wednesday evening, September 18th, for the Ontario Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae then in session at St. Joseph's Convent.

OBITUARIES.

Sister M. Petronilla O'Sullivan.

Sister M. Petronilla O'Sullivan, who became a child of the Church under the Christian name of Mary Eleanor, was born into an honorable Christian family of Queenston, Ont., on March 4, 1850, entered the Community of St. Joseph, Toronto, on March 19, 1869, and went to her eternal reward June

29, 1929. Such is the brief record of one of the most venerable and well-known daughters of that great Community in whose interests and activities this zealous religious spent the sixty years of her conventual life.

To be born into a Christian family is not a merit, but it is at least an inestimable advantage and one for which this deceased Sister was grateful to Divine Providence all her life. With St. Theresa she would say: "I thank God I was born a child of the Church." She inherited a strong and lively faith and a great, pious esteem for whatever belonged to religion, its practices and ceremonies, its clergy and religious, its doctrine and sacraments, and she constantly endeavored to inculcate her own ardent spirit of faith into the minds and hearts of her young pupils and all others with whom she had intimate relations.

During the long span of her religious life Sister Petronilla was engaged in teaching in St. Paul's Separate School, Toronto, St. Mary's Academy, Toronto; Cobourg, Thorold, and in recent years she had charge of the small boys' class at St. Joseph's Academy, Toronto, where many of the successful professional men of to-day received the elements of that Christian education, which has placed them in the forefront of their several spheres of activity in various centres, whence many of them gathered to show a last grateful mark of esteem and respect on the funeral day. She knew how to encourage virtue and to instill into the hearts of her little charges the desire to do good and her lessons have borne abundant fruit. Even to the last she never lost interest in the welfare of her pupils.

On December 23rd last at St. Michael's Hospital, when visiting sick friends there, Sister Petronilla met with an accident which disabled her from that time until her death. This enforced inactivity was a cross, which added much to her suffering, but she endured it all submissively as coming from the hand of God.

To her who devoted herself with so great faith and reverence to the interests of His Apostles, Our Lord sent at this supreme hour the blessings "in articulo mortis" of many

priests, who visited her bedside for this purpose, and it was on the feast of Saints Peter and Paul that she expired.

On the day of interment solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Convent chapel of the Mother-house by the Rev. John Ryan, C.S.B., with Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., and Rev. Joseph McDonagh, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, and Rev. J. Kane, C.S.S.R., as master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were present Very Rev. G. Murray, C.S.S.R., Rev. C. Kehoe, O.C.C., Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., Rev. J. C. Carberry, Rev. R. Miller and Rev. A. McQuillan, of St. Catharines. The prayers at the grave in Mount Hope Cemetery were reverently recited by Rev. J. McDonagh, and devoutly answered by several Sisters and faithful friends who followed the remains to their final resting place.

May Sister Petronilla, namesake daughter of St. Peter, find such favor with the faithful "Keeper of the Keys" as will open for her the Gates of the Celestial Paradise, where in peace her soul may rest forever!

* * * * *

In the early morning of August 3rd, the vigil of her patronal feast, there passed away at St. Michael's Hospital the serenely patient and ardent soul of Sister M. Dominic Burke, for many years Sister in charge at the Nurses' Residence. It would seem as though, in answer to her fervent prayers, the great Advocate of the Rosary had come to seek the soul of his faithful client and accompany her protectively to the Judgment Seat of God. Her page in the Book of Eternal Reckoning would be well filled with the record of over three-score years of a most amiable, generous and active life, thirty-five years of which were spent as an exact and devout religious in the Community of St. Joseph, Toronto, where she was a model of fidelity.

Sister M. Dominic was born in the Township of Emily, Victoria County, Ont. Her school years and early life were spent in Lindsay, where she had many friends by whom she was beloved and esteemed. Two of her sisters followed her example and entered St. Joseph's Convent, Peterborough.

Two other sisters—Mrs. Turner and Mrs. McIntyre—settled in Lindsay, and two brothers, Alexander of Lindsay and John of Rochester, N.Y., together with a number of nieces and nephews, attended the funeral, which took place at the Motherhouse on August 5th. Solemn High Mass was offered in the Convent chapel by Rev. J. Kennedy, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. W. Smith as deacon, and Rev. Father Valier, C.S.S.R., as sub-deacon. The service at the grave was conducted by Rev. Father Kennedy in company with Rev. Father Smith and in the presence of a large attendance of bereaved friends and nurses trained at St. Michael's Hospital. Rev. Sister M. Bernard, Superior of St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterborough, and Sisters Liguori, Casimir and Angelica, of that community, were also present.

The funeral cortege to Mount Hope Cemetery was unusually long, being lengthened by several autos of relatives, who wished to pay this last mark of respect and affection towards the deceased on whose bier rested many Mass cards bearing like testimony of deep regard. May her soul rest in peace!

* * * * *

On August 13th, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, there passed away after a protracted illness, Sister M. Rufina Costello of the Community of St. Joseph, Toronto. The deceased was born in the City of Dublin, Ireland, sixty-four years ago. Forty-two years measured the span of her religious life, which was spent in St. Michael's Hospital, Sacred Heart Orphanage and the House of Providence, where she shared in the arduous labors of the Community for the service and relief of her neighbor. For the last few years her health had not been good, and towards the end she was a great sufferer, weighed down with grave affliction, which she bore bravely that she might have a share in the sufferings of her Divine Spouse and merit, if possible, the promised imperishable reward.

Sister Rufina's last hours were attended with many consolations and spiritual advantages. Her soul, taking flight during the days of the annual retreat, was strengthened for its last

journey to the eternal home by the fervent prayers of the assembled Community and fortified by the liturgical prayers of the Church and its solemn rites. Dr. Markle was present to give the final absolution and recite the recommendations for the soul departing.

On the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption Solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered in the chapel of the Novitiate, with Rev. B. Boudreau celebrant, assisted by Rev. W. McGrath as deacon, and Rev. Dr. Markle as sub-deacon. A nephew, Mr. Harold Degnan, and a niece, Miss N. Costello, both of St. Louis, Mo., came for the funeral and followed the remains to Mount Hope Cemetery, where Dr. Markle and the Rev. M. Enright said the prayers and blessed the grave. R.I.P.

* * * * *

At St. Joseph's Convent, Peterborough, on Sunday morning, June 23rd, a long, beautiful and edifying life came to a close when Mother Clotilde McGinnis passed peacefully to her eternal reward.

Mother Clotilde was born in Londonderry, Ireland, and inheriting it would seem, St. Patrick's strong spirit of faith, she while yet a child penetrated the mist of earthly attractions and offered her life for the extension of God's kingdom on earth and the conquest of souls. Learning that there was an ample field for the exercise of her zeal in Canada she left her native Londonderry and at the age of seventeen entered the Mother-house of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, and after completing a fervent noviceship, devoted the early years of her religious life to charitable and educational works in Toronto, St. Catharines and Port Arthur.

When in August, 1891, the various missions of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Northern Ontario were erected into an independent province with the headquarters at Peterborough, Mother Clotilde was appointed Superior of the Convent and Hospital at Port Arthur.

On the death of Reverend Mother Austin, Superior General, in 1901, Mother Clotilde was called upon to assume the important and onerous position of Mother General. Ever ac-

cessible to, and considerate for her Sisters. Full of sympathy for every human weakness and misery, Reverend Mother Clotilde possessed the secret of winning the love and respect of her subjects, while maintaining charity, union and observance of rule. All felt the effects of her gracious kindness and religious spirit which stamped her features and regulated her demeanour as of one whom each might seek to resemble.

Reverend Mother Clotilde's strong sense of duty and sweet sincerity fostered the same virtues in others. So great was the charm of her manners and conversation that everyone who had intercourse with her felt her influence.

The funeral obsequies were held in the Chapel of the Mother House, St. Joseph's Convent, Peterborough, on Wednesday, June 26th. The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Monsignor McColl, assisted by Rev. Father J. J. O'Brien as deacon and Rev. Father P. Costello sub-deacon. Rev. Father Peter McGuire delivered the funeral oration. Present in the sanctuary were Very Rev. Dean O'Sullivan, Rev. Father Ferguson, Rev. Father Garvy, Rev. Father McCarthy, Rev. Father Cote, O.F.P., Rev. Father Maher, Rev. Father J. Carberry, Rev. Father Carroll and Rev. Father V. Corkery.

Friends from Toronto, Pembroke, Port Arthur, North Bay, Cobourg, Lindsay, Campbellford and Peterborough assisted at the funeral Mass.

To Mother Clotilde's bereaved Community and to her nephew, Mr. R. J. McGinnis of Detroit, and her niece, Mrs. Longe of Toronto, we offer sincere sympathy.



Miss Jennie Farley of St. Joseph's College, winner of the Sir Wilfrid Laurier Memorial Scholarship of One Hundred Dollars, June, 1929.

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1928—1930

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ALUMNAE NOTES

The Ontario Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae held their Fourth Biennial Convention at St. Joseph's College, September 18th and 19th, when the following programme was enthusiastically carried to a successful issue:

9.00 A.M.—Convention Mass—St. Joseph's Convent Chapel.
 Celebrant, Very Reverend Monsignor J. A. O'Sulvan, President St. Augustine's Seminary.
 Singing by St. Joseph's College—School pupils.

After Mass the delegates assembled in the Convent parlors where they were cordially received and welcomed by Reverend Mother Victoria and members of the Community. Later a Committee of pupils representing the School welcomed the delegates, when the President, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, and her Executive with their guests, visited the large, bright, airy class-rooms, sixteen in all.

10.00 A.M.—Registrations—Chairman of Credentials, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

11.00 A.M.—Opening Session of 1929 Convention—Auditorium.
 Governor—Miss Mary E. MacDonell.
 Presiding Parliamentarian—Mrs. Harkins.
 Invocation—Reverend Mother Victoria.
 Opening Address—Miss Mary E. MacDonell.
 Roll Call—Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Recording Secretary.

Reports of Officers.

1. Recording Secretary—Mrs. A. J. Thompson.
2. Corresponding Secretary—Miss P. Guittard.
3. Treasurer—Mrs. J. J. Austin.

1.00 P.M.—Luncheon—St. Joseph's College.
Guests of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association.

2.00 P.M.—Afternoon Session—Auditorium.

Prayer, Reverend Mother Victoria.

Reports continued:

4. I.F.C.A. Convention, 1928—Mrs. H. T. Roesler.

5. Report of Governor—Miss Mary E. MacDonell.
Appointment of Committees—Nomination, Resolutions and Magazinee.

Report of Chairman of Education—Mrs. H. T. Roesler.

Report of Chairman of Social Service—Mrs. Leo Walsh.

Report of Chairman of Literature—Mrs. Teahan.
Report Editor Canadian Section.

I.F.C.A. Bulletin—Miss Mary Mallon.

Report Chairman "Mary's Day"—Mrs. M. E. Richardson.

Report First Saturday Holy Communion—Miss F. Mullen.

Report of the Ontario Alumnae Association.

English—Mrs. E. D. Kelly.

French—Madame Belanger.

4.00 P.M.—Address—The Most Reverend Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto.

5.00 P.M.—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, St. Joseph's Convent Chapel.

Celebrant—Reverend Dr. Arthur O'Leary.

Thursday, September 19, 1929.

9.00 A.M.—Morning Session held in the lecture-room of the College.

Prayer.

Reports—Resolutions Committee.
 Magazine Committee.
 Nominations Committee.
 Elections and Installation of Officers.
 Elections resulted as follows:
 Past Governor—Miss Mary E. MacDonell.
 Governor—Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Loretto
 Alumnae, Toronto.
 1st Vice-Governor—Mrs. A. J. Thompson, St.
 Joseph's Alumnae, Toronto.
 2nd Vice-Governor—Mrs. Leo W. Walser, Ursu-
 line Convent, Chatham
 3rd Vice-Governor—Mrs. James Mallon, Loretto
 Alumnae, Toronto.
 Recording Secretary—Miss K. Teaffe, Notre Dame
 Alumnae, Ottawa.
 Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman,
 Loretto Alumnae, Niagara Falls.
 Treasurer—Mrs. Fergus O'Connor, Notre Dame
 Alumnae, Kingston.
 Trustees—Mrs. E. P. Kelly and Mrs. B. L. Monk-
 house, Toronto; Madame Belanger, Ottawa;
 Mrs. M. A. McHugh and Mrs. King Teahen,
 Windsor; Mrs. J. J. Austin and Mrs. H. C.
 Sweeney, Hamilton.

1.00 P.M.—Luncheon, Granite Club.
 Guests of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Asso-
 ciation.

2.00 P.M.—Motor trip and visit to Loretto Abbey at Armour
 Heights. Guests of Loretto Alumnae Asso-
 ciation.

7.30 P.M.—Banquet, Royal York Hotel.

The banquet was one of the most enjoyed social functions
 held for some years by the Toronto Alumnae Associations. The

addresses by Reverend John E. Burke, C.S.P., of Newman Hall, on the Christian Education of Youth in the Home, and that of Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., President of St. Michael's College, on Higher Education, were enjoyed and appreciated by all present. Mrs. A. J. Thompson of St. Joseph's Alumnae, speaking for the Ontario Chapter, expressed their appreciation of the work accomplished by the retiring Governor, Miss Mary E. MacDonell, Ursuline Convent, Chatham, and on their behalf presented her with a Sheffield salver.

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Wednesday evening, September 18th, the visiting delegates, the Loretto and St. Joseph's Alumnae and their friends enjoyed a wonderful spiritual treat in the College Auditorium when for two precious hours they listened in raptured attention to the Reverend Father George Keith, S.J., Loyola College, Chicago, telling in soul-inspiring eloquence the "Sacred Love Story of the Mass." The beautiful illustrations screened while the story was being told helped the audience to gain a clearer realization of what the Great Sacrifice means to those who assist at it.

* * * * *

Weddings.

At Holy Rqsary Church, Toronto, on Tuesday, August twentieth, Miss Frances Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John O'Gorman, became the bride of Mr. William B. Malone. The Rev. Father D. Forestell, C.S.B., celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

* * * * *

On Tuesday, July 15th, at St. Clare's Church, Toronto, Miss Sarah Margaret Malone, daughter of Mrs. Catherine and the late Francis J. Malone of Uxbridge, Ont., became the bride of

Mr. Sylvester O'Malley, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James O'Malley of Toronto. The Reverend Father E. McCabe, uncle of the bride, celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

* * * * *

At St. Mary's Church, Brampton, Ont., Thursday, August 8th, Miss Mary Caroline Ingoldsby became the bride of Mr. Fred. Kelly of West Toronto. The marriage ceremony was by Reverend Father J. T. Egan, and Reverend Father Kelly of Weston, brother of the groom, celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

Cordial felicitations to Very Reverend Canon William Monk of Southwark, England, who on July 24th observed the Silver Jubilee Anniversary of his ordination. Ad multos annos.

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St. Joseph's Alumnae Scholarship for 1929 was won by Miss Mary O'Brien of St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis St. Well done, Mary! Congratulations.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Sullivan on the coming to them of a young heir—Baby Francis.

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The Edward A. Pace Scholarship for 1929 has been awarded to Sister Mary Dorcas of Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.

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The degree of Bachelor of Arts has been conferred this year upon eight Sisters who were holders of scholarships donated to the I.F.C.A. Education Fund by different Catholic Colleges.—I.F.C.A. Bulletin.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are earnestly requested for our friends recently deceased: Reverend Father Donald McRae; Reverend Brother Bernard; Mrs. Margaret Sullivan; Miss Margaret O'Malley; Reverend M. J. Gearin; Dr. Gertrude Lawler; Mr. George Howie; Mrs. Marie Ryan; Mr. Boyle; Mrs. Catherine Harrison; Miss Anna Moran; Mr. Knox; Mrs. James Anderson; Mr. Edmund Pollard; Mr. E. Stock; Miss Gertrude O'Reilly; Mrs. Catherine Barry Martin; Mr. Hugh Brophy; Mrs. Dwyer; Mr. H. Navin; Mrs. Savage.

Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

GRADUATION DAY

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY AND COLLEGE SCHOOL.

At nine o'clock Wednesday morning, June 12th, the Academy and College School pupils assisted in the Convent Chapel at Holy Mass offered by the Reverend M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., in grateful thanksgiving to God for the blessings bestowed upon them during the scholastic year. And at four o'clock p.m. the young lady graduates and senior grade pupils arranged in charming tableau formation on the stage of the School Auditorium, greeted the large assembly of guests who thronged the spacious hall to witness the Closing Exercises of the year, which were presented as per programme:

School Hymn—"Hail to Thee, Joseph."

Conferring of Honours and Crowning of Graduates.

Piano Solo—"Danse des Elfes".....W Sapellnikoff

Miss Betta Grobba

(Gold Medalist).

Cantata—"Pan on a Summer Day."

(With flute and violin obligato)

(Three Voices)

Awarding of Medals.

VALEDICTORY.

Miss Eleanor Godfrey.

Address to the Graduates,

Rev. J. E. Burke, C.S.P.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Very Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., in his address warmly congratulated the students on the careful training they had displayed in the various parts of the evenings entertainments,

and appealed to the graduates to be ever true to the high ideals that had been nourished during their school life at St. Joseph's. He reminded them of their debt of gratitude, first to their parents, whose sacrifices made possible the triumphs they were enjoying, in being graduated from an institution of such high educational standing; secondly, of the indebtedness to the Sisters under whose care they had received such excellent training. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given in the Chapel brought the happy day to a fitting close.

The Graduates Were:

Miss Irene Baxter	Toronto
Miss Margaret Rae Boyce	Toronto
Miss Norma Joan Coughlin	Phelpston
Miss Augustina Sara Cosentino	Toronto
Miss Eileen Anastasia Crover	Toronto
Miss Catherine Eleanor Godfrey.....	Toronto
Miss Mary Elizabeth Kernahan	Toronto
Miss Eileen Kathryn Maloney	Ottawa
Miss Florence Betty O'Brien.....	Port Credit
Miss Emily Eileen O'Sullivan	Toronto
Miss Mary Elizabeth almer.....	Toronto
Miss Angela Winifred Preu	Newark, N.J.
Miss Mary Adele Tremble	Toronto

List of Honours.

The St. Joseph's College Alumnae Scholarship for the student obtaining highest Matriculation standing, June, 1928, awarded to Miss Eleanor Godfrey.

Papal Medal for Church History in Senior Grade, awarded to Miss Margaret Ryan.

Governor-General's Medal, presented by His Excellency, Lord Willingdon, for English Literature in Form V., awarded to Miss Irene Baxter.

Gold Medal, presented by the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, for Christian Doctrine and Bible History, in Intermediate Grade, awarded to Miss Emily Bogue.

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Whalen for Languages in Form V., awarded to Miss Irene Baxter.

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Blair for Mathematics in Form V., awarded to Miss Jenny Barry.

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. O'Sullivan for Languages in Form IV., awarded to Miss Marceil Sylvas.

By Rev. Dr. Dollard for Mathematics in Form IV., awarded to Miss Margaret Ryan

By Rev. Dr. O'Leary for History in Form IV., awarded to Miss Margaret Hunt.

By Rev. Dr. Treacy, for Science in Form IV., awarded to Miss Marceil Sylvas.

By Rev. M. Cline for General Proficiency in Form III.A., awarded to Miss Margaret Gillooley.

By Rev. L Minehan for General Proficiency in Form IIIB., awarded to Miss Genevieve McManus.

By Rev. P. J. Coyle for History in Form III., awarded to Miss Genevieve McManus.

By Rev. E. McCabe for general proficiency in Commercial, awarded to Miss Mary Timmons.

By Rev. J. A. Kirby for Speed and Accuracy in Typewriting, awarded to Miss Margaret Finucan.

By Rev. G. Doherty for General Proficiency in Form IIA., awarded to Miss Mary Loftus.

By Rev. S. McGrath for General Proficiency in Form IIB., awarded to Miss Annie Stone.

By Rev. J. A. Trayling for General Proficiency in Form IA., awarded to Miss Rose Capobianco.

By Rev. J. Murray for General Proficiency in Form IB., awarded to Miss Angela Hurson.

By Rev. J. Hayes for General Proficiency in Form IC., awarded to Miss Madeline Wright.

By Mr. Ambrose Kent for Art in Form I., awarded to Miss Teresa Breen.

By Rev. J. J. McGrand for Highest Standing in Entrance Class, awarded to Miss Stella Frenette.

By Rev. W. A. McCann for Christian Doctrine in Junior School, awarded to Miss Mildred Heaslip.

By Rev. J. C. Carberry for Art Needlework, awarded to Miss Mary Cosentino.

By the Heintzman Company for Associate Grade in Piano Music, awarded to Miss Betty Grobba.

By Mr. F. R. Emery for Intermediate Grade in Piano Music, awarded to Miss Anna Finucan.

By Mr. S. A. Frost for Associate Theory of Music, awarded to Miss Nora Welsh.

By Mr. C. Cope, for Intermediate Theory of Music, awarded to Miss Ursula Montag.

Special prize for ladylike deportment in senion division of resident pupils, awarded to Miss Margaret Ryan.

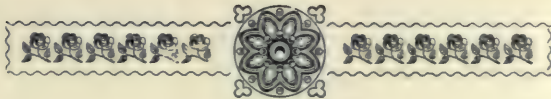
Intermediate division, Miss Brenda Kidd.

Special prize for ladylike deportment in senior division of day school, Miss Mary Coglin.

Intermediate division, Miss Violet Spencer.

Special prize for Household Science in senior division of resident pupils, awarded to Miss Minerva McCarthy.

Intermediate division awarded to Miss Brenda Kidd.



VALEDICTORY

A season changes, a small scholastic world turns on its axis and brings a day freighted with meaning for those of that small world chosen to receive its highest honour.

To-day our Alma Mater bestows her accolade on us. This accolade, as did mediaeval courtesies, prepares us to meet the world. It is significant of our worthiness to cope with those dangers which each in her separate path of life is destined to encounter.

Within these walls our lives have been secluded, but this seclusion has given ample opportunity for kindly influences to mold our pliant spirits. In souls and consciences as well as minds, forces have been at work, forces whose primary aims have been a strong character, a temperate reason and an appreciation of the truth. St. Joseph's with the insight of a true mother, does not prepare her pupils for particular careers, but enables them to do any good, useful and beautiful deed they may without danger to their dignity or worth as creatures of God. Our spiritual endowments are cultivated first because they more than anything else make us realize the true worth of whatever talents we possess.

All our lives we shall be sensitive to anything mindful of our school days. Certain weather, certain phases of the seasons—incidents or people will remind us of half-forgotten episodes of school, bring us again in contact with that atmosphere of ink and paper and blackboards with which we were associated for so long a time.

Some prefer Spring at St. Joseph's. As I heard one graduate remark, by that time the girls in the music hall have learned their pieces, the orchid is in bloom and after the long winter basketball may be entered into with zest. But, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, that season was always marred for me (and many others, I presume) by the thought of examinations in the offing. No—Autumn was the time. There is

scarcely one pupil who when her desire for idleness and amusement was sated was not ready, and more than willing to return to school again. I do not pretend it is a love of study, but it certainly is the atmosphere insolubly linked with it. There is an indescribable sense of well being about everything. St. Joseph's is almost as familiar to us as our homes. We know every cranny and we cannot stifle the affection they arouse when we come back and find them as friendly and well known as when we left. The trees in the orchard bear the fruits of their spring blossoms. The asters and chrysanthemums are in bloom and the gardener is raking up the dead leaves and burning them. The air is laden with an exhilarance that presages frost. Books if not studied with pleasure are at least not opened reluctantly. Examinations do not cast the faintest shadow—in fact we are happy—and happier than we ever expect to be again.

These memories, pleasing though they are, are tinged with wistful regret, heightened by the fact that for four years we, safe in our little world of school, have heard the farewells of other graduates and not realized their purport. Realized to whom we owe the never-to-be-equalled happiness of the first important phase of our existence.

Dear Sisters, our gratitude will never be known through words. The results of your endeavours lie in the next decade, but our sincerest wish is that your work may bear in us the most worthy fruits. Our true thanks will be shown in our actions. You have given us the highest ideals, instilled in us the desire to live up to them and, by word and example, have striven to strengthen in us the moral stamina to approach them. The threshold which years ago we crossed with both fear and expectancy we are recrossing to-day, definitely shutting the doors on a part of our life we would but cannot repeat.

Eleanor Godfrey.

GRADUATES 1929 — BIOGRAPHIES**IRENE BAXTER.**

“Impulsive and jolly, sensible and true,
A maid of quiet thinking and independent view.”

Irene is a true St. Josephite, coming to St. Joseph's in the Primary Class. Inspired by high ideals, she has been a conscientious student, carrying off the medals for General Proficiency in the Senior Class and in Third Form, and for Mathematics in Fourth Form. She has taken part in many of the Social activities of the school and has been successful in all her works. Possessing many sterling qualities, she has won a host of friends who wish her prosperity in the future which she has enjoyed in the past.

RAE BOYCE.

“Full early trained to worship seemliness,
This model of a child is never known
To mix in quarrels.”

Rae has been an earnest and loyal student of St. Joseph's from childhood, and her sincere and open character, coupled with her “happy way of doing things,” has won the affection and confidence of both teachers and class-mates. Rae has already become an enthusiastic nurse-in-training, and we trust that she will bring cheer and comfort to all who have the good fortune to fall under her care.

NORMA COUGHLIN.

Five years since a gentle and very amiable little girl from Phelpston arrived at St. Joseph's to commence her secondary education, and soon we came to know and love our youngest



Back Row—Adele Tremble, Norma Coughlin, Mary Palmer, Eileen Maloney, Eileen O'Sullivan, Irene Baxter,
Betty O'Brien, Angela Preu, Eileen Crover, Mary Kernahan.
Front Row—Augustine Consentino, Eleanor Godfrey, Rae Boyce.

High School pupil Norma. Time revealed her to be studious and conscientious about her work, and quite naturally success smiled upon her at the close of each school term. Then Norma proved ambitious above the ordinary, and during the past year continued her studies into the realm of higher education by enrolling at St. Joseph's College. Our best wishes attend her!

EILEEN CROVER.

“All her perfections were so rare
The wit of man could not declare
Which single virtue or which grace,
Above the rest had any place.”

Eileen is a Torontonian. She received her primary education at St. Peter's, where she first came into contact with St. Joseph's, and as a result joined the Class of '29 in their Junior High. She is naturally talented as a linguist and carried off the Language Medal in Fourth Form. Eileen has the happy faculty of making friends wherever she goes. May success attend her every enterprise in the future!

AUGUSTINA SARA COSENTINO.

“Her looks were looks of melody,
Her voice was like the swell of sudden music, notes of
mirth
That of mild gladness tells.”

Having received her Primary education at St. Patrick's School, Toronto, where she won the Gold Medal for Highest Standing in Entrance Examinations, Augustina came to St. Joseph's in 1923, since then she has obtained Matriculation at the same time pursuing her study of music. In 1928 she carried off the Gold Medal for Associate Theory, and in 1929 was successful in passing the First Year Examinations in the

Bachelor of Music Course. Direct and straightforward, Augustina has merited the friendship of all with whom she associated. Influenced little by the customs of the day, she acts according to principle and will, left to her own resources, she ever upholds the honour of her Alma Mater. She carries away with her the best wishes of her Alma Mater for success in her chosen profession.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

“She does not say what one expects,
But one’s the better pleased for that.”

Eleanor began, even in the Primary Grade, to arrest attention by her quaint, original ways. This trait remained with her throughout her elementary and secondary work, and we doubt not may we hope it will always be hers. Gold Medalist in different branches, a willing supporter of all school activities, she was chosen Valedictorian of her class, an honour which she carried with distinction. Eleanor takes with her to her course in Classics at the College, the good wishes of teachers and class-mates, while she leaves behind her the memory of a loyal pupil, an earnest scholar and a noble-minded girl.

MARY KERNAHAN.

“A truer friend were hard to find.”

Mary has attended St. Joseph’s since primer days. Her bright disposition, love of fun, witty sayings and high principles have made her a favorite and she is always the centre of a merry group.

Mary has obtained her Junior Matriculation, Latin of Honour Matriculation, and plans to enter a University course. We wish her every success.

EILEEN MALONEY.

“A spirit full of pleasant brightness.”

Eileen was born in Ottawa. Having completed her Lower School in that city, she came to St. Joseph's, where she was successful in obtaining Entrance to Normal. Her friendliness and cheerful disposition have made her a host of friends. The social functions of her Class have always found in her a firm supporter and a willing helper. Alma Mater extends best wishes for a happy future.

BETTY O'BRIEN.

Miss Betty O'Brien has spent her school life entirely within the walls of St. Joseph's College School, where she obtained Matriculation in 1928.

Ever enthusiastic in promoting a good class spirit and in fostering the various school activities, Betty has won many friends who wish her success in her future undertakings.

EILEEN O'SULLIVAN.

Eileen received her Primary School education at St. Joseph's. Her bright manners and love of fun have made her a host of friends. The social functions of her class have always found her a strong supporter and a willing helper. Alma Mater extends best wishes for a successful future.

MARY ELIZABETH PALMER.

“Let her work with laughter
And let her rest with sleep,
No life can truly offer
A peace more sure and deep.”

Mary's career opened one day in August, 1911, in the town of Little Falls, New York. As soon as she realized the neces-

sity of a larger scope for her endeavours she came to Toronto and pursued her studies at St Joseph's. Apart from scholastic attainments, her chief interests are centred in Music and Athletics. But we can easily prophesy that she will follow the lure of the Muse to Parnassus. Her capacity for making friends is only surpassed by her capacity for retaining their friendship. In her future activities she will always have with her the most sincere wishes of her schoolmates for success.

ANGELA PREU.

Miss Angela Preu came, as a child, to St. Joseph's from Newark, N.J. June, 1924, initiated her to the High School Course, which she successfully completed in 1928, obtaining full Matriculation standing.

In addition to Academic work Angela has carried on very successfully courses in Music and Dramatic Art. Among her many achievements are the winning of the Silver Medal for Christian Doctrines in Lower School, and the Papal Medal for Church History in the Senior division. She also won first prize for her Historical Essay in the Catholic Women's League contest in 1928.

We wish Angela every success in the Arts Course she is now pursuing at St. Josephs College.

ADELE TREMBLE.

“Breezy and buoyant—both wise and merry,
Most independent—sometimes contrary.”

After passing her Entrance at Holy Rosary School, Adele came to St. Joseph's and entered the Colloge Course. Finishing this, she is continuing the pursuit of knowledge in the Arts Course at the College. Always a lovable companion, her friendship is valued everywhere.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS AT ST. JOSEPH'S Collegiate Centre

“C” denotes that the candidate has obtained between 50 and 59 per cent.; 111 denotes between 60 and 65 per cent.; 11. denotes between 66 and 74 per cent.; 1. denotes between 75 and 100 per cent.

Honour Matriculation.

Jenny Barry—Alg. 1., Geom. 1., Mod. His. C., Eng. Comp. C., Fr. Auth. 2., Fr. Comp. 2., Lat. Auth. 2., Latin Comp. 2., Lit. C.

Irene Baxter—Alg. 1., Geom. 1., Mod. His. C., Lat. 2., Eng. Comp. 3., Fr. Auth. 2., Fr. Comp. C., Lat. Auth. 1., Lat. Comp. 3., Span. Auth. C., Span. Comp. C., Lit. 2.

Rose Burns—Alg. 1., Geom. 2., Mod. His. 2.

Ella Coughlin, Alg. 2., Geom. 3., Mod. His. C., French Comp. 3., Lat. Auth. C., Lat. Comp. C.

Eileen Crover—Alg. 1., Geom. 1., Mod. His. C., Eng. Comp. 3.; Fr. Auth. 2., Fr. Comp. 3., Lat. Auth. 2., Lat. Comp. C.

Mary Danks—Eng. Comp. 2.

Yvonne Desaulniers, Alg. 1., Geom. C., Mod. His. C., Lit. C., Eng. Comp. C., Fr. Auth. 2., Fr. Comp. C., Lat. Auth. C., Latin Comp. C.

Mary Frawley—Eng. Comp. 1.

Helen Giroux—Alg. 2., Geom. C., Mod. His. C., Lit. 3., Eng. Comp. C., Fr. Auth. 3., Lat. Auth. C., Lat. Comp. C.

Mary Kernahan—Lat. Auth. C., Lat. Comp. C.

Mary Lee—Alg. 2., Geom. 3., Mod. His. C., Lit. C., Eng. Comp. 2., Lat. Comp. C., French Comp. C., Latin Auth. C.

Teresa MacDonald—Eng. Comp. C.

Helen O'Donnell—Alg. C., Geom. C., Mod. His. C., Lit. C., Eng. Comp. 3., French. Auth. 3., French Comp. C., Lat. Auth. C.

Mary Palmer—Alg. 2., Geom. C., Lat. Auth. 2., Lat. Comp. C., Span. Auth. 3., Span. Comp. C.

Pass Matriculation and Entrance to Normal.

Grace Atkins: Composition C., Canadian History II., Ancient History I., Algebra C., Physics C.; Ruth Barnes: Ancient History I., Geometry I., Chemistry C., French Authors C., French Composition C.; Lillian Boyce: Canadian History C., Ancient History III.; Kathleen Brooks: English Composition C., Algebra III.; Rose Brown: English Composition I., Canadian History III., Ancient History C., Algebra II., Physics II.; Daisy Callaghan: English Composition C.; Mary Calvert: Canadian History III., Ancient History II.; Helen Carmichael: Ancient History II., Geometry C., Chemistry C.; Madeline Clark: English Literature III., Ancient History I.; Mary Consentino: Ancient History C.; Mary Coughlin: English Composition III., Canadian History III., Ancient History II., Algebra I., Physics C.; Helen Cozens: English Composition III., Canadian History I., Ancient History I., Algebra II., Physics II.; Mary Danks: Ancient History III., Algebra III., Geometry C.; Mildred Derocher: English Composition C., Canadian History C., Algebra II., Physics C.; Estelle Desormeaux: English Composition III., Canadian History II., Ancient History I., Algebra C., Physics C., French Authors I. French Composition I.; Ethel Devlin: Chemistry II.; Emelda Dickson: Canadian History C., Ancient History C., Algebra C.; Ermine Donati: Ancient History I., Geometry C., Chemistry C., Latin Authors III., Latin Composition C., French Authors C., French Composition C.; Loretta Driscoll: Algebra C.; Dorothy Duke: Geometry II. Latin Authors III., Latin Composition III.; Helen Duke: English Composition III., Canadian History I., Ancient History I.; Irene Edmonds: Ancient History C., Algebra III., Physics C.; Marie Fairley: Canadian History C., Ancient History C., Algebra II., Physics C.; Helen Fayle: Canadian His-

tory C., Ancient History C., Algebra C.; Juanita Fernandez: English Composition C., English Literature III., Canadian History C., Algebra C.; Mary Frawley: Ancient History I., Geometry III., Chemistry C., Latin Authors II., Latin Composition C., French Authors III., French Composition C.; Isabelle Fullerton: English Composition C., Ancient History III., Geometry C., Latin Authors C., Latin Composition C.; Helen Caughan: Canadian History C., Ancient History C.; Margaret Gillooly: English Composition II., Canadian History I., Ancient History I., Algebra I., Physics II.; Ethel ay Godfrey: English Composition II., Canadian History I., Ancient History I., Algebra II., Physics III.; Betty Grobba: English Composition III., Canadian History I., Algebra I., Geometry II., Physics I.; Constance Harrison: Ancient History II., Algebra III., Geometry II., Physics C.; Eleanor Hayes: Canadian History I.; Louise Hayes: Canadian History I., Ancient History I., Algebra C., Physics II.; Cecile Heis: English Composition C., Literature II.; Mary Horahan: Ancient History I., Algebra C., Geometry I., Physics I., Latin Authors II., Latin Composition C., French Authors III., French Composition C.; Doris Hunt: English Composition C., Canadian History C., Ancient History C., Algebra C., Physics C.; Margaret Hunt: Ancient History I., Geometry III., Chemistry C.; Muriel Hurley: Physics III., Chemistry III.; Margaret Hynes: Canadian History II., Ancient History C., Algebra C.; Francis Kurtinis: Ancient History C.; Mary Leavy: Algebra C., Physics C.; Helen Locke: Ancient History II., Algebra C., Geometry C., Physics II., Chemistry C.; Loretto Madden: English Composition III., Canadian History I., Ancient History I., Algebra II., Physics III.; Eleanor Malone: English Composition C., Ancient History I., Algebra III., Geometry II., Chemistry C., Latin Authors III., Latin Composition III., French Authors C., French Composition C.; Josephine Martin: Chemistry I., Physics II., Algebra C.; Catherine McBride: Canadian History I., Ancient History I., Algebra C., Physics II.; Jean McCabe: English Composition C., Canadian History I., Ancient History I., Algebra II., Physics C.; Rita MsCartney: English Composition

C., Ancient History C., Algebra C.; Helen McGrath: English Composition C.; Margaret McKenna: English Composition II., Canadian History II., Ancient History I., Algebra II., Physics C.; Genevieve McManus: English Composition I., Canadian History I., Ancient History I., Physics II., Algebra I.; Mary Miekles: English Composition C., Canadian History III., Ancient History II., Algebra III, physics C.; Ursula Montag: English Composition C., English Composition C., Canadian History I., Algebra I., Ancient History I., Physics II.; Anne Morin: Ancient History I., Algebra III., physics I., Chemistry II., French Authors II., French Composition I.; Mary Munnelly: English Composition C., Ancient History II., Algebra I., Canadian History I., Physics II.; Kathleen O'Brien: English Composition C., Canadian History I., Ancient History III., Algebra C., Physics III.; Camilla O'Connor: English Composition C., Canadian History C., History C., Ancient History III., Algebra C., Physics C.; Claire O'Hagan: English Composition C., Canadian History C., Ancient History C.; Helen O'ourke: Chemistry C., French Authors C., French Composition C.; Alma Parent: English Composition III., English Literature C., Canadian History I., Ancient History II., Physics III.; Gertrude Peck: English Composition C., Canadian History C., Ancient History C.; Eileen Potvin: Ancient History II., Geometry C., Chemistry C., Latin Authors III., Latin Composition II., French Authors C., French Composition C.; Marion Powell: English Composition II., Ancient History C., Canadian History I., Algebra I., Physics II.; Marjory Reilly: Eng. Comp., C., Ancient History I., Algebra I., Physics II.; Yvonne Richardson: English Composition C., Canadian History III., Ancient History C.; Agnes Ryan: Canadian History II., Ancient History I., Algebra C., Physics II.; Magraret Ryan: Ancient History III., Geometry III., Chemistry C., Latin Authors III.; Amy Smith: English Composition C., Canadian History II., Ancient History C., Algebra I., physics I.; Helen Steadman: English Literature C., Ancient History C., Geometry C.; Eileen Sweeney: Canadian History II., Ancient History II., Algebra III., Physics III.; Jane Swift: English Composition I., Canadian History I., An-

cient History I., Algebra C., Physics C.; Marceil Sylvas: Ancient History I., Geometry II., Chemistry C., Latin Authors II., Latin Composition II., French Authors III., French Composition C.; Evelyne VanLane: Ancient History C., Geometry C., Chemistry C.; Doris Webster: Ancient History C., Geometry C., French Authors C.; Nora Welsh: Algebra I., Geometry C., Physics III., Chemistry III., Latin Authors C., Latin Composition III., French Authors C., French Composition III.; Helen Power: English Comp. III., Canadian History C., Ancient History C.

Lower School.

The following pupils have completed the work of the First Year and have obtained from the Department of Education credit for Botany, Art, British History and Geography required for Entrance to Normal Schools:

Molly Bailey, Theresa Balfour, Helen Bero, Emily Bogye, Teresa Breen, Muriel Brocklehurst, Cecile Brochu, Irene Brown, Loretto Brown, Bertha Burns, Margaret Byrne, Margaret Cairo, Kathleen Callahan, Alice Campbell, Rose Capabianme, Helen Capranas, Bernadette Carolan, Kella Carusi, Mickeline Caruso, Virginia Coghlan, Eileen Conlin, Mary Conway, Marie Creedon, Rose Mary Dick, Catharine Driscoll, Agnes Fischer, Helen Forbes, Winnifred Grey, Jeanette Griffin, Olive Griffin, Mary Haffey, Mary Hallinan, Rita Henderson, Eleanor Hughes, Angela Hurson, Margaret Jones, Marjorie Jones, Mary Kennedy, Ruby Ketcheson, Brenda Kidd, Marguerite Locke, Jean Maedonald, Nell Magner, Frances Marmion, Betty MacMillan, Florence McCarthy, Margaret McCormick, Aileen McKinnon, Eleanor Mechanic, Jessie Mechanic, Sophie Malenda, Teresa Moreau, Camilla Morency, Jessie Munroe, Ellen Orlando, Jeanne Paré, Isobel Parent, Helen Parke, Adele Parsons, Eileen Phelan, Jennie Polito, Margaret Power, Margaret Reed, Muriel Ruben, Rose Richichi, Carmelita Reilly, Catherine Robertson, Lynette Roddy, Gabrielle Savard, Norinne Slattery, Marguerite Spaens, Kathleen Taylor, Marjorie Thompson, Jean Trumphour, Genevieve

Vale, Eileen Walsh, Mary Walsh, Irene White, Katherine Wilson, Madeleine Wright and Jean Parent.

First Year Partial:

Catherine Coughlan: British History, Geography, Botany; Eileen Hamilton: Geography; Phylis Henahan: British History, Art, Botany; Freda Horgan: British History, Botany; Angeline Macdonald: Geography, Art; Frances Mangan: Geography, Art, Botany; Helen McCurdy: Art; Doreen McHale: Art; Marguerite McHenry: Art; Eileen O'Neil: British History; Naomi Perras: Art; Millie Smith: Geography, Botany; Helen Vance: Geography, Art, Botany; Catherine McCarron: British History.

Complete Lower School standing, including all Lower School subjects required for Entrance to Normal Schools:

Evelyn Arnold, Orla Beer, Bertha Burns, Dorothy Chambers, Mary Coghlan, Olive Cozens, Alice Daly, Dorothy Delaney, Winnie Dennis, Margaret Donnelly, Margaret Dunn, Anna Finucan, Catharine Flahiff, Margaret Fullerton, Edna Grey, Mabel Green, Muriel Green, Margaret Hughes, Betty Kelly, Marie LaBreque, Margarite Latremouille, Kathleen Lawlor, Mary Loftus, Verna Lye, Margaret McCandlish, Mary McCormick, Adele McGuane, Mary Meehan, Elizabeth Murphy, Elaine Murray, Laureen O'Brien, Lois O'Sullivan, Mary Pape, Marguerite Parent, Millie Peet, Nora Phelan, Margaret Pickering, Helen Richard, Muriel Reilly, Margaret Rosar, Verna Rowe, Annie Stone, Marguerite Tenute, Elsie Thompson, Patricia Turner, Vivian Tuttis, Audrey VanHessel, Helen Wallis, Mary Woods, Sheila Groffin.

Second Year Partial:

Gertrude Cook: Zoology; Marie Flynn: English Grammar; Margaret Hanrahan: Physiography, Arithmetic, Zoology; Sarah Lockwood: Physiography, Botany, Zoology; Anna Runge: Physiography, Botany, Zoology; Maryan Smith: Physiography, Zoology; Anna Stirn: Physiography, Botany, Zoology.

Department of Commerce.

Commercial Diplomas awarded to:

Honours—Helen Ellard, Mary McCormick, Gertrude Ivey, Mary Timmons, Hilda Gilmour, Margaret Erwin, Edna Urch, Annie Culliton, Margaret Franciseo, Mary Byrne, Martina Rowe, Adeline Altilia.

Pass—Helen Quilty, Marjorie Masters, Margaret Finucan, Celine LaFayette, Marguerite Munro, Mary Boyle, Anne Sherman, Mary Bedford.

Bookkeeping Diplomas awarded to:

Pass—Mildred Lawson, Winnifred Whinton, Minerva McCarthy, Antoinette Haynes, Mary Attallah.

Partial Standing:

Helen Seand, Edythe Jarvis, Suzanna Poirier.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.**Examination Results, 1929.**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, Faculty of Music.

Second Year: Pass—Maude McGuire.

First Year: Pass—Augustina Consentino.

DOMINION COLLEGE OF MUSIC, MONTREAL.

Associate Grade Piano: Honors—Cecil Saindon.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Intermediate Piano:

Pass—Mary Jerou.

Junior Piano:

Pass—Vivian Tuttis, Marie Le Maitre and Lenore Spitzig
(Equal).

Junior "School" Grade:

Honours—Mary Mills.

Primary Piano:

Honours—Aileen McKinnon, Eleanor Mechanic, Winnifred Roddy.

Pass—Madeline Wright.

Primary "School" Grade:

Honors—Josephine Scott, Marie Hurley.

Pass—Genevieve Conlin.

Elementary Piano:

Honours—Virginia Harvey, John Mohan and Austin Sansone (equal); Jane Hargrave and Donald King (equal); Frank Culatta.

Pass—Ann Barraud.

Elementary "School" Grade:

First Class Honors—Phyllis Greisman.

Honors—Freda Horgan.

Introductory "School" Grade:

Honors—Joan Bennett.

Junior Vocal:

Honors—Patricia Rice.

Pass—Mary Crane.

THEORY.**Intermediate Form:**

First Class Honors—Betty Grobba, Nora Welsh.

Intermediate Theory:

First Class Honors—Betty Grobba, Mary O'Brien, Marie Fournier.

Honors—Mary Palmer.

Pass—Mary Jerou.

Intermediate Harmony:

First Class Honors—Ursula Montag, Dorothy Hinds.

Honors—Nora Welsh, Marie Fournier.

Pass—Agnes Ryan.

Intermediate Counterpoint:

First Class Honors—Ursula Montag, Marie Fournier, Mary O'Brien.

Honors—Mary Palmer, Agnes Ryan, Helen Wallis, Catharine Sheedy.

Pass—Dorothy Duke.

Junior Harmony:

First Class Honors—Dorothy Hinds, Anne Morin, Betty Riddell, Daisy Callaghan, Eleanor Hayes, Vivian Tuttis.

Honors—Genevieve McManus, Anna Friel, Ruth Barnes, Kathleen O'Flaherty, Margaret Dunn, Anna Finucan.

Junior Counterpoint:

First Class Honors—Mary O'Brien, Catharine Sheedy, Kathleen O'Flaherty.

Primary Theory:

First Class Honors—Dorothy Hinds, Elizabeth Murphy, Angela Hurson.

Honors—Louise Puccini.

Pass—Camilla O'Connor, Brenda Kidd.

Elementary Rudimenta:

First Class Honors—Marie Roque.

Honors—Madeline Wright, Freda Horgan.

Pass—Eleanor Mechanic, Agnes Fischer, Marjorie Jones, Margaret Jones.

Highest Standing in Toronto Conservatory of Music, February, 1929:

Intermediate History and Form—Betty Grobba.

Junior Harmony—Dorothy Hinds.

Second Highest Standing in Toronto Conservatory of Music, February, 1929:

Intermediate Harmony and Form—Nora Welsh.

Intermediate Harmony and Counterpoint—Ursula Montag.

St. Joseph's High School

(Jarvis Street, Toronto)

PASS MATRICULATION AND ENTRANCE TO NORMAL.

Jennie Adamo, English Composition C, English Literature C; Evelyn Barry, English Composition C, Ancient History C, Algebra C; Doris Brown, Canadian History 111, Algebra 1, Geometry 11, Chemistry 11; Judith Burrows, Ancient History 1, Chemistry C; Marie Coughlin, Ancient History 1, Geometry C, Physics 111, Latin Authors 111, Latin Composition 1, French Authors 11, French Composition 11; Phyllis Coward, English Composition C, English Literature 111, Canadian History 111, Algebra 1, Chemistry 11; Helen Crane, English Composition C, Canadian History C, Algebra 1, Chemistry C; Dora Devane, Ancient History 1, Latin Authors 11, Latin Composition 111, French Authors 111, French Composition C; Margaret Dillol, Canadian History C, Algebra 111, Chemistry 111; Helen Egan, Ancient History 1, Geometry 111, Physics 111, Latin Authors 11, Latin Composition 11, French Authors 11, French Composition 11; Nellie Flynn, Ancient History 11, French Authors C, French Composition C, Latin Authors C, Latin Composition C; Ursula Gain, English Composition C, Ancient History 111, Geometry 1, Physics C, Latin Authors 111, Latin Composition C, French Authors C, French Composition C; Jean Gallagher, Ancient History 1, Latin Authors C, Latin Composition C, French Authors C; Irene Goodwin, English Composition 111, English Literature C, Canadian History 111, Algebra 111, Chemistry C; Elvera Gross, Ancient History 1, Geometry 1, Physics C, Latin Authors 11, Latin Composition 11, French Authors C, French Composition C; Alice Hamera, Canadian History C; Sadie Kellar, Canadian History C; Gertrude Kirk, English Composition C, English Literature C, Canadian History C; Mary Krane, English Literature C, Canadian History 11, Chemistry 11; Cecilia Latchford, English Composition C, Canadian History

11, Chemistry 11; Eleanor Leahy, English Composition C, English Literature C, Canadian History C, Chemistry C; Helen Lee, Algebra C; Margaret MacMillan, English Composition 111, English Literature 111, Canadian History C, Algebra C; Annie McKeown, English Composition C; Mary Maher, Ancient History 11, Geometry C, Physics C, Chemistry 111, Latin Composition C, French Composition 111; Juliet Mele, Ancient History 111, Geometry C, Physics C, Latin Authors C, Latin Composition C, French Authors 111, French Composition C; Margaret Nightingale, Canadian History 11, English Composition C, English Literature C, Algebra 11, Chemistry 1; Mary O'Brien, Ancient History 1, Geometry 11, Physics 11, Latin Authors 1, Latin Composition 1, French Authors 1, French Composition 1; Margaret O'Donnell, English Composition 111, English Literature C; Norma Pearce, English Composition C, Canadian History C; Victoria Petraitis, English Composition 111, English Literature C, Canadian History 1; Mary Quilty, English Composition C, Canadian History C; Josephine Reilly, Ancient History 11, Geometry 11, Physics 11, Latin Authors 11, Latin Composition 111, French Authors 111, French Composition 111; Tassie Ritchie, English Composition 11, Canadian History 111; Willo Sagel, English Literature C, Canadian History 111; Helen Stephenson, English Composition C, Canadian History C, Algebra 111, Chemistry 111; May Stone, English Composition C, English Literature C, Canadian History 11, Algebra 111, Chemistry 11; Violet Voisin, English Composition C, English Literature C, Canadian History C.

Lower School.

First Year Completed—H. Alderson, D. Bishop, E. Blackwell, S. Brasseur, O. Brisbois, S. Burke, A. Burnie, V. Cassidy, F. Chandler, R. DeLec, B. DeRosie, V. Diermert, R. Dillon, M. Donnelly, E. Fitzgerald, E. Foggett, B. Foote, C. Foote, I. Fremeau, H. Gorman, F. Grison, R. Hamra, M. Henderson, E. Henry, M. Horahan, H. Horner, T. Houston, C. Kearns, M. Kloepfler, R. McDermott, M. McDonnell, J. McGinn, M. Manousa, A. Martin, M. Meehan, R. Meehan, M. Newell, A. O'Brien,

H. O'Connell, C. Pilon, P. Pajak, G. Podger, G. Riley, F. Sabiston, M. Stephenson, P. Sullivan, M. Sweeney, Mildred Sweeney, K. Wall, M. Ward.

First Year Partial—M. Beatty, B. History, Geography, Botany; I. Bonar, B. History, Geography; A. Bouchier, B. History, Geography, Botany; D. Casey, B. History, Botany; V. Chandler, Botany; M. Connor, Geography, Arithmetic, Botany; R. Curtis, Geography, Botany; M. Daley, Botany; J. Daniel, B. History, Botany; V. Daquano, B. History, Geography, Botany; F. Doherty, B. History, Botany; D. Farquhar, B. History, Geography, Botany; G. Flood, B. History, Geography, Botany; J. Flynn, B. History; H. Gallagher, B. History, Arithmetic, Botany; M. Gallagher, B. History, Arithmetic, Botany; M. Hickey, B. History, Geography, Botany; A. Kerr, Botany; V. Liston, B. History, Botany; P. Lizotte, B. History, Geography, Botany; E. McCann, B. History, Geography, Botany; C. McGowan, B. History, Geography, Botany.

First Year Partial—B. A. McKenny, B. History, Arithmetic, Botany; T. Marshman, B. History, Geography, Botany; M. Meagher, B. History, Geography, Botany; I. Miceli, B. History, Geography, Botany; L. O'Halloran, B. History, Geography, Botany; M. O'Reilly, B. History, Geography, Botany; M. Pearson, Arithmetic, Botany; M. Pompilio, B. History, Arithmetic, Botany; P. Quilty, B. History; R. Reid, B. History, Geography, Botany; C. Rogers, B. History, Arithmetic, Botany; C. Ryzza, B. History, Geography, Botany; W. Smith, B. History, Geography, Botany; A. Taunton, B. History, Arithmetic, Botany; E. Thompson, B. History, Geography, Botany; G. Toneri, Botany; M. Turner, B. History, Arithmetic, Botany; M. Webber, B. History, Geography, Botany; H. Williamson, B. History, Geography, Botany.

Second Year Completed—A. M. Barnett, U. Black, A. Botell, T. Burke, T. Castellani, M. Culliton, M. Comper, L. Dermanski, R. Dillon, M. Doyle, E. Evask, L. George, K. Gileo, R. Griffin, C. Hayes, L. Heslin, H. Hinds, M. Howarth, H. Ivey, L. Karmalska, E. Kelly, M. Kouyoumdjian, E. Lynn, D. McDermott, M. McDonagh, L. McDonald, I. McDougall, A. McNamara, F.

Madden, A. Manzo, M. Manzo, T. Murphy, F. O'Connor, C. McDonnell, D. Pinfold, A. Porter, M. Powers, E. Radcliffe, R. Reiman, K. Reynolds, E. Ridell, J. Ryan, M. Smith, M. Stewart, M. Tomasicchio, E. Young, H. Ufnal.

Second Year Partial—V. Carter, Grammar, Physiology, Zoology; M. Gallagher, Grammar, Art, Zoology; H. Haley, Physiology, Art; P. Haley, Grammar, Physiology, Zoology; L. Harrison, Grammar, Physiology; M. McGrath, Grammar, Art, Zoology; M. McKenna, Physiology; R. Nobert, Art; K. O'Shea, Zoology; C. Pearson, Physiology; M. Restorick, Physiology, Art, Zoology; L. Richea, Grammar; W. Roddy, Art.

All things which are now held to be of the greatest antiquity, were at one time new; and what we today hold up as an example, will rank hereafter as a precedent.

* * * * *

A slave has but one master, the ambitious man has as many masters as there are persons whose aid may contribute to the adornment of his fortune.

La Bruyere.

VANCOUVER, A CANADIAN WINTER RESORT.

Vancouver, a beautiful gem in the diadem of Canada's cities, curls herself around Burrard Inlet, in such a way that she is guarded on the north by the Lions, majestic snow-clad peaks of the Coast Range, and her fair gardens and playgrounds are thus exposed to a climate at all times temperate. Vancouver Island stretches west and north of her as a protecting shield on which the ungoverned fury of the mighty Pacific may break her anger before reaching this fair city. The harbour is entered through magnificent Narrows in the Inlet which is a further protection from any noisy or uncomfortable disturbance from the sea. In summer the hot blasts of the sun are moderated by the Westerlies breathing over the Pacific the soft, cool breezes fresh from Fuji-yama or some other Asiatic peak of snow and ice. The winters are made delightful by wafts of warmth billowed in from the Land of the Lotus Flower. Mother Nature has bestowed so many favours upon Vancouver's climatic condition that she may truly be called the "Rose Garden of Canada."

In other Canadian cities winter is looked forward to by many as a season of indoor life with fuel expenses and ill health following as natural consequences. Many indeed enjoy the invigorating snap of a frosty morning walk or ride, but when this continues for two or three months one longs for the chains of icy winter to break that spring with her refreshing balm may enter. Little pleasure is derived from travelling in winter for in most parts of Canada it is impossible to take a car for any distance outside city limits. After a heavy snow-storm the prospects of suspended traffic is a great annoyance to business men. For the sick, winter is a time of steady confinement, of long weeks of inaction and of prospects of further illness as the outcome of inactivity.

But winter in Vancouver! Balmy breezes laden with the tang of the sea coax the aged and the young, the healthy and the strong out into the sunshine from autumn to spring. Very little snow falls, and what does come one day is gone the next.



A VIEW OF THE CAMPUS, ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

Obstruction of traffic is unknown and motorists have their heart's desire during these months free from the heat and dust of summer. Vancouver, in truth, has some rainy days in winter, but she more than overbalances them by producing immediately the sharp contrast of cloudless skies and sunshine, dry streets and freshening breezes. Frozen water in car radiators is unknown to Vancouver business men. Lawns and gardens, unmolested by Polar nights, remain green and the laurel, holly, ivy, yew and other shrubs, put on their richest colours for this season. A ride through Stanley Park, which is world-famous for its natural beauty, in December or January reveals many wonders. The animals and birds are to be seen in unprotected cages. The swans and other graceful water-fowl enjoy the fountains and lakes. The gardens produce an occasional rose-bud and hardier blooms are more abundant, while the merry voices of children rise from the direction of the play-grounds and swings in mid-January as they would on a day in July. Tennis is indulged in on the higher courts and football, golf and canoeing never come to an end in Vancouver.

Vancouver can also boast of every kind of winter sport, but she usually keeps this for a grand surprise for tourists. In the morning one may play eighteen holes of golf in a Florida suit at the Country Club, and in the afternoon go tobogganing in a fur coat on Grouse Mountain. While up on Grouse one may also indulge in skating, skiing and dog-sleighing. A rustic log Chalet is built there for the convenience of tourists and hikers, where they may have a hot dinner at any time of day. There is also indoor skating at the large Arena near Stanley Park, where one may spend most delightful afternoons.

Many Canadians do not realize that they have a city with such a delightful winter climate. Vancouver is the western terminus of two great railways carrying grain to be loaded onto ocean queens at all seasons, and the port for magnificent floating hotels which carry travellers to the land of silks and spices in winter as well as in summer. Vancouver is the Monte Carlo of the West, the Palm Beach of Canada,—the ideal Canadian winter resort.

Jack Conway, 1st Year High School,
Vancouver, B.C.

THE ROSE-GOWNED MADONNA.

The people of the little Mexican villages had cast suspicious glances at his shabby suit that had once been a neat navy blue, but was now stained and torn and rapidly losing its original colour under the rough treatment of the dusty roads. His shoes were dirty and shabby and his hat—an old gray fedora—was cocked at a pathetic angle over his tired, twisted, young face. He, who had once been so particular about his finger nails and the crease in his trousers and his shave—why, he hadn't shaved for a week. Well, that was what a man paid for making one slip on the path. If only he hadn't—oh! what was the use of "ifs," the thing was done now.

He looked around for some place to rest from the awful heat and his weary eyes fell on the cool walls of a little Catholic church. Regardless of the surprised stares of the unemployed section of the populace at the strange sight of a tramp entering a place sanctified of God, he climbed slowly up the blazing steps into the dark, restful depths of the church. As he entered, he heard the sound of the little pipe organ stealing through the pews and creeping around the stout gray pillars, pushing through his numbed senses, creeping into the blank recesses of his mind, until shaking himself impatiently as though to free himself from the grasping, curling fingers of the haunting music, he shuffled rather than walked up the aisle.

Near the front, so near that he could distinguish the intricate fretwork on the peak of the old white altar, he slipped into one of the polished and worn pews and sat down. It was quiet and cool in there. The shadows crept up and the music cloaked him with its throbbing, beating pulse that was tearing at his heart strings until everything was swallowed up in darkness, coolness and music except—the picture.

On the left hand side of the altar was an old Spanish painting of the Madonna. Her gown, contrary to custom, was a beautiful rose pink and her bare feet had little

tender pink rosebuds scattered over them. Her dark hair tumbled down her back, and her eyes—blue as bluebells under water—smiled down at the occupant of the pew below her. The child in her arms was small and chubby and had dark curly hair and eyes the colour of his mother's. Only they held in them all the pain and joy, all the happiness and unhappiness of the world.

He sat there and looked at the picture for quite five minutes before he realized that something was wrong with it. The music of the organ had died away to a trembling murmur that only faintly assailed his ears. The eyes of the Mother were alive and they were looking at him—no, not at him—through him, into his very soul just as the music had stolen and crept into his heart.

The hands were moving too, the whole body was alive, stirring. He slipped out of the seat and walked hesitatingly down the isle, the eyes following him. He turned—almost hypnotized—and went towards them, right up to the picture. He knew when he reached it what the Madonna of the Rose Gown wanted, and almost as soon as he was at the altar rail he dropped on his knees. The music was still rolling and murmuring through the old church, and it was rising higher and higher until it crashed into a crescendo of chords shouting the triumph of the Resurrection of God to the world.

He rose from his knees and looked at the vision. It was a picture again, but the lips of the Mother were curved a little in a satisfied smile. He gave her an answering smile from a face that was no longer tired and twisted and walked out of the church with his shoulders back. After all, he was still young and the world is a wonderful place to youth.

Outside in the sun an old man said to his companion as the rejuvenated tramp passed, "there goes a man who is at peace with his soul."

Ray Godfrey.

A RIDE AROUND STANLEY PARK.

We are going to pay a visit to Vancouver's greatest beauty spot, Stanley Park. Situated at a point, easily accessible from all parts of the city, it is visited by the people of Vancouver at every season of the year, for spring, summer, autumn and winter all bring new wonders to this playground of Vancouver.

A great white stone viaduct leads into the well-paved roads. There, to the left is Lost Lagoon, so named by Pauline Johnson, where many pleasant hours are spent in winter and summer. In summer there is boating and in winter skating. A little way from the entrance you see a fine statue of the great Scottish poet, Robert Burns, which was erected by the "Burns' Society" of Vancouver. Across from this you see the Vancouver Yachting Club, and looking farther, you obtain a wonderful view of the harbour.

Now, let us visit the animals. First we see the great white Polar bear, from Alaska, then the grizzly bear; but undoubtedly we stop longest to watch the play of two cubs. Across from the bears, in a section of their own, the soft-eyed deer, and with them, strutting along with great display are the proud peacocks. Farther on we see the dreamy owls sleeping peacefully in the warm afternoon sun. Look at the great bald-headed eagle scorning to notice those who look up at him with awe. But I think,—although he appears so proud—that his heart is longing for that nest somewhere high up in the crags of a far away mountain. In a house for all to see are the chattering monkeys from the South, and there also are gaily-coloured birds from some far off climes. If you wish to see British Columbia's birds we can visit their homes also, but these are outside, for they are well acquainted with our weather. Specimens of all the wild birds of the province are found here, while all about them frisk the tame little squirrels, no doubt hoping that we will throw them a few nuts.

Next let us see the flowers. Spring, summer, and autumn all bring their own blooms to make our Park a place of gorge-

ous colour and beauty. The roses and carnations especially are B.C.'s best.

We shall now resume our ride. As we go on, shaded by the huge green branches on each side, it seems that we are travelling in a perpetual twilight, so completely do the tall, stately trees hide the golden sunshine. Driving slowly on, we come in full view of Prospect Point, looking down upon the water and protected by its stone barricades. We cannot but wonder how many lives this great bell and twinkling light have saved from death in the turbulent waters beyond.

That gigantic arch that you see over to the right is "Lumberman's Arch," the work of the lumbermen of B.C. who, bringing their best logs to Vancouver, built this arch some years ago and placed it on Hasting Street, in honor of the visit of the Duke of Connaught, then Governor-General of Canada. It was later moved to its present position in Stanley Park, where it stands a memorial of our honoured visitor.

Now we are at Brockton Point. This steep cliff of solid rock has its light-house at the top, which sends its cheery welcome at night to boats from every land as they enter Burrard Inlet and pass through the Narrows. We may examine the wireless, which keeps this lonely rock in constant communication with the outside world; but the great bell interests us even more. On foggy days and nights it rings its solemn warning to the brave seamen, who by its aid, steer their boats past the dangerous shoals of the Narrows and bring the souls entrusted to their care safely into port.

Passing on a little farther, we are at Pauline Johnson's grave. This is the spot where Canada's great Indian poet sat and wove those beautiful, quaint legends of the queer-shaped mountains of the North shore. This is the spot she loved so well, that her last wish was to be buried in it. Her resting-place is marked by a monument erected in her honour.

From this very spot, too, we may gaze upon the North-shore mountains. Some time I shall tell you their strange, strange story. A little to the right of them is the "Sleeping Beauty." Do you see her in the sunlight? To the extreme right is the

“Dog on the Mountain.” Its beautiful, but sad, legend, you must hear sometime, too. But directly in front of us is Siwash Rock, which holds the story of the tragic fate of a young Indian warrior and his handsome young wife.

As we continue our drive through the lovely green forest, filled with the songs of wild birds, we are thinking of what a pleasant day we have spent, and planning to come again in the near future to explore some of the many trails which Stanley Park contains. Our drive is not quite finished,—for there is Second Beach, and that beautiful lawn to the left is the Bowling Green, behind which is a tennis court. That statue, set off by itself, is a representation of Mayor Oppenheimer, Vancouver’s first mayor. Now we pass through the wooden arch and leave behind—“Vancouver’s Playground.”

Mary McQuarrie, Form II.,
Vancouver, B.C.



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Almighty Babe, Whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die!

—Robert Southwell.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XVIII. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1929

No. 3

The Burning Babe

By Robert Southwell, S.J.

As I in hoary winter's night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat,
 Which made my heart to glow;

And lifting up a fearful eye
 To view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright,
 Did in the air appear:

Who, scorched with excessive heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames,
 Which with his tears were bred.

“Alas!” quoth he, “but newly born,
 In fiery heaty I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
 Or feel my fire, but I;

My faultless breast the furnace is,
 The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
 The ashes, shames and scorns;

The fuel justice layeth on,
And mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls;

For which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood."

With this he vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto my mind
That it was Christmas day.

St. Francis of Assisi had a greater reverence for Christmas than any other festivals of Our Lord, saying: "After that the Lord was born for us, it did become a matter of necessity that we should be saved." The Saint would that every Christian on that day should exult in the Lord.

* * * * *

Happy New Year! This is the greeting we hear repeatedly on the first day of the year. It cheers us. But the realization of our friends' felicitations depends greatly on ourselves.

NEWMAN AND MANNING

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

The misunderstanding and quarrel between Manning and Newman was, in my humble opinion, the greatest calamity which befell the Church in England during the second half of the nineteenth century. Compared with the evil of this domestic contention, Gladstone's attack upon the work of the Vatican Council seems to me to have done no more harm than a fleabite, and the excitement against the restoration of the Hierarchy appears only like a storm in a teacup. A civil war, as every one sees, injures a country far more than any foreign attack can do; and the whole history of the Church, not to speak of heresies and actual schisms, shows how much harm the Church has suffered from the dissensions created between good and holy men by mischief-makers or by foolish busy-bodies. "There are six things which the Lord hates, and the seventh He detests with His whole heart, namely, him that soweth discord between brethren."

As ships becalmed at eve that lay
 With canvass drooping side by side
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
 Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried;
When fell the night, upsprung the breeze.
 And all the darkling hours they plied
Nor dreamed but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side.
At dead of night their sails were filled
 And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
 Or wist what first with dawn appeared.
But O blithe breeze, and O great seas
 Though ne'er (that earliest parting past)

On your wide plain they join again
 Together lead them home at last.
 One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
 At last, at last unite them there!

I have formerly compared Manning and Newman to St. Basil and St. Gregory Nazianzen.

It is worth while to try to find out when and how this divergence and opposition began and to trace its growth.

An ardent Manningite, a great friend of my own, who was quite right in his admiration of Manning, once tried very eagerly to persuade me that the whole fault lay on Newman's side; he was angry with Manning simply because Manning carried out Wiseman's policy regarding University education. The reader will see that this assertion is altogether untrue. Another Manningite, Mgr. Bickerstaff-Drew, when he was here in Toronto, not content with giving Manning just praise, made a "comparison," or rather contrast, and said "Newman never did anything"—exactly as if some devotee of St. Bonaventure were to say "Aquinas never did anything," because he never discharged like St. Bonaventure the Office of General of his Order, or of a bishop. But no Franciscan has ever said such a thing. It is really wonderful what nonsense men of letters will talk and write. Anyone who wishes to measure how foolish and weak they are, need only recall Purcell's Life of Manning or Ward's Newman, or Morley's Burke, in which everything is upside down and inside out.

The beginning of this misunderstanding, to fix the date as nearly as we can, occurred in the first half of the year 1863. In October, 1862, Manning had written a letter concerning Newman which shows the old friendship still warm. The Rambler magazine, under its new title of the Home and Foreign Review, was condemned by the Bishops, and Ullathorne sent a copy of Newman's letter of agreement to Wiseman. Manning wrote on the 28th of October to Ullathorne:

“The Cardinal has shown me the copy of Newman’s letter, which I read with great thankfulness, not that I doubted what he would say, but I feared that he would not say it. He has a sort of sensitiveness about standing by friends, even when they are in the wrong, which is very honorable to his generosity.”

This letter was simply the writing of a friend. Yet in the following summer, a portent appeared. The Dublin Review was made over by Wiseman to Manning, who appointed Ward editor; and in the first number of the new series, an article on Catholic Schools and the state of Catholic Education by Manning passed over the Oratory School without even mentioning its name. And about the same time, says Newman, “his head Oblate at Bayswater, writing to me on another subject, let drop in the course of his letter that our school was only a temporary matter.” (N. to Hope-Scott, Sept. 9, 1867, in ch. xxvi., in Vol. 2 of Life by W. Ward). Newman in 1867 stated that for four years he had been unable to feel confidence in Manning. This must have seemed to Newman and his brethren like the flash of lightning in a dark night which reveals to a traveller a band of enemies in ambush. What had happened to cause such a change in Manning’s attitude towards Newman?

Manning himself stated that the first thing which shook his confidence in Newman was that “it was stated by a person closely connected with *The Rambler* that Newman had seen an article attacking a pamphlet of mine on the Temporal Power before its publication, or was cognizant of it, and that it expressed his mind; it was believed also that a letter of his formed part of it.”

Mr. Wilfrid Ward, too, in the *Life*, mentions this report without denying it was true. It is necessary, therefore, to say in the plainest manner, that it was altogether untrue and unfounded and the opposite of the truth. Newman at the time of that article had been writing to Sir John (afterwards Lord) Acton, the owner and editor of the magazine or review, in defence of Manning and his pamphlets about the Temporal

Power. Manning in the course of 1860 and 1861 delivered three courses of sermons or lectures in defence of the Temporal Power, and combined them into one book, which was judged in Rome to be so unwise that it was near being put on the Index as "inopportune." It was criticized very severely from the opposite standpoint in *The Rambler* in November, 1861, at the same time that Doellinger's book on the same question was praised. The praise of Doellinger was written by Acton; the censure of Manning was composed by Mr. R. Simpson, the virtual editor, from materials furnished by the learning of Acton. Newman in June, 1861, had written thus to Acton: "As to Manning, I cannot quite follow you. I am sure he has a great respect for you. His lectures (on the Temporal Power) contain scarcely a sentiment surely which you could not accept. . . In a letter to the Register he so explained his views that it would be very difficult to find the fault of them. . . Instead of any strong declaration on the subject of 'temporal' power, he said that two things were attributes of the Pope, first, that he could not rightly be a subject, secondly, that he had a spiritual jurisdiction over Kings (i.e., governments as well as individuals are subject to the law of God). People who don't know him well seem to me to misunderstand him. He is most sensitively alive to the enormous difficulties, political, social and intellectual, in which we are." And again, on August 21: "Manning, I am sure, is of all men, most desirous to keep all Catholics together . . . It is a good sign that Manning is free to exercise his own tolerant nature as regards yourself."

Moreover, Newman as long before as November, 1859, had placed a notice in *The Weekly Register* that he had no part in conducting or superintending *The Rambler*. His last contribution to its pages was a letter in September, 1860, telling them that they had no right whatever to discuss and criticise the system of seminary training and education. This letter was not signed with his name or initials, but there was no secret about his authorship of it. Throughout the two years preceding the criticism of Manning's book he had been pri-

vately refusing them any assistance, and in at least a dozen letters remonstrating about the spirit and tone of their articles, and warning them that the magazine deserved to be condemned, and if it were, their readers as a whole would say, serve them right. Dr. William Barry, speaking of those years, remarks that Newman, whom they all consulted, but none of them except his close personal friends would obey, was charged with faults committed by men whom he was doing his best to restrain.¹

Newman's private correspondence with the owners and editors of *The Rambler* may be read in the *Life of Newman*, and in the correspondence of Lord Acton, and in the 14th chapter of the second volume of Purcell's *Manning*. The full history of that magazine has been written by Cardinal Gasquet in the Introduction of the book which he entitled *Lord Acton and His Circle*—a title which he perhaps would not have given to the book if he had known as much about Acton's later opinions and activities as we know now.

This story, then, about Newman, which Manning believed, was not only untrue, but the very opposite of the truth. It is a humbling and sobering reflection that this good, great, and wise man, the Achitophel of the clergy, whom men went to consult as they went to the oracle of God, behaved in this case as foolishly as the most credulous simpleton of us all could have done.

It seems that Manning heard this worthless piece of gossip in Wiseman's household. Mr. David Lewis, one of the Oxford converts, wrote to Purcell, the biographer of Manning: "It is quite true that the attacks on Newman did not begin with Manning; he found them in York Place, but he ought not to have adopted them, for he knew that Newman had not come into the Church to be a bad Catholic . . . In those days the cen-

¹The reader may be interested in Dr. Barry's opinion of Newman: "I was never exactly a disciple though I learned so much from his pages. My way in life took me on paths he had not pursued. My feeling went deeper down than discipleship, and I suspect others have shared it. Newman from my Oscott days, appeared to me like an angel whose lot had been cast among mortals, but who went to and fro by himself, thinking, praying, adoring, in his own unique way.

sorious and the detractors were in the habit of saying that Wiseman was jealous of Newman, and that jealousy and dread of a greater understanding was at the bottom of the troubles."²

In one of Newman's letters to Manning there is a reference to his sharing in the misapprehensions of York Place, which shows that Newman himself believed that Manning had imbibed this wrong belief there.

It seems strange that either Wiseman or Manning should have been so simple as to believe such gossip, even without making any inquiry directly or indirectly about it. Wiseman had suffered enough in his time from jealousy and from envy and from calumnies which were the reverse of the truth as well as from ordinary misconception, to have made him cautious of accepting stories. When he was Rector of the English College in Rome, Bishop England being in Rome from the U.S.A., preached an oration in honor of Charles Carroll, who had just died. It contained sentiments which might have encouraged revolution in Rome, and what specially offended was its praise of Carroll's journey to Canada to excite revolution in Quebec. One of the Cardinals of the Propaganda spoke about it to Wiseman, who excused Bishop England as well as he could, and he spoke of this, for Bishop England's sake, to Cardinal Weld, who was a friend of the Irish-American prelate. "What was my astonishment, he writes, to find that I was pitched upon and industriously held up as having denounced Dr. England to the authorities here. Dr. England has manifested a marked reserve in his intercourse with me; and the Irish clergy here have declared war upon me. My Vice-Rector having ascertained the cause of all this hostility, went at once to Dr. Cullen, Rector of the Irish College, where Dr. England resides, and explained everything to him, requesting him to do the same to Dr. England. He promised to do so, but I have not heard a syllable from either." Such an experience ought to have taught him not to be as credulous as others. Man-

²Newman himself thought that Wiseman in his last years wanted only flunkeys and toadies and tale-bearers.

ning as an old friend of Newman was more censurable than Wiseman.

But who was the man "closely connected with *The Rambler*," who had said something about Newman? This no doubt was Richard Simpson or Acton. W. G. Ward wrote to Newman on Oct. 28, 1862: "Your present view of the *Home and Foreign Review* (*Rambler*) is to me the happiest tidings I have had for many a long day." And a few days later: "As to your relations with the conductors of the *Home and Foreign* I am most interested by what you say. I can only add that Simpson's³ way of talking had given me a most different impression; and if to me, who see but little of him, probably much more to others who see a great deal of him. It would not surprise me if far the greater part of that floating opinion which mixes you up in one solidarity with *The Rambler* originated with him. Observe I don't speak of 'definite statements' made by him but of implications probably not intended by himself but conveyed in his way of speaking." Acton used to talk in a similar way.

Of course Simpson a gentleman and a very good man, was quite incapable of telling a falsehood about Newman or anyone else, to defend himself. But we may conjecture as a possibility that something like this happened. Simpson had no communication now with Newman, but let us suppose that Acton or someone else, some time after the criticism of Manning's book came out, may have asked Newman what he thought of it. He may have said it was a good article, or he may have said it took the right view of the question. Either of these statements would be correct. This may have been told to Simpson by Acton with some exaggeration. The next time that anyone remonstrated with Simpson for his essay or his views, Simpson would say, "Well, Newman approves of it." Gossip would easily turn this into, 'Newman approved of it.' Then gossip passing from ear to ear, from memory

³Wilfrid Ward concealed this name, but I have learned from Rev. Father Bacchus of Birmingham Oratory that it was Simpson. Simpson was a good and clever man, but actuated, like Ward, by a school-boy, impish impertinence.

to imagination, and from mouth to mouth, would easily turn this into—'It was submitted to Newman and he approved of it,' 'It expresses Newman's mind,' 'Part of it looks like Newman's writing,' 'May be copied from a letter of his,' 'Newman had a hand in it.' Such is the lack of respect for the commandment, Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor, and for the difference between fact and fiction. Here then we see

The little rift within the lute
That bye and bye should make the music mute
And ever widening, slowly silence all.

The Temporal Power.

To understand this estrangement of Manning from Newman, however, we must recall a little of the history of the Roman question and must go back from 1863 to 1859. In the summer of that year the old Carbonaro, Napoleon III., under the influence of Count Cavour and pressure from the secret societies of Italy and France (the Carbonari in Italy and a society in France called 'Mary Anne,'⁴) had allied France with Piedmont to drive Austrian Power out of Italy and annex all of Northern Italy to Piedmont; Tuscany and the Papal Legations were upset by the activities of energetic, violent and unscrupulous minorities, and it became clear that the union of Sicily and Naples with the North was only a question of time. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, then privately suggested a plan (as his published letters prove) and persuaded his colleagues in the Cabinet to support it. He was an ardent friend of liberty and of union in Italy, and that, as he tells us, was one of his reasons for allying himself with the Liberal rather than the Conservative party. But he was no enemy of the Catholic Church, and he knew that the Italians must be either Catholics or infidels. Therefore he was anxious to mediate between the Pope and the new movement. His idea

⁴This Society is brought into Disraeli's Lothair. It was mentioned in the protocols of the Congress of Paris in 1856.

was essentially similar to that which our present Holy Father has effected. The Pope was to be acknowledged King of Rome, but was to appoint the King of the new Italian Kingdom his perpetual and hereditary vice-gerent for the government of the Papal States. He should also receive a financial compensation in order that his own dignity and the Roman congregations might be properly supported; and as the Piedmontese government had passed anti-clerical laws against the Religious Orders and Bishops, the Church in the Papal States should retain its privileges by an exception in the new Italian Kingdom, as the Province of Quebec and the Island of Malta are exceptions in the British Empire. And Britain and other European Powers were to guarantee it. This was talked about among politicians and ecclesiastics. Newman detested Mazzini and Garibaldi and Cavour and their revolutionary conspiracies as much as anyone possibly could, but he thought it would be wise for the Pope to compromise with their movement, as it would probably prove to be irresistible. But he kept this opinion to himself. The teachers in the Oratory School and some of the priests living in the same house with him did not know that he held it. I certainly am not going to censure Pope Pius IX. for rejecting all proposals whether from an Italian Government or from others, for the surrender of the territories and Kingdom which the Church had inherited.* Indeed if he had done so, atholic opinion throughout the world then would not have supported him. Probably some in Austria and in France would have been mean enough to say that he was betraying the Church for the sake of his own country. When Pope Leo came to the throne, he thought of arranging a *modus vivendi* with the Italian government without any renunciation of Papal rights, and he actually summoned Cesare Cantù, the celebrated political philosopher and historian, to Rome to act as his agent. I learned this one afternoon in

*The anti-Christian, and therefore anti-Catholic, historian Gibbon says: 'Their temporal power arose insensibly from the calamities of the times. Gregory I. might justly be styled the Father of his Country; and in the attachment of a grateful people he found the purest reward of a citizen and the best right of a sovereign.'

1885 from a priest, a friend of Cantù, who called at our College in Rome to visit the Rector and found everybody out except me, who happened to be unwell that day. He had heard this from Cantù himself, when the latter was very ill and thought himself dying. But even then Pope Leo found the College of Cardinals not in sympathy with his idea and did not like to act in opposition to their opinion. Though I have not the presumption to censure Pope Pius IX., I do not see that any one else had the right to censure Newman for holding as a private opinion that a compromise would be prudent. I remember hearing the late Cardinal Martinelli, when he was Apostolic Delegate in Washington, say about an Italian Religious (I think Curci was his name) who publicly wrote that it was the Pope's duty to be reconciled with the Kingdom of Italy—'Corrigatur lingua, et teneatur sententia'—he may keep his opinion if he will keep it to himself. Newman kept his opinion private. A Catholic M.P., Lord Edward Howard (afterwards Baron Howard of Glossop) who had been private Secretary to Lord John Russell, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, went down to Birmingham to try to draw an opinion from Newman: 'What times we live in, Father! Look at the state of things in Italy!' 'Yes indeed,' said Newman, 'and look at the state of things in New Zealand and in China' (countries in which the British Government was involved in trouble). In February, 1860, the Bishop of Birmingham assembled a great meeting in the Town Hall in defence of the Pope. Newman was not present, but he wrote a letter of which I have obtained a copy from the kindness of Father Bacchus of the Oratory, and I give it here, as it is not to be found in the *Life by Ward*:

My dear Lord Fielding,—Although I cannot promise myself the pleasure of attending the public meeting over which you are to preside to-morrow, on the subject of the Pope's present afflictions, I yield to no one in the feelings to which it proposes to give utterance, and I trust my handwriting may be allowed to speak for me, instead of my presence with the Right Rev. Prelate and the Catholics assembled on this occasion.

If ever there was a Pontiff who had a claim on our veneration by his virtues, on our affection by his personal bearing, and on our devotion by his sufferings,—whose nature it is to show kindness, and whose portion it has been to reap disappointment, it is his present Holiness. If ever a Pope deserved to live in the hearts of his own subjects and to inspire at home the homage which he commands abroad, it is Pius IX. From the hour that he ascended the throne, he has aimed at the welfare of his States, temporal as well as spiritual, and up to this day he has gained in return little else than calumny and ingratitude. How great is his trial! but it is the lot of Popes as of other men to receive in their generation the least thanks where they deserve the most. However, these reflections will doubtless be far better expressed in the eloquent speeches which will form the chief business of the meeting, and I shall best consult for the object which they have in view by bringing this letter to an end and subscribing myself,

Yours, my dear Lord Fielding,

Very sincerely,

Throughout the year 1860 the deep and daring designs of Cavour continued to develop themselves. Garibaldi revolutionized Sicily and Naples as the agent of Mazzini and with the connivance of Napoleon III., who did not wish to see Italy united; but Cavour reaped what Mazzini and Napoleon had sown. He sent his army into the Marches and seized the Eastern coast of the Papal States. In September the Papal Army was defeated at Castel Fidardo, where a little band of Irish Zouaves⁵ distinguished themselves. Ancona surrendered. Nothing remained to the Pope but the narrow province around Rome called the Patrimony of St. Peter. In the following February the Neapolitan fortress of Gaeta, the last break-water against the anti-Papal tide, surrendered. Manning, in

⁵Our old Rector in Rome, Archbishop Kirby, who well remembered those days, used to tell us how an Irish Bugler boy sounding a command, had his wrist broken by a bullet, but seized the bugle with his left hand and continued to blow away. He told it as an example for us.

high office as Provost of the Chapter of Westminster, with the rank of a Papal Protonotary, fought like a lion in defence of the Holy See with tongue and pen. Newman defended Manning, as we have seen, against critics. But his own chief concern in all those years was that the necessity of Temporal Power to the Vicar of Christ should not be represented as an article of faith, for he thought the Temporal Power was doomed and also he knew that such a doctrine was keeping some from coming into the Church. It is interesting to note that Don Bosco in those years before 1870 was very much disapproved by the monsignori of the Papal Household because he warned them that Rome would be taken from the Pope, yet the Pope himself trusted him and consulted him, and after 1870 employed him as an intermediary with the new government.

Cardinal Wiseman and Provost Manning at this time founded an Academia in London for the reading and discussion of papers on questions bearing upon religion. Newman was persuaded by Manning to join it. He consented reluctantly, for he had been treated unjustly and unkindly by the Cardinal not intentionally (for of intentional injustice or unkindness Wiseman was incapable), but from forgetfulness and neglect and variability. It was now reported that the Cardinal's inaugural address would deal with the question of the Temporal Power in the most uncompromising spirit. Newman felt so strongly the unwisdom of this policy in Britain that he wrote confidentially to Manning (June, 1861) that in such a case he would not remain a member of the Academia: "You will not fancy me capable of writing anything like a threat, but I am obliged to write this; else you will say, when the event took place, 'You should have given me a hint beforehand.'" Manning replied in a spirit truly friendly: "As the list of the Academia is not yet known, would you think it well to wait a while till you see its character before you join it? Not to join is easy enough. To withdraw afterwards has many circumstances of ill."

In April Doellinger at Munich had lectured on the Roman Question and expanded his lecture into a book (published in

the autumn) Kirche und Kirchen, which had great influence in Germany. He defended the need for the Pope's temporal Kingdom, but asserted that its actual government had become intolerable and must be reformed. 'It was made much more clear,' says Acton, "that the Popes had governed badly than that the Pope's Supremacy was advantageous to Britain and Russia."

The spirit was unsympathetic. 'A gap was now apparent between Doellinger's spirit and that of the very men whom he most esteemed. Newman, even when he was most angry (at the treatment he received from the Propaganda) assiduously distinguished the Pontiff from his Court.⁶ Newman, as Acton informs us, sometimes agreed with Doellinger in the letter but seldom in the spirit, and already distrusted Doellinger as a man in whom the theologian lived at the mercy of the scholar, and whose burden of superfluous learning blunted the edge and point of his mind.'

In the November number of *The Rambler* Acton propagated as a disciple Doellinger's opinions, while Simpson combined Acton's learning with his own wit in a severe censure of Manning's lectures in spite of Newman's defence of Manning

In January, 1862, when the Bishop of Birmingham was in Rome about some difference with the Cardinal, who was represented there by Manning, Newman wrote: "It is a great sorrow to me that one of my dearest friends, Dr Manning, should be on the opposite side to your Lordship." Manning's letter of October in that year shows the same friendly spirit for Newman. It was, then, in 1863 that the estrangement on Manning's part began, and it was in July, 1863, that he showed that he felt some kind of hostility to the Oratory School.

In November, 1863, we find Newman replying to some difficulties sent to him by Mr. Brownlow, an Anglican clergyman, who soon became a Catholic and afterwards was made

⁶"There will necessarily be always around the Pope second-rate people who are not subjects of that supernatural wisdom which is his prerogative."—Newman, July 6, 1859, to Acton.

Bishop of Clifton: "Dr. Manning could not have made it a condition of your reception that you should believe in the Pope's Temporal Power as inseparable from his office as Vicar of Christ. He would have to put a catechism in your hands, and you would not have found that doctrine in authorized catechisms."

Nevertheless, Newman in the Apologia in the following summer, in spite of the unfriendly article in *The Dublin*, made a friendly reference to Manning: 'The following three letters (in 1843) are written to a friend who had every claim upon me to be frank with him, Archdeacon Manning.'

This should be remembered because the blundering Purcell suggested that Manning's opposition to Newman began in annoyance because his name was not mentioned in the Apologia. Nevertheless we find Manning half a year later writing to Mgr. Talbot that "Dr. Maguire and Oakeley (Canons of Westminster) have been literally playing the fool about Newman in this Kingsley affair." So that they were capable of putting his name on the Terna for a successor to Wiseman.

The Church of England.

Meantime a fresh source of variance had arisen about a passage at the end of the Apologia.⁷ Now soon after this Pusey, in consequence of a certain judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, published a pamphlet in which he said some 'Roman Catholics recognized the Church of England as in God's hands the great bulwark against infidelity in Britain, and rejoiced in all the workings of the Holy Ghost in her 'while others triumphed in every victory of Satan in her.' Pusey was thought by some to be here referring to Newman's remark (though in fact he had not even read that part of the Apologia: 'I could not go through the parting

⁷Newman there had said that the State Church was a serviceable breakwater against doctrinal errors more fundamental than its own (e.g., against Unitarianism, or Pantheism).

over again; so, by force of the pain, I stopped short, and whatever you said, I have not seen it.' P. to N. 1865, Nov. 18). Manning wrote a reply to Pusey entitled, a Letter to Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., and in this, assuming Pusey was drawing from the Apologia, he denied the truth of Pusey's statement about some Catholics having such a good opinion of the Church of England, and without mentioning the name of Newman or the Apologia, explained away the statement in such a way as to seem to be correcting it. Newman naturally was not pleased with this, for his own statement had implied that the Church of England had errors, and those fundamental; and a 'breakwater' is not a 'bulwark' which is an integral part of the thing defended, whereas a breakwater is external to it.

In the Autumn of 1865 Pusey published another book called *An Eirenicon*, in which he wrote, 'The saying (about the Church of England being a bulwark) was not mine, but that of one of the deepest thinkers and observers in the Roman Church.' Many again thought that this meant Newman. A review of the *Eirenicon* in *The Weekly Register* (which was written by Father Lockhart, though not signed) mentioned Newman by name. Newman at once wrote to the *Register* repudiating the phrase. It is not known whom Pusey meant—perhaps Doellinger, perhaps Acton. Newman, a month later in his Letter addressed to Pusey concerning the *Eirenicon*, spoke of the misapprehension:—'Dr. Manning, now our Archbishop, replied to you, asserting, as you say, the contradictory of that statement' (about the Bulwark). In that counter-assertion he was at the time generally considered (rightly or wrongly, as it may be) though writing to you, to be really glancing at my *Apologia* and correcting it, without introducing my name, where he thought it needed correction.'

This public exposure of his misapprehension rankled in Manning's mind. *Tantaene animis coelestibus irae!* Thirteen years later, when it was proposed that Newman should be honored with a Cardinal's hat, he said to Ullathorne, who was promoting that elevation of Newman: "You don't know Newman as I do. He bamboozles you with his carefully selected

words and plays so subtly with his logic that your simplicity is taken in. He twists you around his little finger.⁸

Ullathorne then told Manning: "It is you who do not know Newman. There is not an honest man in the world—a hater of all duplicity and intrigue: his only aim in this world is the advancement of religion." To this testimony one may add the words of Pope Leo XIII. spoken ten years after he had made Newman a Cardinal to Lord Selborne as recorded on the very day by the latter's daughter: "Father gave the Pope Cardinal Newman's message and His Holiness's face lit up as he said, "My Cardinal! I always had a cult for him. I determined to honor the Church in honoring such a man."

Meantime in 1864 other questions had arisen. The summer of 1864 saw the publication of Newman's *Apologia*, and the rise of his popularity helped on the growth of respect for the Catholic clergy and religion. Garibaldi had come in April ostensibly to consult physicians, and had received a great welcome from the Liberal party, especially from the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Gladstone. It was as displeasing to the Court and the English nobility and most of the Conservatives as it was to the Italian and French Courts; and Queen Victoria at length insisted with her Liberal Prime Minister that he should get him out of the country. Cardinal Wiseman in a Pastoral Letter denounced Garibaldi as an atheist,* and gravely censured those who were idolizing him; and scarcely was he gone when the Cardinal was invited to deliver the lecture upon Shakespeare at the National celebration of the poet's Tercentenary both by the National Shakespeare Committee and by the Trade Unions of

⁸I consider it the only mistake in Abbot Butler's *Life of Ullathorne* to place the whole of this conversation on the day on which Ullathorne told it, that is nine years after Newman was made a Cardinal, and when Manning had abandoned all his old policies for new and opposite ones, and when Ullathorne had resigned the bishopric of Birmingham and had no official relations with either of them. It would be altogether unlike Manning to go to Oscott and speak there of Newman in this way at a time when Newman was too old and feeble for any kind of public action.

*The Cardinal was accused by some of calumniating Garibaldi. As G's atheism is known by his own word as well as his friends', any one who denies it, as Prof. G. Macaulay Trevelyan does, must be a systematic misrepresenter.

London; and though he did not live to discharge this function, the great funeral which London gave him,—far surpassing the one which that city had recently given to its own Protestant Bishop,—showed a generous repentance for the madness of 1851 against the restoration of the hierarchy.

University Education.

Parliament had lately thrown open the Universities to Catholic students. In the Autumn of 1864 the Bishop of Birmingham, in whose diocese Oxford was, offered the Oxford Mission to the Oratory, and hoped that Newman would be able to raise money to build a church and priest's house suitable to the dignity which the Catholic religion should have in such a city, as at the present there was only a shabby little chapel in a back lane. Newman hoped to be able later on to open there a branch Oratory dependent on the Birmingham Oratory during his own life.

It is evident that Newman's residence there would attract some Catholics. Cardinal Wiseman had formerly advocated the education of Catholics at Oxford. But now he had changed under the persuasion of Manning and W. G. Ward, and unfortunately did not let people know of his change, so that Ullathorne and Newman went on blindly supposing that they had his sympathy. In fact Manning and Ward induced him to instigate Rome secretly to put a stop to the design. In principle, of course, they were right in their opposition, but there were exceptional circumstances in England, and experience has proved that the dangers they feared could easily be averted. They deserve our admiration for their fidelity to the right principle, but not for imagining that Newman differed in principle from them. Ward indeed went much further than Manning. The latter desired to see a Titular Bishopric conferred upon Newman. But Ward, who had become totally estranged from Newman, openly acknowledged his anxiety to keep him from any position or place in which he would have influence. Ward was a good, honest man, and a loyal, zealous

Catholic, as well as a man of the very highest intelligence in all abstract science, such as mathematics and metaphysics, though not in questions where wisdom and judgment were required. But St. Paul warned Timothy (and all bishops) not to ordain a neophyte lest his heart should be lifted up with pride and he become a servant of the devil; and undoubtedly Wiseman's appointment of a layman, a married man, a convert, and a new convert, one who had never received a theological training, to the chair of dogmatic theology in St. Edmund's even after he had shown his unfitness to be in a Seminary at all, and now again his appointment as editor of a religious and theological review, had turned Ward's head, so that with good intentions he unconsciously 'did the devil's work,' while presumptuously accusing others unjustly, even priests, of doing it⁹

In the beginning of 1865 Wiseman died and the question of the succession became very complicated. The possibility that Newman's name might be placed upon the Terna seems to have made Manning very indignant and angry, and then began his habit of writing his misconceptions of Newman to Mgr. Talbot in Rome, who was very close to the Pope; for at a time when many people in Ireland were imagining that the Pope was under English influence, he in fact was taking the advice of an Irishman in governing the Church in England. No one doubts that the Pope in appointing Manning made the wisest choice. There was no likelihood at all of Newman. Newman might have made no better a bishop than Wiseman,

⁹Many of us have had a partiality for Wiseman, thinking him an Irishman. But he never regarded himself as an Irishman; he regarded himself as an Englishman with some Irish blood in his veins and with Irish connections; he was very fond of his Irish relatives and always very kind to them, but did not regard them as his countrymen except in so far as Ireland and England were parts of one whole. After all, this was not unnatural. If an Irish family, one of the O's or the Macs, left Ireland in 1600 for North America, and went from there to Spain in 1750, and from there to Ireland in 1806, the sons growing up in Ireland and in the Irish College, Rome, would consider themselves Irishmen, not Americans. Abbot Butler judges that much of the opposition to Wiseman was opposition to Manning. With more truth it might have been said—opposition to Ward. Wiseman also appointed an Eton and Oxford man Rector of the English College in Rome, as if Eton and Oxford could qualify any one to train clerics.

but he had humility enough to think himself unqualified for the work of a bishop and had always carefully avoided the mitre. But now he did not affect any enthusiasm over the appointment of Manning; he was polite and friendly but nothing more, and he made it clear that he would not accept a titular bishopric from Manning.

A Zealot and Mischief Maker

Ward on the day when Manning was consecrated, hearing the new Archbishop speak in praise of Newman to a common friend, sat down as soon as he went home and wrote a letter in protest which plainly was inspired by the devil and is alone enough to show what a mischievous meddler this wrong-headed zealot was. Both Abbot Butler and Dr. William Barry have explained to the Catholic public how much harm this fanatical man of extremes did, all the more because of his great talents and his good intentions. Perhaps Newman on account of his wonderful gifts needed to be buffeted by an angel of Satan, and perhaps Ward was that angel of Satan. Newman did not realize how busy Ward was in trying to stir up Manning against him as a teacher. He had written lately, "I am safe in the Dublin Review from the kindness which Ward feels for me there." Unfortunately this confidence in Ward was not well founded.

In the end of 1865 Newman's Letter to Pusey in reply to some of the latter's difficulties and objections, made a reference to Manning signifying that but for his office Manning might be classed with Faber and Ward, that is, as converts, they were not witnesses to the traditions of the Church in England—men of great ability entitled to have their own opinions, but not authorities whose opinions must be accepted by everybody. In the following March, Ward was preparing to publish a very severe censure upon Newman's pamphlet, and his language about it in conversation was very violent; but Manning after some correspondence with Ullathorne and other bishops induced him to suppress it. Of course it must be admitted that Ward was a man of real ability and that his own opinions were

not erroneous. Twice in my life in different places and times I have seen old bluffers teaching and preaching erroneous or heretical opinions, yet posing as standards of orthodoxy and calumniating their brethren — either from conceit and presumption or from envy and malice or in order to divert attention from their own errors — and also posing as models of scholarship and culture and trying to imitate scholars as the clown at a fair apes the acrobat. Ward of course was not such a character. He was a good and honest and learned man, perfectly free from envy and malice against anybody, but full of “zeal without wisdom.” I am afraid, from Newman’s letters on this occasion, that he thought too well of Ward and not well enough of Manning. (N. to Miss Bowles, Jan. 3, 1867 mis-dated ’66, in *Life*, ch. XXIV.)

Again in 1866 the Oxford question was again brought up by Ullathorne and some other bishops. To Newman personally it could only be painful to reside in Oxford and meet in the streets old acquaintances or friends now estranged, as well as old antagonists; but when he had worked himself up to undertake it as a duty, it could not be pleasant to be forbidden by the Propaganda. Here again it was not Manning but Ward, and Vaughan as Ward’s tool, that instigated the Propaganda. Manning wrote that Newman should not be subjected to the slight of a personal prohibition. (Ullathorne said that Newman was under a dispensation of mortifications). In the summer of 1866 the enemies of the Holy See were growing bolder and more aggressive in consequence of their acquirement of Venice by means of the Prussians’ defeat of Austria which was regarded as a defeat for Catholicism. The spirit of the Mazzinians and Garibaldians was very different from that which had animated our great Irish Liberator. O’Connell¹⁰ never held that the end

¹⁰I must confess to my shame that when I was writing about O’Connell I forgot the great service which he rendered to this country in the Forties when the American people were not so friendly to us as they now are. In the disputes about the boundary the Jingoës of the U.S. who were blustering about war, developed a great sympathy for Ireland and sent O’Connell a large sum of money. The Irish chief, in-

justifies the means: he said, "When the right thing is done in the right way it always comes right;" and this was all the more honorable to him because he was obliged to ally himself with the British party of 'Progress' who were by no means so conscientious and principled in opposition as he and his party were. In the month of October there were prayers and sermons for the Pope in the diocese of Birmingham. Newman denounced the enemies of the Holy See, with an energy of zeal and indignation which caused him to stamp his foot, as "a band of sacrilegious robbers." Throughout this and the following year, Manning, instigated by Ward, was misrepresenting Newman to Mgr. Talbot in Rome. The Pope at last took the step of consulting Cullen, who cleared Newman so successfully that the Pope wished to invite him as a theologian to the Vatican Council, and so did the majority of the English bishops too.

In the summer of 1867, a correspondence was carried on between Manning and Newman, at first through the mediation of Oakeley. It became clear that each did not trust the other's sincerity, and the root of this distrust on Manning's part was his absurd belief that Newman had attacked him in *The Rambler* six years before. This correspondence may be read in Purcell. Newman gave evidence from his Diary of his having written as many as a dozen letters in those years (1859-61) to Acton and Simpson, warning them that their review deserved to be silenced. He had too much self-respect to mention the letters in defence of Manning (if he had kept any record of them) that he had written to them. Manning could not be got to say that he regretted having wronged Newman by this belief; he could not be got to say that he now disbelieved the story. It must be said that he comes out of this correspondence no better than Kingsley. In fact, he continued to nurse this calumny

dignant at this attempt to make a catspaw out of him and his people, flung the money back in their face, and in order to put a stop to their machinations in Ireland, publicly declared that he would not disgrace the cause of Irish freedom by condescending to accept their dirty money. If they could have hoped to excite a rebellion in Ireland, we might have had the trouble of teaching over again the lesson of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, and Chateaugay.

against Newman. Twenty years later, in his old age, when his memory had been overpowered by his imagination and his feelings, he wrote in his reminiscences, "An article appeared against me in *The Rambler*, then edited by Newman (not edited by Newman). The internal evidence led others as well as myself to believe it to be his." (Newman edited *Rambler* May-July, 1859. The article against Manning in Nov. 1861). To appreciate this "reminiscence" at its true value we must compare it with one about Montalembert:—"Going home from the Vatican Council, I saw Montalembert, already in his last illness. He at once declared his submission to the Council like a true Catholic. He was a noble, chivalrous soul with a gift of eloquence beyond his fellows." This visit must have been made in Purgatory, as Montalembert had then been dead for four months. Moreover, Manning cannot have returned through France at all, as the Franco-German war was then raging. In like manner Herbert Vaughan, though the Pope had forbidden the honor of a public Requiem in Rome for Montalembert because he was an inopportunist, delivered a panegyric on him as the model of a Catholic layman, to the students of Stonyhurst. Yet he, though always magnanimous to personal opponents, could not get himself to say a word of praise of Cardinal Newman when he died. But of course Montalembert had two advantages over Newman with those gentlemen and saintly men. In the first place, he was not a fellow countryman; and in the next place, he was not a brother in the same profession with them. Manning, however, was not so narrow-minded as Vaughan then was. When Newman died, Manning preached in the most manly way a magnificent panegyric worthy of his subject and worthy of the orator. But is it comic or is it tragic to think of Manning first imagining that Newman had anonymously attacked him and then forgiving him for an injury which he had not committed? Such is the tangled web of human life. From 1867 there was no communication for years between these two great men, and of course no cooperation or understanding. Ward, after 1870, devoted himself to the more useful task of refuting the empirical philosophy expounded by

Mill and Bain. For this work he was unrivalled. His essays on the fundamental principles of Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, and Natural Theology are unequalled by anything in their own line in the English language, and unsurpassed in any other. When he spoke of Newman's Grammar of Assent, he did so with enthusiastic admiration, and he spoke with fairness of the Reply to Gladstone's attack on what was called Vaticanism.

Coming Together Again

Manning, in 1875, took Newman's part in Rome against English fanatics who were making complaints against the Reply to Gladstone because they were not able to distinguish between Apologetic and Dogma, or between ad hominem and ad rem arguments; and when Manning received the Cardinalate, Newman wrote to him a very warm letter of congratulation signed "Yours affectionately." The elevation of Newman by Pope Leo in 1879, was meant as the signal of a new policy. When the Pope was asked about his intended policies, he said, "When you see my first Cardinal, you will know what my policies are." This step could not be pleasing to Manning but he made a virtue of necessity. When writers came to Newman looking for facts for their sketches about him, he said, "Mind, let bygones be bygones." As both men grew old, no doubt memories of old "lang syne" came back to them and nearer things were forgotten as well as forgiven. When Manning settled the London Dock Strike in 1889, Newman, though unable to write legibly, sent him a dictated letter of congratulation which touched his heart, and he replied:—Your letter of this morning is as grateful to me as it was unlooked for, and I thank you for it very heartily. I was rejoiced to see the other day the words you spoke in Church about Giordano Bruno. They showed the old energy of days now past for both of us. Do not forget me in your prayers; every day I remember you at the altar. Believe me always Yours affectionately.

Lives of Newman

The history of a dissension, even when followed by a reconciliation, cannot be altogether pleasant. But it must be remembered that it all forms only a very small part of the character and life of either man, and it has received a very crude and disproportionate treatment in both Purcell's Manning and Ward's Newman. Father Dominic Devas, O.F.M., remarks that some modern Lives of St. Francis which are both orthodox and accurate in details, yet give a false impression: "Only too often, from such a Life we carry away a picture of harassed man, harassed by life's inevitable disappointments, by administrative cares, by wayward moods of wrath and resignation, under a mass of details." This is what happened to Ward's Newman. The real Newman was a happy cheerful man. He himself writes to Henry Wilberforce in 1846: "It is so wonderful to find myself here in the Propaganda so happy, as if there had been no violent rupture or vicissitude in my life—nay, more quiet and happy than before. I was happy at Oriel, happier at Littlemore, as happy or happier still at Maryvale, and happiest here. At least whether I can rightly compare different times or not, how happy is this very thing, that I should ever be thinking the state of life in which I happen to be, the happiest of all."

A friend of Newman who knew him during the last thirty years of his life, writes to me: "I can sympathize with your feeling about Ward's portrayal of Newman. It is not the real man, who, even when he had most reason to be depressed, never moped. Ward somehow contrives that an occasional outbreak of agony, confided to a diary or to a most intimate friend, should represent the normal condition of a man who went about his daily work and lived his life in quite a normal manner. And then the comforts of religion were very real to him. The real thing is to read Ward's material without reading Ward."

In fact Wilfred Ward, though an admirer of Newman's writings and ideas, had grown up among people who were

Newman's opponents and critics, though trying to be fair, and afterwards he fell in with a set such as Acton, who were censuring Newman for an opposite reason, because he was not the Liberal that W. G. Ward and Manning imagined him to be. **Stat virtus in medio.** The truth, as Tertullian observes, is always crucified between two extremes. In fact Wilfred Ward recognized himself that his picture of Newman was not correct in its proportions and its coloring, and tried to make amends in his later lectures on Newman.

Those who injured Newman used to say that he was sensitive. My own opinion after long years of study is that he was sensitive to being misjudged by his ecclesiastical Superiors and to calumnies which denied his soundness in the faith and his loyalty to the Church and the Holy See; he was also sensitive to unfaithfulness and hostility or unkindness and ingratitude on the part of men to whom he was a friend and whom he had believed to be his friends. But in the ordinary conflicts of life he was not sensitive, but went his own way with an indifference almost contemptuous. In controversies about personal calumnies he sometimes used the language of asperity because he had learned from experience that if he used good-humored language people did not believe him to be in earnest and did not take his denials seriously.

The same friend of Newman whom I have quoted above, writes: "J.H.N. was always calm and self-possessed—always seemed to do and say the right thing without effort. It did not strike me at the time as extraordinary. It seemed to me almost a part of his old age. But looking back—being old oneself—and having learned all that he had endured, it does seem marvellous. I am not inclined to think that his health suffered permanent injury from the Littlemore austerities and anxieties. What, after a sound constitution preserved him was his extraordinary equanimity. The St. Athanasius and the Development are almost miraculous when one thinks of the anxieties under which they were written. One would say, if there were only internal evidence to go upon, they must have

been written by a man who had nothing to think about but his book."

W. G. Ward, in the *Dublin Review*, April 1878, noticing a new edition of the *Development*, writes: "When one considers the circumstances of extraordinary excitement and the other innumerable disadvantages under which the original work was written, there is one fact about this new edition which impresses us as an absolute marvel—the fact that, in republishing it after thirty-three years of Catholic life, Fr. Newman has found no need of making any one theological retraction. This fact illustrates a peculiarity of his which is evidenced in a hundred other ways—namely, his very unusual power of uniting with the keenest emotional susceptibility profound and unruffled thought.





THE LATE GERTRUDE LAWLER, M.A., LL.D.

GERTRUDE LAWLER, M.A., LL.D.

(Written for St. Joseph Lilies).

By Alfred Baker, M.A., LL.D., Professor Emeritus of Mathematics, and Former Dean of the Faculty of Arts, University of Toronto.

An institution with a curriculum constructed as is that of the University of Toronto affords opportunity for the cultivation of many intellectual aptitudes; especially do its Honor Courses encourage and add to these aptitudes in a very marked degree. Some one in the old days said, "The University of Toronto is a place where a man can learn something of everything and everything of something." In the main, however, the members of the Faculty of Arts have to be content to discover in individual students a single mental bias which can advantageously be advanced,—the severely logical leaning of the mathematician, the fondness of the physicist or chemist for a pure science with exact laws, the love for botany or zoology with their association with animated nature even if the laws be more obscure, the charm of belles lettres, the humanism of economics and civil polity, the wide generalizations and subtleties of philosophy, the great memory of the linguist. At times there appears amongst the students a mentality that travels with equal ease any of these avenues of intellectual activity. The performances of such students are usually remembered years, even generations, after graduation,—Thomas Moss with three gold medals at graduation (afterwards Chief Justice of Ontario), James Loudon with honours in Classics and Gold Medal in Mathematics (afterwards President of the University), J. M. Gibson, with the Prince of Wales General Proficiency prize at graduation (afterwards Lieutenant Governor of Ontario and K.C.M.G.), J. D. Cameron (afterwards Judge of the Superior Court of Manitoba), and E. P. Davis (afterwards leader of the British Columbia Bar) with their brilliantly broad courses, H. J. Cody with triple honours and great distinction as an undergraduate (after distinguished divine,

Minister of Education and Chairman of the Board of Governors). To this remarkable class with its varied mentality and varied intellectual sympathies belonged Gertrude Lawler.

In considering the character and estimating the worth of Miss Lawler's undergraduate career it is not necessary to go through the entire four years, and the Third Year may be selected as illustrative of all. Here we find she won Honours in Physics, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, History, Economics, Civil Polity, General Jurisprudence and Mental Philosophy. She was awarded the Special University Gold Medal for General Proficiency. We note here six distinct groups: Physics with both the mathematical and experimental treatment of the subject; English Literature; the Modern Language group; History; what may be called the Political Science group; and Philosophy. When we consider the diversified character of the work here set forth we are justified in regarding Gertrude Lawler's career as one of the most remarkable in a University where remarkable talent is by no means uncommon.

Her abilities and consequent success were so outstanding as to place her quite beyond any feeling of envy on the part of her fellow-students with whom she enjoyed a deserved popularity, a popularity that was enhanced by her gracious manner, her singularly musical voice and her complete freedom from any suggestion of egotism or self-consciousness.

In 1927 the University conferred on her the well-earned honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, in recognition not only of her academic distinction, but of her remarkable success as a teacher.

In conclusion I wish to state that I feel it my duty to offer this tribute to the memory of one of my most brilliant students.

University of Toronto, Dec. 2, 1929.

This is to certify that Gertrude Lawler obtained the following standing in the Faculty of Arts of this University (Toronto).

May, 1887, First Year.—First Class Honours in Honour English, French, German and Mathematics. Pass in Latin and Chemistry.

May, 1888, Second Year.—First class Honours in Honour English, German, Second Class Honours in Honour French, Mental Philosophy, Logic and Mathematics. Pass in Latin.

May, 1889, Third Year.—First Class Honours in Honour History, French, German and General Jurisprudence. Second Class Honours in Honour English, Italian, Spanish, Mental Philosophy, Civil Polity, Economics and Physics.

May, 1890, Fourth Year.—First Class Honours in Ethnology; Second Class Honours in Italian, Spanish and Mathematics; Third Year Honours in English, French, German.

June, 1890.—Degree of B.A.

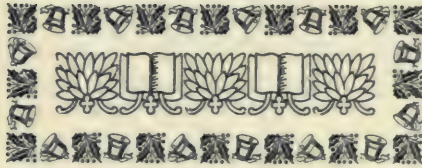
June, 1892—Degree of M.A.

June, 1927—LL.D. conferred.

(Signed)

A. B. FENNELL,

Acting Registrar.



The Crib

By P. J. Coleman, M.A.

There is holly and ivy about His bed
And a great star shines in the sky o'erhead.
There's a litter of straw, all fresh and gold,
Strewn on the floor of the stable cold.
And out of the dark a heifer's eyes
Look on the Babe with meek surprise.
There is Mary, the maiden undefiled,
Who holds on her lap the little Child.
And Joseph, the way-worn carpenter,
Who looketh with eyes of love on her.
There's a shepherd man that a sheepskin wears
And a little white lamb on his shoulders bears.
There's a swarthy prince from a country far
Who followed the light of the great white star,
And a crimson king in a golden crown
Who layeth a casket of jewels down.
Ah, scarlet berries as blood-drops red,
Bright holly berries beside His bed!
You tell of the blood that one day He
Shall shed on the hill of Calvary!
Your sharp points tell of the crown of thorn
The little gold head shall wear in scorn.
And the purple robe, and the blood shall fall
From the delicate flesh in Pilate's hall!
You tell of the seven-fold sword shall pierce
The heart of the Mother with anguish fierce;
And the far-off day that shall darken the joy
Of her now bending above her Boy!
But she keepeth all these things in her heart,
And hides with a smile her sorrow's smart.

THE OUTCOME OF IT

By Caroline D. Swan

Every one was out shopping. Gay crowds filled the big establishments, adorned to their utmost, overhung with wreathed fir and evergreens. Boughs of holly with shining red berries peeped out everywhere in joyous welcome. And with them were knots and innumerable bows of scarlet ribbon.

A poor little fellow, apparently a newsboy, with dark eyes and Italian features, stood at a crossing, looking on at the merry scene, half enjoying it in sympathy and yet half crushed by awareness that none of it was or would be his. Poor Pietro! He represented the sorrowful half of things—the dark side of the moon, as it were, with no silvery shining.

Christmas was coming, to be sure, but not to him. A tree there might be, but he had no claim to its gifts. If he went to one, crowding in among a lot of stray children, it would not be a joy to him. He was proud, in his way—this little Sicilian—and often refused charity. If he were only once again, in his own dear land, that would be home. And the Bambino, too, would really be there, in blessing!

A familiar voice broke in upon his meditations. It was that of the kind young painter, who often used him as a model. "Christmas is coming, Pietro! Cheer up! You look as if a sorrow were coming." "The Festa is sad here," murmured the lad, whose face had nevertheless brightened at sight of the new-comer.

In Art circles Hugh Murray was popular. His work was admired and, as for himself, people liked him. "A good fellow," he was called by those of his set. "What a pity," they say, "that He's a Catholic! He has lots of talent."

He knew all this; and there were times when he felt as forlorn as poor Pietro. He fought these moods, however, and generally dispelled them by going to visit the poor or bestowing a gift in charity.

To cheer up Pietro was now the duty of the moment and he set about it skilfully. "Come with me, laddie!" he said. "We'll go down to Ventura's."

"The boy is doubtless hungry and weary," he said to himself. "Lunch at an Italian restaurant is a remedy for such moods. Ventura's is a bit of Italy!"

Pietro smiled and gladly followed his employer.

"There goes your friend, the painter, with one of his proteges," cried Elinor James suddenly. "That lad would do for a great picture."

"As a youthful Christ in the Temple," said the other young lady, her companion. "So he would!" This last, the result of closer looking at Pietro. The speakers were in a splendid "auto," ready to start off, but apparently waiting for someone.

Constance De Forest, though born to the purple and the petted child of wealth had certainly retained much simplicity and dignity, despite pressures adapted to destroy both. She had met the artist once or twice at her uncle's, whose portrait the young man had painted, and the latter had never forgotten the lovely face that had been drifted within his ken. To-day he had missed sight of her in the whirl of rushing crowds.

And she would not have seen him, had not her cousin Elinor spied him out.

"He will paint a great picture one of these days," the latter declared, gravely. "It is in him to do it." "He is no ordinary man," assented the other quietly swinging the conversation into other channels. Having voiced their tribute of admiration, all was said.

At Ventura's Pietro became his natural self again. His melancholy vanished, as the painter had hoped. The warmth and brightness, the tempting food, and, above all, the accents of his own mother-tongue created for the lad an atmosphere of joy. The place was a resort for musicians, and, as the strains of a delightful Venetian gondolier song floated into his soul, Pietro began to sing, also. The music-lovers turned their heads to listen. The notes rang out so pure and sweet, the intonation seemed so rare, so beautiful, that interest deep-

ened into wonder. An excellent musician whom the artist knew slightly, came up to their table and accosted him.

"So you have a singing-bird here—a young nightingale?" Hugh laughingly assented. "What does he know? Can you sing 'Die Heilige Nacht,' my little lad?" Pietro nodded. "Come with me, then, and sing it! They will play it nicely for us." And in a trice Pietro was gone.

This time his singing won a round of applause. Returning with the boy at last, the old musician had a question to ask. "Signor Murray, this lad who is he? A news-boy? No, never again! The world wants him."

Hugh Murray never forgot that Christmas. And the Blessed Mother to whom he was so devout, surely did not forget him.

Pietro's success had far-reaching consequence. It ended his career as a newsboy, though he still sat for his friend occasionally, as a model. He was put into training under an eminent musician and often called upon to sing.

"I should really like to hear him!" said Elinor James to her cousin. "My brother Charles, who is in one of the best bands here, says the men of his set call the lad a wonder." "I should like it too," assented Constance. "But we can't go down into an Italian restaurant or any such place for the sake of his song. You see, Elinor, it wouldn't be proper."

"Why can't we give a little musicale ourselves, inviting Signor Murray and his young friend?"

"That might do, perhaps." Then the two began discussing details, having agreed that the entertainment should be at the De Forest home.

"You must invite the painter, Constance. Ask him, yourself. Then, he will come! He will do anything you say."

"Why do you think that?" said Constance to whom this was absolutely a new idea.

Elinor laughed. "It is in his eyes, dear. He doesn't mean it—doesn't know it, even—he is grave and eminently proper. but his soul looks out through them. I have seen it, dear! It speaks for itself. It is like an astronomer's gaze into the heavens."

“Why, Elinor, you are romancing beyond everything. Nonsense, my dear! Pure nonsense,” returned Constance, quietly taking up afresh the practical points under discussion.

She gave the artist his invitation easily and gracefully. His acceptance was prompt, gladly promising also to bring Pietro. It would be an advantage to the lad. Yet, all the time, he knew it for a wonderful happening. The doors of the golden palace had been thrown open and by the princess herself!

Then, as he looked his thanks, Constance saw what Elinor had seen. A rose flush sprang to her cheek, but she kept her poise as a princess should.

The musical evening was a charming affair. Madame De Forest welcomed the painter cordially and Constance saw with delight that her father, who was hard to please, was apparently attracted to him. The few pictures he had to show his guest were choice and well hung. And, starting from these, the two men talked of many things.

Pietro’s singing was warmly commended and everything went so smoothly that Hugh Murray forgot his sharp distrust of society people. Somehow, amid all its elegance this house kept the beautiful atmosphere of a home.

As for Constance, through the days that followed, despite her courtesy and kindness, though Hugh Murray felt both as exquisite—he yet saw himself making no progress in her good graces. She would neither coax nor run after this painter, much as she admired him.

“Listen, Constance,” said Elinor one day rather urgently. “Do you know that Signor Murray has a lovely new creation down in that studio of his?”

“I dare say,” was the quiet reply. “It would not be a surprise to either of us.”

“But truly, dear, this is more powerful than anything he has yet done.”

“I should like to see it. And I will, too, if I can persuade Father to look it up and take me with him.” No more would the princess vouchsafe.

But as little of importance, in way of Art, escaped John

De Forest, one fine day found him at Murray's studio with his pretty daughter. Both were surprised at what they saw, bewildered by the beauty flashed upon them.

They felt, first, the extreme delicacy of a blue-gray sky lost in graduations of mist at the horizon-line, to fall again into bluer darkness in the valley below. It was nearing sunset and upon this gray-blue lay films of scarlet cloud—thin, yet brilliant and very real.

A wind was blowing, an evening wind powerful enough to swing the fierce boughs of a heavy-leaved tree in the foreground. It was a force that could be felt.

And in the middle distance lay a sheet of water, reflecting a line of electric lights whose intense fire pierced its quivering deeps.

The whole thing was alive.

"Those lights are spiritual forces," said Constance, at last finding her voice.

"Even so. And with power to pierce the world-gloom to its utmost deeps." The father's thought had been one with hers.

"But will the world understand?" she queried. "That doubt remains."

"Partially, perhaps. It is all we can hope for."

A silence ensued. "Now go back to that ethereal sky, father dear! How divinely it lies afar and above the whole! The more force below, the more lofty its floating; its thin carmine quiet in the heavenly breath, undisturbed, imperceptibly, soaring, conscious of its own Paradise."

And what of the man who had evolved this? The strange thing was that neither father nor daughter were surprised.

"It was in him," observed the former, at length.

"Yes," assented the other quietly—an assent that meant much.

Presently an opportunity came to say a few words to the artist. John De Forest made the most of it. "How can we thank you enough for having created this lovely thing? We both know what it means."

“Indeed, we do,” added Constance, in warm eagerness. “We know what it means—the stir and brightness of Earth beneath the calm of Heaven.” The painter vainly strove to conceal his joy.

“The picture has been a success,” he said gravely, summoning his self-control. “The crowd comprehends the nearer things; that stir and brighten—the swift motion like their autos—the agitation of those trembling lights, quivering down the water. But that sky, few will love that! You, Mademoiselle onstance, with a small cluster of star-lit souls else.”

“We must thank you again, then!” Said Mr. De Forest, “in the name of these.”

And though Constance was silent, the artist felt a glimmer of withheld tears in her dark eyes.

After this, in some occult way, things changed. She had thought of the painter hitherto as among her most valued acquaintances, indeed, as a possible friend. She and her father were at one in this. But now he seemed to have left the other behind. He had soared away in some realm of spiritual apprehensions whither she could scarcely follow him.

She would have vehemently denied any other or deeper interest in Hugh Murray. She was not given to introspection or self-questioning. Yet something happened.

Going to a concert with her father—her mother was an invalid and rarely went out evenings—luckily, he loved music and that announced was choice—she suddenly perceived the young artist seated not far away from them and with him some lady. The next glance proved it to be her cousin, Elinor. She was conscious of her own thought as sharply sinking away from the high levels of the music, all at once, as if startled. There, she found it far away easy to reason herself back into calm again. Why should not Mr. Murray take Elinor James to a concert? Both were music-lovers and she knew her cousin would not worry much over being unchaperoned. Still it took a sharp bit of self-discipline to lift her up into music-enjoyment again.

Next a blow fell, as if out of the blue. One noon brought

the artist unexpectedly to her door and one glance at his face told of disaster.

"Oh, Mr. Murray!" she cried, trembling. "What is it?"

He drew nearer, for fear of her fainting. "Your father," was the reply, "An automobile accident. No, he is not dead, but severely injured."

She braced up her quivering nerves. Her mother was feeble and must be told carefully. As an only child, the care of both her parents was now to fall upon her.

"They are bringing him home," continued the messenger and his musical voice held tones of unimagined comfort. "Let me help you all I can!"

She never forgot his tender care of her throughout that terrible day. She did not attempt to voice her gratitude; it was understood, she knew. He wanted to be of service and her acceptance of that service would be his reward.

It was clear, from the first, that her father could not recover. A little possible improvement was all that could be hoped for. Hugh Murray became, for Constance, an efficient helper—most people thought him a cousin—always at hand when wanted, quietly effacing himself when the stress was over. Pietro, too, presented himself for service, glad to help the "beautiful lady," as he called her.

For Hugh all this was a measureless delight. How sweet to aid her—to feel that she was beginning to depend on him, glad to ask his advice and accept his assistance! A few days drew them nearer to each other than either was aware. As the pressure of approaching desolation cast deeper shadows and her mother's distress grew more agonizing, the well-meant efforts of neighbors and friends got to be more futile and she found that her cousin Elinor did not know the merest A B C's of helpfulness.

"She is a summer butterfly," thought Constance, trying to be reasonable, "so why expect it of her?"

What folly her little feeling of jealousy had been! "I am stronger now," she murmured. "The power of real pain scatters

visionary things. I have seen the last of such silliness and stand ready to face the music."

Test as to this soon came. An exhibition of fine foreign paintings was announced, where Hugh Murray's presence was called for by his brethren of the brush.

"Go, Mr. Murray, by all means," said Constance, bravely, "and take Elinor."

And Hugh Murray was so simply delighted with this unwitting self-betrayal that for the moment he dared not answer.

Then, he only made sober reply. "I am not tempted, I do not chase after the French School, as you know." But the piercing gaze of his tender eyes said much else and the girl saw he understood more than made for her peace of mind.

As the days went by, she became conscious that he was becoming more and more one of the family.

One day, after he had made his morning call on the invalid, the latter brightened up, to his daughter's great delight. He even gave her a faint smile.

"Well, my dear!" He spoke with an effort, in the feeblest of voices. "Is this the young man you have picked out?"

But no reply came. A fit of coughing intervened. At last came a murmur—"Your mother seems to like him—and that—is a good deal." Indeed it was; Madame De Forest being a sensitive woman with weakened nerves and hard to please.

Next morning as she languidly scanned the local paper a surprise loomed up. "Why, here! What is this, Constance? A formal announcement from your cousin Elinor's mother of her engagement to Doctor James Altman, of Chicago. Who is he, Constance?"

"I am puzzled, mother. Elinor is in society, you know, and has throngs of people about her. Perhaps Mr. Murray can tell us."

Coming in, he brought the desired information. "Dr. Altman? Oh yes! He is a fine fellow."

Again Constance inwardly blushed at her late access of jealousy. How silly she had been! There had been some good reason why Dr. Altman could not take Elinor to that concert

and Mr. Murray had simply been doing duty for his friend. She understood, now. He was always helpful—how kind and gentle and thoughtful she had found him, in her deepest need. Had she no gratitude?

“I wish Dr. Altman could try his new treatment on your father’s case,” said Hugh, one night when the patient seemed unusually feeble, and to this flicker of hope Madame De Forest eagerly responded. It was, verily, a forlorn hope; yet, after a few days’ test, even the nurses had to admit that the sufferer improved. Constance could not restrain her delight. She accosted Hugh eagerly. “You have been so good to us!” she cried. “But you are looking ill, yourself. I am distressed! Is there anything I can do?”

“Yes, dear. Come here to me.”

She looked up with a hesitating smile. Hugh fairly held his breath. He feared to startle her. She was so reticent, so timid, so divinely apart from other women. He could coax her, if she would only come but she would not. She stood gazing at him tenderly, much moved, yet holding her aloofness like a soft barrier between them.

“Come, dear, just a few minutes.”

Some expression that crept into her grave eyes gave him courage. He drew her to him, kissed her soft hair and held her lightly, still half afraid.

“I am fond of you, in a way,” she said, at last. It is only a little love, if that will do.”

“It is a thousand times more than I deserve—more than I dared to hope for.”

She looked at him, still doubtfully. I am here, as you wished. But have I come to stay?”

“Yes, dear! for ever and a day.”

And thus these two found their lives’ happiness.



A Shakespeare-Garden

By Eleanor Rogers Cox.

Mine to have and mine to hold,
Wizardry of red and gold,
Shakespeare wizardry of all
Hues that eye and heart enthrall,
Purple, opal, amethyst,
Blended in a faery mist.

Mine when winter hours are long,
Still to hear the Druid song
Of the streamlet barely seen
Through its flower-entangled screen
'Mid whose sun-flecked bravery
Butterflies hold holiday.

Mine to keep when summer's fled,
All this splendor for me spread,
Mine this bee-sweet fragrance blown,
When the summer scents have flown;
Mine this realm of lasting peace,
Where all mundane tumults cease.

THE BROKEN KEEPSAKE

A War Story Woven Around the Fate of a Hero of 1915 to Whose
Memory It Is Dedicated by the Author.

By Frederick B. Fenton.

At the word "Halt" the battalion had sunk to the road for the sixth time on the forced Vlamontiorjhe-Bailleul night-march, and in the rayless gloom everyman's back was more or less reclined on his pack or thereabouts. Suddenly the bursting of a German star shell threw a thin momentary gleam across the sky. With that and the aid of a few struggling stars Pete could just tell the time—ten past two a.m. Fastened to his wrist watch was half a rosary. Pete fingered it and oddly wondered what had become of the other part. Well, doubtless, it was "somewhere in France" perhaps several parts in several places. Providentially the little tinselled cross hung at the head and shone like a tiny beacon for a moment or two.

"Fall in!" It was the seventh time the command had been given that night. There was a distinctly mechanical ring about it as the slender form of an officer edged around, cheering up his men. The regiment sprung into line just as mechanically, and the forward move was on again.

There was a whisper that the billeting officer had returned. Billets! How restful seemed the word, how kind the thought! Probably at the end of the seventeenth mile they might mean a reality. Pete's eyes closed in semi-sleep. Only his legs worked. Everything but his legs seemed sinking into oblivion; but, of course, everyone was the same way. Half a sentence here and half a sentence there proclaimed that the Regiment "had gone to sleep." The measured thump, thump of sturdy government leather over the Belgian cobblestones beat a martial lullably in a mournful, heavy dirge. From far down the line rang an order: "Keep together; keep in line men!" Pete realized faintly that the man "next" to him had slipped two feet back and the line of "four" behind him had become a line of twos.

He kept going. They were passing through a village and the scent of Spring lilacs bathed the night air deliciously, reviving him. A twisted church spire on the left, a battered cottage on the right reminded him of "things." Suddenly a light flashed up in a window. There was a muffled sound of voices "Put that light out." rang out sharply "Dressing station, Sir."

"Papers."

"Yes, Sir. There is a nun inside attending to two French and a Belgian wounded. A medical officer killed by shell this morning. Nun, last to be leaving village, volunteered aid."

A medical officer, a corporal and three orderlies were detailed off to stop over and assist, and report was to be made by the officer. Then the light vanished and the regiment that had been briefly halted, moved on again. The snapping of a French "75" warned them they were not far from the line of fire. Then somebody muttered: "Well, as far as I am concerned, Fritz can get me to-night, for I won't be awake when he comes over." Several army phrases followed, suggesting the almost ridiculous, but "home was never like this," woke no response. It was, at last out of date, thrown out and discarded as a useless means of awaking filial sentiment, fit only for training days.

Now, they turned up a lane which being narrow the Regiment was more or less "mixed up" and squeezed together. A rifle end jabbed Pete's ear stinging it into feeling again and someone's pack was parked on his nose, like a ship that had docked at an unwelcome port. Pete sneezed and his comrade in front jumped to his senses.

"Wake up. They're going in."

"Where? trenches?"

"Not on your life."

"Where then?"

"A barn, of course; you don't suppose it's the Café de l'Europe."

They filed into the barn-yard by twos. Two ignorant looking French hostlers eyed them cautiously, giving them the "once over."

“All right men.”

There was a scramble for the loft. All got there who could. Many could not, so they sought the stalls.

“Hay! Hay! Hay! send her down!” And down it came. Biff by biff.

Pete was swamped for a minute by an overcoat of the genuine Canadian-like horse food that so charmed his nostrils that he breezed into the air, exclaiming that it was “a good old war” and the “Maple Leaf For Ever” was the finest thing he had ever heard, then sinking into a couch as soft and warm as he could wish, he became “lost to the world.”

To the swishing sound of hay Pete opened his eyes a few hours later. Daylight was streaming in through a small barred window; yet the whole battalion was astir. Fifteen minutes later the mess cooks were handing out steaming stew and hot tea which at least provided a good beginning to an uncertain day. The next thing Pete became aware of was that he was standing by his friend, with whose pack he had come in contact on the march, and whom he had learned was called “Mike.” They were on parade with rifles at the inspection angle. That seemingly unnecessary ceremony over, orders were read by a bronzed, hard-baked looking adjutant, who was nevertheless known to the men as a “dependable sort” when it came to a reasonable request.

Everyone was to be presentably dressed, shaved and buttons cleaned, when in billets, which included barns, stalls and disused sheds. No man was to absent himself when under orders for route marches, duties, etc., on pain of having to be shot while “in the face of the enemy.” Congratulations to the whole regiment were then handed out and woollen sweaters from Canada, were distributed. Every man then reconnoitred the country, or partook of coffee with fried eggs in the neighboring estaminet.

Three hours later the regiment entered the town of Bailleu and were now housed in the comparatively palatial quarters of any empty wine cellar. Equally as fine every man had ample opportunity for ablutions at the “Gendamerie (police station)

opposite, and there was not a man who didn't need a soaking with honest soap and water.

A considerable amount of freedom was allowed here and Pete was glad to meet with Mike again in one of the two beautiful churches that the town possessed. How crowded they were nightly for vespers and Benediction! Soldiers, civilians—women and children, bent in prayer and adoration. Confidences were freely exchanged between the two soldiers and a friendship "whose memory ever lives" struck up as they passed the straggling quaint streets, or the important looking market place of the "old burgh" as they termed it. How the old priest eulogized the Canadians on that one lone Sunday spent there, out of the zone of fire. Little did they all think how soon the community would have to abandon it to the enemy, who would in their turn be duly bombed or driven out by the British.

One day, suddenly, the regiment was marched off. About sunset there was a halt and under a canopy of mingled shells and rain every man found what shelter he could in a wood, and protected himself by ground oil sheets, spread over the but-ends of the rifles whose bayonet points had been plunged into the sodden ground. They awoke to an increasing thunder of guns whose variously measured notes were now familiar, from the vivacious Yap! Yap! of the French "75's" to the heavy drone of the German trillers.

At dawn the regiment was lined up and duties assigned. There was a call for a volunteer who could speak German. Mike held up a hand, then advanced two paces, on the word of command. There was a secret conversation between him and the officer. Something was definitely arranged, he fell back into line.

That evening the men were "going in" and they knew it. Zig-zagging shell-torn roads cut through woods, villages and evidences of once thriving farm lands. The men were talking freely now and Mike was close to Pete. Something fell out of Pete's tunic pocket. Mike stooped and picked it up.

"Where did you get that?"

"I found it on Hill F—.

"It must be the part I lost there when I was rolled over by shell concussion, and my pack pierced by shrapnel."

There Mike displayed a few green disjointed beads exactly similar to the article he had picked up.

"Keep it," said Pete, "It must be yours" handing him the good part. "If I had only known before—"

"Thanks Pete, but don't forget if anything happens to me, its yours again." Then he drew a little note from a wallet "and if you should get back and I don't, find her address, and give her back the rosary she gave me, for Mike's sake." Pete took the note and promised. Under the menacing glare of flashes of lightning, which kept enemy snipers active, they filed, singly, into the trenches. Mute evidence of a raid, in the shape of numerous little sticks and pieces of crossed wood, dotting the ground, showed where the "contemptibles" had driven back the enemy. The British front line lay still farther ahead. As the rain poured down in torrents as many as could found cover under an arching parapet of sandbags, peculiarly formed by the recent bombardment; the work of consolidation not being possible till dawn, while others found isolated shell-hewn spots, now invulnerable to rifle fire.

Dawn gazed down on a sodden host, but a genial sun and hot tea revived sagged spirits and stiffened limbs. And now Pete was gripping Mike's hand, the latter being under orders to report at dawn. A moment more and he was gone. Where to? We knew an dno one cared save Pete.

That nasty little crawler of the sky the German aeroplane, purred constantly overhead and verybody got "fed up" "biting the dust" in other words, lying with faces to the ground, in accordance with orders. This hide and seek war caused many a ripple of merriment among the rank and file, who often fell on top of one another; but to the officers only uneasiness.

There had been steady machine gun fire on both sides, which by noon resulted in a heavy bombardment by the enemy. It was during one of the spasmodic lulls that Pete observed a covered stretcher borne by two men. As he stealthily ap-

proached, one of the men disclosed the grey face of the dead warrior, it was that of Mike. Pete heard the brief story of how he had volunteered and identified a body of men in kilts, who returned to his lines, the penalty of a spy. From Mike's hand suspended a part of a rosary which at the slightest touch fell into Pete's hand—save the little cross that was still clutched by the cold hand. Pete noticed the piece of string to which had been attached Mike's identification disc and taking the little cross, attached it thereto and gently tied the string again around the neck. "Nothing can disturb it now Pete," and "We'll see to that" said the bearers and Pete resumed his position in the trench.

In a ward of a large London Hospital lay a Canadian soldier answering to the name Pete—the time was early morning and the day Christmas Eve. An army nurse glided as quickly from bed to bed, taking temperatures. On reaching his bedside she laid on a small table, half a rosary.

"What were you doing with that Sister?"

"Just using it," she answered timidly.

"You know you can't need it while you sleep."

"Saying one for me, I hope?" he said soldier fashion.

"Yes," she smiled, "and one for someone else too."

His temperature taken she hastened on her way. An atmosphere of cheerful composure borne under conditions of trial pervaded her countenance. She said little but accomplished a great deal.

During the day Pete was allowed up, but his dispirited condition frequently arrested the attention of the nurse, who brought him magazines and cigarettes—always with that same cheerful serene expression that he had learned to prize and almost love during three months of unbroken hospital life.

"Sister," he said, when she came to take temperatures that evening, after supper, "you may use my broken rosary any night you like."

"I have used it every night you have been here," she said.

"That is good; I am glad. There is a tale attached to it I should like you to hear."

"Yes, yes Pete," she answered, "I would love to hear it. Can you keep it for half an hour or so, duty calls me now; but I shall soon be through and would then gladly hear it." Pete willingly consented to wait awhile. The nurse withdrew. She knew how bitterly disappointed he was not to be able to be united with his relatives in London for Christmas Day, and she felt for him.

The holly-decorated chapel room adjoining Pete's ward was crowded that evening—even friends of the soldiers were there and everyone seemed to be availing him and herself of the consolations of the Sacrament of Penance. Pete noticed his nurse among the throng and she in turn, noticed him with his crutch.

In the hush of the ward a little later on, two figures might have been noticed engaged in earnest but quiet conversation. She had just listened to his story which ended with: "And my two letters have neither been answered nor returned."

"I am here to answer them myself," she began, "—the letters you wrote to Mike's sweetheart, telling her of the manner of his death, and that you had his rosary, all reached me."

"Then—you—you are Mike's sweetheart, are you? Is this—is this true?" he stuttered, perplexed and wondering. She nodded assent. "Then why did you not tell me; the rosary—the broken keepsake is yours. He handed it to her together with the little note he had held so long from Mike for her. A little tremulous, she tried to explain matters.

"I knew you would return it to me, and I could not bring myself to tell you, you prized it so and used it so much."

"What else?"

"Oh Pete, how can one speak of one's secret trials to others, though I knew full well the truth would soon out." It always does. Pete tried to apologize.

"Tell me," he went on, "how it is that in spite of all, you always look so contented and are so kind—you who have had your full share of trouble.

"That is another secret. A nurse must always be so. Be-

sides, I have been greatly consoled in having you as my charge—a comrade of Mike's. I have felt I never could do too much for you, and so—

There was a pause in which she read Mike's last brief message to her.

“And so,” he said, “this broken piece of a rosary is yours. The little crucifix is attached to a little cord suspended round his neck, and the rest of the beads are in his tunic pocket.

“Thank you. Let us call what remains ours,” she whispered, for we cannot, will not, ever forget him, will we Pete?”

“Never, Sister.”

“And to-morrow we can both offer our Communion for him.” She withdrew to resume her duties. But she had left the broken rosary in his hand and Pete experienced great calm. Christmas had already brought to him a most beautiful gift—one that is priceless amongst earth's possessions—the treasure of a pure and noble love.

The love of praise, however concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.
The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it but to make it sure.

Young.



MISS FLORENCE MARGARET SEXTON.
Called to the Bar, November, 1929.

A LIGHT FROM AFAR

To *La Belle France* a treasure seeking I would ask you dear readers, to accompany me, albeit not to a country of land and water where men work and travel and carry on the daily routine of human concerns, nor yet, to a land where the historic grandeur of monuments crowns her ancient cities. But transcending matter we would pass on to the higher regions of the intellect and the soul and from this viewpoint behold her broad expanse of Times darkling sky bespangled with countless bright stars—her saints, philosophers, poets, artists, musicians etc., of past and present ages. The world of scholars is familiar with them.

But as we, eager seekers, halt for an instant to press our gaze through the mists of years we are amazed to find still more and greater stars arresting our attention, and among them one which has suddenly kindled into rare brilliance. This treasure, this goal of our quest, is Ernest Hello, Catholic poet and philosopher, born at Lorient in 1828. His father was a magistrate of high standing, just, upright and greatly respected; his mother was a handsome woman possessed of much nobility of character. His childhood was passed with his parents on the old family estate of Keroman near Lorient. Beyond the wooded farms where the peasants spoke Briton, lay vast desolate lands stretching down to the sea. As a boy he loved these solitudes and in manhood returned to them to spend the best years of his life in strenuous literary work.

At a very early age Hello manifested an uncompromising love of truth. It would seem that when in holy Baptism the gates of his infant soul were opened to God, heaven deposited therein this peerless jewel which shone brightly throughout his entire life and seemed to be as it were the *raison d'être* of his very existence.

As a child of four he used to dress up in the most fantastic guise and play at being a tiger, crawling around the room on all fours and roaring horribly, while his mother fled from

him in pretended alarm. When one day he attempted by the same means to frighten away some dilatory callers, he was quite unsuccessful. Instead of flying from the wild beast, the visitors were amused and began to pet and caress him. "So mother," said the child, when they were gone, "you were never really frightened at all! How could you deceive me, a little boy like me? "Never, said Mme. Hello, "did I forget the reproach in my child's voice."

Discovering one day that his father was not able to do everything, that although a magistrate, he could not pardon as he liked, that neither could the king do everything, and that even law itself was the servant of God, he exclaimed, "Well then it is God whom I will obey."

At fifteen we see him a successful young prize winner, fascinating, spirited, sanguine. The ardent candor of his face, writes Mme. Hello, made him shine among other men. Although ugly featured, his countenance was beautiful. Innocence lit up his noble brow, a fiery ardour flashed in his superb blue eyes and his soft musical voice touched the heart.

So uncompromising a nature would scarcely have been fitted for the legal profession, yet his early training stood him in good stead, when he turned to journalism. For him writing was a vocation; the writer's art, a sacred art. He was indeed endowed with that first and most indispensable gift of a writer, the gift of style; and this gift with all his other talents, he consecrated unreservedly to the service of justice and truth, as he understood them.

"I have hungered and thirsted after justice," he declared in the preface to *Les Plateaux de la Balance*;" I have tried to do it, to think it, to speak it." - To the careful study of Catholic theology and philosophy, says his biographer, Joseph Sere, he doubtless owed in a great measure his clear unhesitating faith, since one of the sources of doubt is the obscurity of Faith.

Notwithstanding his delicate state of health caused by some form of bone disease which also affected his nerves, we find Hello steadfastly pursued his vocation regulating his days

like those of a monk, early rising, daily mass, regular work, unbroken meditation.

In 1859, Hello, with his friend George Seigneur founded a newspaper called *Le Croise* which was a success for a time but failed after two years in circumstances which led to a break with Seigneur. This was a bitter disappointment to Hello whose ideal was to found a paper which should be the friend of its readers, which should open its pages to all that was great, and shut them to all that was petty. Yet the world being what it is, one is not altogether surprised that a vessel sailed under these conditions should go under, more especially with so uncompromising a steersman at the helm. Thenceforth Hello passed most of his time at his old country home of Keroman, where he studied and wrote incessantly until his death in 1885.

L'Homme, his most important work, was in the press during the siege of Paris in 1871. Regarding this work a secular review remarks: "In *L'Homme* he has some truly remarkable and almost touching chapters that reveal his tremendous love for great poetry, his horror of mediocrity and platitudes and his esthetic idealism which is as fervent as his Christian piety." In it he treats of life, science and art and shows how each, rightly understood is a mirror that reflects the face of God. *Physionomies de Saints*, a volume of charming little studies appeared in 1875; *Paroles de Dieu*, a series of meditations on Scriptural texts in 1878. *Les Plateaux de la Balance* containing some criticism of doubtful value, and the fine essay on "Intellectual Charity," which was published in 1880.

The following is an excerpt from *Intellectual Charity*—'Man has a thousand needs. He may be defined as a creature of needs. He does not live by bread alone; he lives also by the Divine gift of speech. There are some men who have peculiar and exceptional needs, more than others, they need Light. Other men there are who need that ideas should come to them clothed in noble words. Not only the satisfaction of their intellect but the very life of their soul would seem to depend on Truth being presented to them in a form that they can desire, can accept, and assimilate. These men belong to the poor, to a

special class of poor, for they have one more need than other men, a need that is seldom satisfied.

Written speech may be a great charity, and its diffusion, where ever it is true and beautiful, is one of the acts of charity most suited to our time. In many souls a hunger and thirst exist which can only be satisfied by printed words. . . . I **was hungry and you gave me to eat.** What strange unheard of unexpected forms will they not take this hunger and thirst on Judgment Day!

Much is done for the poor. Certainly, much is done for the **official** poor, for those who are officially labeled and assisted **as** poor. But I am not speaking of this. I am not speaking of official works of charity. I am speaking of charity itself as charity applied to all kinds of needs, and I make no exception of the needs of the soul. I am speaking of that profound, interior charity which asks itself in the presence of another soul, another mind, What are its needs? And what can I do to help to satisfy them? The charity of which I speak is that which springs from the soul, and which seeks out the soul. **Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needs of the poor,** says Holy Writ. He loves with all his mind, (intellectual charity) who has been able to divine the needs of others."

Ernest Hello, may serve as an example of the heights to which journalism may rise in the hands of a man of genius inspired by high ideals. There were few men and subjects which came up for discussion in his day on which he did not write, always with striking originality, often with real insight. He was not afraid, as in *Les Plateaux de la Balance*, to traverse the intellectual world, pronouncing judgment not only on his contemporaries, but also on the great names of antiquity, with singular indifference to accepted views. Most Englishmen will dispute his verdict on Shakespeare, and there are many other cases on which we cannot accept his opinion, but he is always arresting and independent, and commands a respectful hearing. He had a lofty estimate of the duties of criticism. "Criticism," he says, "should ennoble all the persons and things it touches."

It was Hello who formulated the admirable a-lage "*La Critique est la Conscience de l'Art.*"

It is not, however, as a critic, but as a philosophical writer, that Ernest Hello claims our attention. He looked out on the modern world where were good people who often seemed to have so inadequate a comprehension of the beliefs they profess, and behind all the forces of confusion and disintegration, he perceived more clearly there than most men the undoubted Unity of Truth—all that is true in science rests on His Laws; Art, in its various forms, is a dim but sacred reflection of God's Eternal Beauty. The humblest among us who strives to do God's Will and sees things as they are—the saint, the scientist, the artist, all are looking at the same Face.

Conscious of his Genius, and ardently desirous of using it in the service of God, it was no small trial to Hello to be overlooked. That was the secret tragedy of his life, to have dreamed of spreading truth liberally, of enlightening the minds of his day and then by these very minds to be bound by a sort of mysterious secret. Not that his work was ignored, but he was always wanting in blunt approval of his opinion. There are moments when we suspect that he classes most of his fellow men among the mediocre, and despises them accordingly. We must not however, forget to take into account in this connection, the influence of his sickly condition. "The effect of ill health on my soul, he confessed once, in a moment of discouragement, is simply hell. It hinders me from working as a man of my temperament should work—it tempts me to doubt and despair."

"Hello had the genius of a saint, but not the sanctity," says his friend and critic, Henri Lasserre, who at the same time bears an eloquent tribute to his exceptional nobility of mind. His most striking characteristic, Lasserre considers to be the loftiness of his soul. He wrote scathingly of mediocrity, wrote also with exceptional insight and feeling of charity, and practiced in his own life, in a pre-eminent degree, that true charity which strives to satisfy the widely different needs of all with whom it comes in contact.

Peasants loved him, beggars loved him; the very swallows came to cheer him on his death-bed. With more than ordinary simplicity, it seemed to him quite natural for him to pray for the recovery of a poor lonely old woman's cat, her sole remaining companion. "Love makes men speak he tells us, love enables them to understand what is said. Without love men are nothing but deaf mutes."

Hello's life was also one of prayer. The interior life of a man concerns none but himself and God, yet we are given some brief quotations from his prayers. More than anything else perhaps they help us to a better understanding of him—"Lord I cannot carry Thy Cross except in sunshine." He enclosed himself in his prayer the burning accents of which still strike us to-day. "God remember that the stars above are lit by Thy Hand, give as Thou art, largely, magnificently, outweigh my desires by the immensity of Thy gifts, "Ask nothing of me, give me all. Act according to our two natures, Behold Thou, Who art the Being, I who am naught! God that is, give as Thou art, unreservedly, that I may know Thee! I am he that is naught. I await for everything. Thou God, Who art All, give all to him who is naught, and who needs all. Thou wast not miserly when Thou didst scatter the stars in the heavens."

As Hello himself declares, every work has its secret, its mysterious centre toward which all points seem to converge. What is therefore the focal point of his own work? After having read *L'Homme, Les Plateaux de la Balance, Physionomies de Saints*, with what are we most struck? What word would define the vocation of this philosopher and his work?

It is Madame Hello, who speaking of her husband, says: "This young man was consumed with a thirst for Truth, a burning longing to see the reign of God established over the whole world. The thought that God was being forgotten by the whole world, caused him to suffer an anguish little known and utterly unappreciated."

Ernst Hello died in 1885, and his voice seemed to pass away in silence. But Frenchmen, so susceptible to the charm of form could not long remain insensible to the grave beauty of style

which recalls the vibrating sentences of Pascal. Style he ever held to be a man's most private property, the expression of his personality, his very self—and to his own canon of style he invariably adhered—namely, that a man should “live in accordance with truth, think as he lives, and write as he thinks”

Listen to his opinion of contemporary criticism. “Criticism as it is usually practiced is a fawning, cowardly prattle neither capable of speaking out, nor daring to do so.” Further on he continues “Ask yourself what would happen in Europe and in the whole world, should the justice of Art assert itself in Paris!” Suppose for an instant that this justice of intellects should rise with God's sun, on our slumbering city! Suppose that for one second it were given to men to feel their hearts beat in unison with truth, that it were to shake off the leaden mantle that chills their bodies, crushing them mercilessly, dimming their sight, their vision, then to awaken to the bright light, beholding true beauties, devoid of all the old errors which they had been repeating from childhood—filled with a new love, refreshing invigorating, filled with a love of that which never fades. Imagine to-day's sun shining on this scene in Paris.”

It would be difficult to render in a translation the force of Hello's writings, but even in the medium of another language, his message has its value.

The following paragraphs form part of a collection of “Inédits de Ernest Hello.”

The Splendours of the Church

The Church stands before the world as an inigma without a solution. The solution is in holy Mother Church herself. To him who would listen, she explains. But the world does not listen to her, it looks elsewhere for an explanation of her existence.

The Centuries pass her by, looking at her curiously and unintelligently, asking themselves who may this neighbor be?

But the stranger speaks, and the men of the world without heeding her, turn to one another for information that the earth cannot give. She speaks—speaks forever, and one after another, mortals descend to the grave. She still remains—she assists and presides at every birth, at every development, at every completion, at every age—yet the ages that come and pass away are unable to wrinkle her brow. Nothing astonishes her. She declares from whence she comes, who she is, where she is going and the world looks at her astonished. It questions her doctrine, her learned men, and puts all its forces into play; it scrutinizes science, questions nature and humanity asking all “Who is this Stranger, calm, invincible, forever present, living her life while all else fades away and dies?”

The more the question is voiced the more insoluble it becomes. The more nature speaks the more it reveals its powerlessness to contain that which is greater than itself. Therefore the world tries to forget the stranger. It says “Let us talk of her no more, she is dead, quite dead. It is true, let us talk of her no more.” This becomes a settled matter—we will talk of her no more, since she no longer exists. And the more they affirm their forgetfulness, the more they think of her, and the more silent they become, the more she becomes the eternal subject of their discourse.

To-day Ernest Hello has come into his own, his fellow-countrymen are reading his works with interest and appreciation. He speaks to us from the grave, dwelling insistently on the Unity of Truth, the omnipresence of God, the impossibility of getting on in any department of life without Him, the necessity of high ideals, and an intelligent grasp of first principles in the most ordinary details of human existence.

S. M. St. T.



USEFUL PAMPHLETS

By Rev. K. J. McRae

As many of the readers of the Lilies are Teachers in our schools and many others, as mothers, are teaching in their own homes, I would respectfully call their attention to two pamphlets by Joseph O'Connor, and sold by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada, 67 Bond Street, Toronto, 2, Ont., at five cents each.

They are entitled respectively "Between Ourselves," and "Between Ourselves Again," and consist of "Talks to Boys," but much of what they contain is equally applicable to girls, and much of it should also prove very useful for grown-ups. The following Table of Contents and excerpts will shew this to be true:

"Good and Goody-Goody; In the Same Boat; Your Mother: In His Footsteps; Thank God; Drifting; The Beginnings; But we Can't be Saints; The Machine; Habit: Knowing and Doing; Even One." These subjects are interestingly and instructively treated of in the first pamphlet. In the second the following subjects are treated of in a similar manner: "Cheer up; A Man's Game; What Matter; An Atmosphere; En Route; In His Image and Likeness; The Model: Lord That I May See; Ownership; Working Models; Fear; The Epidemic; Standards; His Mother."

The Author tells us, in his Preface, that these talks were first delivered to a class of boys, and that they were afterwards prepared for a wider circulation and more permanent form, as far as memory would permit.

How many, for instance, are led to lead careless or even bad lives because they most erroneously think that to be good is to be disagreeable mopes. In the chapter on Good and Goody-Goody he shows how wrong this impression is. "Some people think that in order to be good you must give up games, and playing and laughing, and go about all day with a long face,

the corners of your mouth well down, your eyes following them, and a Prayer Book in every pocket—All wrong.

“For my part I am sure that most of the Saints climbed a tree now and then when they were boys, or went for a swim, or enjoyed the open air and the sun pretty well as much as anyone else.

“St. Paul, for instance, was an athlete, and in his writings you will find him often talking of running, and racing, and winning prizes, to make his meaning clearer.

“A Saint can laugh—God doesn’t mind our being cheerful. You can laugh and laugh often, and remain holy—it depends upon what you laugh at. You can be a good runner and still be in the state of grace. . . .

“You need not stop football to pray—go on with the football and make it a prayer. When you are poised for a dive, you need not turn away to kneel in prayer—**dive** in prayer, swim in prayer, run in prayer—be happy and active—up in the sun, down in the water. Run, jump, swim, laugh, play and work—all in gratitude and prayer. No one—not even God—wants you to be ‘Goody-goody’” (pp. 5, 6)

Teachers must generally find it hard to impress upon the young the necessity of promptly banishing evil thoughts, evil imaginations, etc. But the following illustration should prove most useful.

“Before the war there was a machine in the Bank of England . . . a wonderful machine—a coin tester . . . The machine could test a sovereign or half-sovereign by its weight and size, and if the coin was not genuine the machine rejected it—threw it out—and threw it out **instantly**. There was no ten minutes’ wait for the machine to find out what was wrong with the coin, or **why** it was false—no waiting, a thousand good coins might pass on, but whenever, or however a bad one came, it was ‘fired out.’

“The machine is very much like your mind, and mine, and everyone else’s mind. Through your mind, and mine and everybody else’s is passing an unbroken succession of ideas or thoughts—walking the street, working, playing, sitting down,

reading, sitting by a river or on the seashore, when we are talking or writing—in short, in all our waking moments, thoughts are following each other through our minds like the coins in the machine. You can't stop them. You can't stop thinking if you are awake. . .

“Now each of these thoughts must be like each of the sovereigns in the machine. either good or bad, either right or wrong. Either clean and good and fit to be passed on—perhaps to be changed into speech or action—or on the other hand unclean or unsound, unfit to be seen or ‘put in circulation’ like a bad sovereign. . .

“The beauty of a good thought is that you can give it away as often as you like, and the more you give it away, the bigger and better it grows with yourself. The more you give away of good thoughts the richer you become.

“But the bad ones—the rusty, the grimy, unclean, false ones—fire them and reject them. The moment your mind knows what they are—and your conscience tells you instantly almost, if a thought is a bad one—the moment you know it for bad—just like the machine—reject it. Don't wait to see **why** it is bad, nor examine it to find out exactly what **is** wrong with it. The coin tester doesn't waste time like that. It's bad, no use—never mind, how why or what—fire it out, reject it.

“Now there is another thing. No one would say the machine was not working if a bad coin **got** into it, but you would certainly say it was out of order if a bad coin **stayed** in.

“So with our minds, We cannot always help the thoughts that come in to them, but we certainly can help the thoughts that **stay** in them” (pp. 22,23.)

A third pamphlet, also, entitled “Christ And Women,” by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (and sold by our Catholic Truth Society), should be of interest, at least to the fair readers of the Lilies, as the following excerpts will show.

“Women walk through the pages of Christ's life with calm frequency. They are often close to Him, in His company, playing dramatic roles in His life's story. They are consistently the recipients of His kindness and His gracious favors. To talk

or write as if Christ ignored or avoided or had little dealing with women is simply to leave out or pass over whole sections of the Gospel story. It is utterly to misunderstand Christ.

“For women were His loyal followers, His devoted friends, who saw in Him their tactful advocate and courageous protector. Christ’s attitude toward women is just one of the beautiful and consoling things in His character. We falsify our picture of Christ by talking or writing as if He shunned or positively disliked women.

“What made His attitude the more notable is its contrast with the attitude that prevailed when He came into the world. The world had been a sad place for women. Pagan slave markets were full of them, and their price was graded to their physical charm or the breadth of their backs for carrying burdens. They got their value from their ability to please the eye or serve the whim of man, the master. Rome and Greece talked much about their respect for good women, but they saw to it that the life of a good woman was almost that of a slave. Woman was barred the larger life of her times unless, as was the case especially in the golden age of Greece, she bought her liberty at the price of shame. . .

“The lot of a Jewish woman was, of course, immeasurably higher; but even she was the servant, the inferior, whose fate was so completely in the hands of her master that custom had come to permit a husband to divorce her for the crime of an unsatisfactory breakfast. A lower place in the Temple, an inferior seat at table, the task of waiting hand and foot even on her own sons, was regarded as her unquestioned lot.

“If she fell by some sad fate a victim to man’s pursuing instincts and lost the innocence with which she might purchase dull respectability, there was not the slightest chance of her rising from the mud. Pagan and Jew alike kept the fallen woman in the gutter. For her there was neither hope nor opportunity for repentance. Men made sin easy for her, but they were unforgiving once she had gratified their cruel passion.” (pp.5-8).

In a second pamphlet (also sold by the Catholic Truth

Society) Rev. Father Lord, S.J., shews that Christ not only proved Himself the very best friend of women, but also that He is ready to make all the women of a suitable age, character, and disposition, His very spouses. And many, of course, have joyfully accepted His invitation, in every age and from every nation, but others have refused, or have been refused permission by selfish or worldly-wise parents. And the excerpt which I give to show the nature of the pamphlet is the pleading of a Chaplain with one of these mothers who refused to give her daughter to Christ.

“Well, Mrs. Hutton,” said the priest, smiling at his still rigid visitor, “I am the villain who is encouraging your daughter to run away and leave you.”

“Whereupon the floodgates of speech were loosed. Father Brooks listened quietly as the mother told him how dear Jane was to her, how she was her youngest child, and her chum, the companion, as she hoped, of years to come. She had given her everything that lay in her power—training, education, opportunities, society—and she hoped to see her daughter take a splendid place in the world.

“‘You can see, Father, what an exceptional girl Jane is. I’m her mother and perhaps prejudiced; but she has been my joy from her birth. She is, I think, a lady; she has splendid gifts; she is not exactly beautiful, but she seems attractive. You must forgive a mother if I think her a lovely girl.’

“‘Christ,’ said the priest, ‘Must have thought the same thing, or He would not have asked her to be His Bride.’ Mrs. Hutton looked up in surprise, but the priest went on. ‘It would be easy for me to sit here and pay your daughter compliments which are absolutely sincere. No one could come near her without realizing the essential fineness of her character and the quality of her breeding. One feels her selfreliance and her vitality, just as one reads the gracious frankness of her eyes. She is a born leader; she will have men and women following here wherever she goes through life, and I hope, into heaven. You achieved something very splendid when you moulded your little girl into so complete a young woman. I congratulate you.

upon being the mother of such a daughter. But what value have my sincerest compliments when you and she have just been paid the supreme compliment of Christ? Christ loves your daughter so much that He asks her to be His bride. He thinks you have made her daughter so splendid a young woman that He asks you to give her to Him.'

" 'Ah,' the mother interposed, 'that is a beautiful way to put it, but it is simply making romance of hard reality. You see her as a possible bride of Christ; I see her as a hard-worked, confined, over-burdened Sister.'

" 'I do,' answered the priest, almost with a ring in his voice. 'I see her leaving your house to enter Christ's home, where she will live under the very same roof with Him. I see her going up to the altar dressed like a bride, a lovely white bride for a white Christ. He puts His ring upon her finger, and from that moment she belongs to Him and to no man that can disappoint her or spoil her life. He entrusts to her the care of His own little ones, asks her to mother them and train them for Him. He gives her His sick and poor to watch over, the very ones He loved best while He was on earth. Why it's beautifully true that Christ Himself came down from heaven to put His wedding ring on the finger of the nun St. Catharine. Heart and soul the nun gives herself to Him. Heart and soul He gives Himself to her.'

"The priest paused and looked up with sudden quizzical expression. 'I sound as if I were preaching at you—orating, in fact,' he said. 'But sometimes I've thought that ones attitude toward vocation is a test of faith.'

" 'I hope,' protested Mrs. Hutton, quickly defensive, 'that I have the faith.'

" 'I know you have. You have it, and you have given it to your daughter. But vocation is so astonishing a thing that it really is more than ordinary faith can grasp. Of course we say that Christ loves us and that we love Him. But when you hear that Christ so loves your daughter that He wants her to dedicate her life to Him, and that your daughter so loves Christ that she wants to give every moment and thought and effort

to Him, you find it terribly hard to grasp. But He loves her and she loves Him, and that is the astonishing thing called vocation. You wouldn't want to tell Christ, the God-Man, who is really asking you for the hand of your daughter, He can't have her because you prefer to marry her off to some doctor or lawyer or merchant chief, would you?

"Mrs. Hutton moved uneasily. 'If Christ were sitting here where I sit and asking you for your daughter, what would you say? After all, it is considerate of Him to ask you. He is God. He gave her to you in the first place. He might have refused to allow you a child. He might have left you a childless wife. Instead He gave you this lovely daughter of yours. Or rather He entrusted you with the care of His own daughter, the child He wants some day to live happily with Him eternally. He could, you know, so easily stoop down and pluck for the gardens of heaven the lovely flower He has lent you.'

" 'Don't say that,' she cried involuntarily.

" 'But He could. He has taken pure souls like Jane's just to keep them from being sullied with the stains of earth. But as a matter of fact He is asking you to lend Jane to His service for life. Jane wants to go. I wonder if Christ will smile when He sees you lift your head and tell Him, 'No, I won't give you my daughter. You gave her to me, but I refuse to lend her to you.' Could you say that?

" 'But, Father, you yourself say that He gave her to me. I need her so fearfully! I just can't give her up. You don't know what it means to me to have a daughter like Jane. Mary is married now and Frances is engaged to be married in the Fall. . . I want Jane for my own. She mustn't leave me. She just can't.'

" 'You say your daughter Mary married?' 'Yes, three years ago.' 'Is she living near you?' 'No. She married an army officer and they are living now in Panama.' 'Oh! And Frances is engaged?' 'Yes. We are not very eager to have her marry, for the young man is making a very moderate salary and probably won't be able to give her half what we do. But you

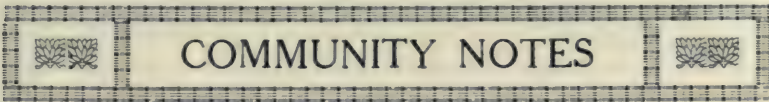
know what young love is. I've talked to her, but she insists that she loves him, and that is I suppose what matters.'

"The priest looked at her keenly. 'How differently we feel about God, don't we?' he said more to himself than to her" (pp. 8-12).

This is by no means the whole argument, but my paper is already too long. No! I will not tell who won—find out from the pamphlet.

I promise Thee, sweet Lord,
That I shall never cloud the light
Which shines for Thee within my soul,
And makes my reason bright,
Nor ever will I lose the power
To serve Thee by my will,
Which Thou hast set within my heart,
Thy precepts to fulfil.
Oh let me drink as Adam drank,
Before from Thee he fell:
Oh let me drink as Thou, dear Lord,
When faint by Sychar's well;
That from my childhood free from sin,
Of drunk and drunken strife,
By the clear fountain I may rest,
Of everlasting life.

—Cardinal Manning.

**COMMUNITY NOTES****Sister Mary of the Dolours Kennedy, Toronto.**

On December 4th, at the House of Providence, Toronto, Sister M. of the Dolours Kennedy, peacefully met death as a messenger of the Divine Master to Whom she had pledged her life and into Whose hands she trustfully surrendered her soul. There was no sadness in her passing; for her it meant "going home to God."

This elderly religious was born in Marysville, Ontario, April 25, 1844, and spent the early years of her youth amid the scenes of country life made pleasant by the social gatherings of a large family connection. Two of her brother's sons were present at the funeral; two nieces were at her death-bed; a cousin, Sister Kennedy, is a religious in Hotel Dieu, Kingston; also another cousin, Rev. C. K. Kenedy, is in California.

For well nigh sixty years of most strict fidelity to rule as an exceptionally active religious Sister Mary of the Dolours led a life devoted to the care of the poor and destitute, whom she loved and whose sufferings she relieved as a tender mother. She ever discharged her duties among them with a cheerful, generous unselfishness. A strong faith and trust in Providence gave her the courage to extend the distribution of charity to all who sought relief. Her guiding principle was always God's will which by the light received in fervent prayer she learned to see and follow faithfully.

Though her last illness was of short duration, yet when the Bride-groom called she was found ready with the lamp of faith lighted and supplied with the oil of good works which she had provided while there was yet time. Thus prepared, this Wise Virgin went forth to meet her Lord and receive the promised reward.

The High Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the House of Providence chapel at 9.30 on Friday, Dec. 6th, by the Right

Rev. J. L. Hand, assisted by the Rev. J. Corrigan as deacon, Rev. J. Bagnaseo, D.D., as sub-deacon, and the Rev. C. Lanhier as master of ceremonies. Present in the sanctuary were the Rev. M. Cline, Rev. M. Christian, C.S.B.; Rev. L. A. Barcelo, D.D., and Rev. R. Dumoulin. In Mount Hope cemetery the service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Bagnaseo. May she rest in peace!

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Religious of St. Joseph in the Seychelles.

Faithful to the instructions and example of their admirable foundress, Mother Javouhey, whom King Louis-Philippe was accustomed to style "un grand homme," the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, whose Mother-House is in Paris, are actually in charge of a large number of missions in Africa—Senegaul, French Guinea, Sierra-Leone, Congo, Angola, Madagascar, Reunion and the Seychelles; in America Guiana, St. Pierre, Miquelon, and Haita; and in the East Indies and Oceania—New Caledonia, Fiji, Tahiti, Cook's Islands and Marquesos. The Sisters engaged in these various missions number 855.

In the Seychelles, where they arrived in 1861, there are 53 Religious, 19 of whom are French, 19 Irish, 1 Portuguese, 1 German and 13 Natives. Apart from 11 Primary Schools under government control, the Sisters direct a boarding school for young girls. The subjects taught are English, French, Stenography, Dactylography, Needlework and the fine Arts.

The standard of studies ranks high, as is evident from the results of the official examinations at which 53 pupils out of 55 were successful. Religious instruction is given by a Capuchin Father. The pupils are carefully trained in the practice of works of piety and zeal. The Sisters have charge also of the Government Hospital at Port Victoria. During the year 1928, 765 patients were cared for and 543 operations performed.

The Seychelles Islands form the Diocese of Port Victoria, governed by His Grace, Msgr. Gummy, who is aided by Capu-

chin Fathers from Switzerland. In the diocese are 16 priests, 2 Capuchin Brothers, 14 Marist Brothers, and 53 Religious Sisters. The population of the Islands on Jan. 1st, 1929, numbered 27,238 of whom 23,492 were Catholics.

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The Rt. Rev. Peter Rossillon, M.S.F.S., Bishop of Vizagapatam, India, writes that the picturesque "Baptizer of Godavery," Sister Lucy, Religious of St. Joseph of Anneey, personally baptized 44,000 children during her 58 years of missionary labor in the Diocese of Vizagapatam. Travelling through the rough and dangerous country of the District of Godavery in a small black wagan pulled by two white oxen, the aged nun with her woman attendant, became a local figure known and respected by all. Her death has brought sorrow to the thousands of rude huts where the natives have been wont to cry out as they saw the ox-cart in the distance, "She comes! The white virgin comes to us again."

Sister Lucy arrived in India, in 1871, and at her death was 82 years of age and 63 years a religious.



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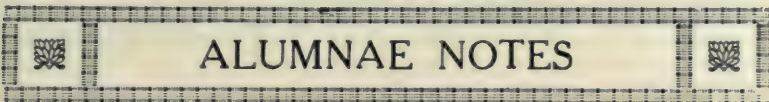
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ALUMNAE NOTES

May the Infant Jesus bestow many blessings on St. Joseph's College Alumnae. To all the members of the Association, to all friends and benefactors the Lilies extends hearty greetings and good wishes for the coming year.

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At the quarterly meeting of the Alumnae held Sunday afternoon, October 13th, Mrs. James C. Keenan, speaker of the evening, gave a zeal-inspiring address on the missionary work being accomplished by the Catholic lay associations recently organized, especially the Catholic Evidence Guild of London, England, founded by the late Rev. Father Fletcher, and the Catholic Women's League with its membership of approximately one million Catholic women.

An interesting feature of the evening was the presenting of the Alumnae Scholarship to Miss Mary O'Brien of St. Joseph's High School, who had obtained highest standing in the Junior Matriculation Examinations held in June, 1929, after which Mrs. Schreiner, our sweet singer, accompanied by Miss Mary Lee Oster, entertained the audience very pleasantly by the rendition of two vocal solos. Refreshments were served in the Library, where Mrs. Fred. O'Connor and Miss McGuire presided at the artistically appointed tables.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Convent Chapel brought to a close a delightfully interesting afternoon.

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Our readers will be pleased to learn that a good friend of our Alumnae and a sister of one of our active workers, has purchased a Methodist church in Bayfield—a summer resort on Lake Huron—and presented the edifice to Right Rev. Bishop Fallon, as a thanksgiving for his recent recovery from another serious illness. In gratitude a priest will be stationed at Bayfield during the summer season.

On October 9th, 1929, the Kennedy Collegiate Institute of Windsor, Ont., was officially opened by Viscount Willingdon, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of Canada. The programme was as follows: The Collegiate Chorus, Presentation of a Golden Key to Viscount Willingdon for the unlocking of the door. Invocation by the Rev. Father J. A. Rooney, Presentation of flowers to Viscountess Willingdon, Addresses by the Mayor and other city officials.

The architectural style of the new Collegiate is based on the architecture that prevailed in England when education first received its great impetus. This remarkable school was erected to perpetuate and honor the memory of the distinguished Canadian citizen and statesman, the late William Costello Kennedy, only brother of Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

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The Neil McNeil Silver Jubilee Scholarship donated by the Catholic Women's League, Toronto, for the pupil obtaining highest standing in Honour Matriculation, was won by Miss Irene Baxter, St. Joseph's Convent. Congratulations, Irene!

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On November 25th, at eight o'clock, a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent for the happy repose of the souls of our dear departed members. Rev. Dr. Hubert Coughlin, C.S.B., was celebrant, Rev. Father Sharpe, C.S.B., deacon, and Rev. Father McGarvey, C.S.B., sub-deacon. The singing was by the Convent Choir.

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Misses Anna and Hilda Heck having sold their home in Chaplin Crescent, have taken residential accommodation in an apartment at 165 St. Clair Ave. East, Moore Park.

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Mrs. F. P. Brazil has also changed her address from Spadina Road, and now graces the new home of her daughter, Mrs. Shanahan, at 11 Burton Road.

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On Armistice Day Miss May Morrow captained forty workers for the sale of poppies in aid of the veterans.

Mrs. Tom McCarron and Miss May Orr entertained at twin Bridge parties.

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Mrs. H. Morine was hostess to one of the season's loveliest parties given in honor of her daughter, Miss Juliette, who is a debutante of this year.

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Congratulations to Mrs. James E. Day on the acquisition of a new daughter-in-law, formerly Miss Carmen Dupuis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Dupuis of Ottawa.

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Miss Pauline McDonagh was guest of Mrs. D'Arcy Coulson, in Ottawa, and attended many of the social functions given in honor of Miss Lucy Desbarats.

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Mrs. Wm Wallis, accompanied by Miss Corcoran, has been spending some time in Atlantic City, New York and Philadelphia, and reports a delightful holiday notwithstanding the too cool weather.

Mrs. James King and Miss Rose Kennedy are guests of their sister, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse.

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Mrs. A. W. R. Maisonville, formerly Miss Mabel O'Connor, who visited her mother and sisters in Toronto in November, returned to her home in Detroit December 3rd.

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Mrs. James C. Keenan, motoring to Ottawa to be the speaker at the Catholic Women's League Convention, met with a painful and serious accident at Cataraqui when the motor skidded off the road. Prayers of the Alumnae and of the Sisters of St. Joseph are being offered daily in the hope that God may restore Mrs Keenan to a complete recovery.

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Our President, Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, was the hostess of a delightful Bridge Party at her home on Anderson Ave., lately at which she entertained the Executive of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association.

Miss Margaret Heenan, Ottawa, visited Miss Edith Northgrave over the week end of Thanksgiving.

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Mr. Edgar Stone is the new director of the Hart House Theatre—and it is his ambition—and that of the syndicate of Hart House Theatre—to establish Hart House as a Community Centre for all amateur dramatic activities, and to encourage its use not only by student groups, but by any organization connected with the arts which cares to avail itself of the advantages the theatre offers.

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Miss Gordon Grant and her daughter, Miss Jessie Grant, left December 2nd for Albany, N.Y., to attend the reception of Miss Helen Grant into the Sacred Heart Community. The Reception took place December 6th, 1929.

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A pleasant evening was enjoyed at the home of Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, when the members of the Catholic Literary Society gathered there to hear an interesting paper on "Canada" by Mrs. E. J. O'Neil.

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Marie Montanna, known to many Toronto people as Miss Ruth Waite, has been winning many compliments, much praise and signal success in many quarters of the earth since she left Toronto. She studied music and singing at the Conservatory of Music here, going from here to New York for further study, and afterwards to Europe, where she spent some years. She sang as a soloist in Father Finn's choir here the year Father Finn preached a retreat at St. Joseph's Convent.

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There appeared in a recent issue of the Catholic Register a letter from the Sisters of St Joseph, Sifton, to Archbishop Neil McNeil. The following paragraphs taken from it will, we think, prove interesting to many of our readers:

Most Reverend dear Archbishop:

Following up the little accounts we are pleased to send you from time to time regarding the activities of St Mary's Con-

vent, Sifton, we are sure you will agree our present outlook is by far the most gratifying yet.

Our boarding school numbers thirty besides a fair number of local children who come to St. Mary's as day scholars. There are fifty pupils in Grades One and Two attending Sifton Public School, which we now conduct. We are having Ruthenian Classes conducted in the Convent from four-thirty to six o'clock daily for the smaller children, and an hour later for the more advanced pupils. These classes are being very largely attended and interest shown in the subjects taught.

Another fact is that our dear Eucharistic Lord has now another home in the Canadian West. What a few years ago was a deserted Convent Chapel is now the scene almost daily of Holy Mass, where our Lord is approached sacramentally by thirty innocent children and several old souls from the district who undoubtedly are praying for Sifton.

We often wish the generous people from East and West who contributed so whole-heartedly to the completion and equipment of St. Mary's Convent when the Sisters of St. Joseph took it over, could know that the work is progressing.

It gives us much pleasure to be able to report favourably of our work, the progress of which Your Grace has so keenly at heart.

* * * * *

November 25th, the Hon. William Phillips, United States Ambassador to Canada at Ottawa, and Mrs. Phillips, were the guests of honor at an enjoyable reception given by the American Consul on the occasion of the American Thanksgiving. Among the guests were: His Grace Archbishop Neil McNeil, and Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., Mrs. J. R. Latchford, Miss D. Latchford, Mrs. W. H. McGuire, Mrs. F. A. Moore and Mrs. Frank O'Connor.

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The ladies of the Lakeview Golf and Country Club officially closed their season with a luncheon party. The table was arranged in L shape and was affectively decorated with autumn shades. Grate fires in the lounge and dining room and

musical selections added to the enjoyment. After luncheon the prizes for the season's competitions were announced by the The championship went to Mrs. F. C. Armitage, the club trophy to Mrs. Tom McCarron. The prize for the five best scores on a sealed hole during the season was presented by Miss May Orr to Mrs. D. J. McCarthy. The championship consolation prize was presented by Mrs. Tom McCarron to Mrs. W. Wallace.

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Mrs. E. D. Brown and Miss Killoran, who were living abroad for the past two years, and who have returned to town, welcomed many of their friends at their home in Inglewood Drive to a luncheon-bridge. Among their guests were Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. W. T. Kernahan, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh and Mrs. T. F. McMahan.

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In a personality contest recently conducted by the Ontario Paper Company, a subsidiary of the Chicago Tribune, Miss Eileen Battle of Thorold, a student of St. Joseph's College, Toronto, was selected winner.

Miss Battle with a chaperone will be a guest of the paper company on a trip to England, where on January 18th, at Hull, she will christen the newest member of the Company's fleet of motorships, The Thorold, now under construction.

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HOPE K. THOMPSON

Announces the opening of Law Offices
Barr Building, 910 Seventeenth Street, N.W.,
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Telephone National 3328

To Hope K. Thompson, Alma Mater, and St. Joseph's Alumnae extend cordial greetings and the best of good wishes for success.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Mrs. J. J. M. Landy and her generous and zealous Executive, on the success, social and financial,

of the Alumnae Bridge held at St. Joseph's Saturday afternoon, October 19th.

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Weddings.

At St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel, Newman Hall, Toronto, on July 27th, Miss Wanola Collins, B.A., was united in marriage with Mr. Frank J. Servais. Reverend John E. Burke, C.S.P., officiated.

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At the Church of Our Lady Immaculate, Guelph, Ont., September 14th, Miss Helen Kramer, B.A., became the bride of Mr. Thomas A. Kelly, of Miama, Florida. The nuptial Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Doyle, S.J.

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On September 18th, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Miss Mary Evelyn Griffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Griffin, became the bride of Mr. Ronald T. Nicol. Reverend Father Flanagan offered the Nuptial Mass and performed the marriage ceremony.

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Dr. Terence Robert and Miss Norah Gleason were married early in September at St. Patrick's Church, Napanee, Ont. Reverend Father Bert Robert, C.S.P., assisted by Reverend John E. Burke, C.S.P., officiated.

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Miss Lillian Rogers Gough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustine J. Gough, and Dr. Murray J. Moher, son of Mrs. Moher and the late Dr. T. J. Moher, were married on Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, in St. Basil's Church, with His Grace Most Rev. M. J. O'Brien, of Peterboro, officiating, assisted by Rev. Father McGuire.

* * * * *

On November 19th, at St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, Miss Anna MacKerrow, daughter of Mrs. MacKerrow and the late James MacKerrow, was united in marriage with Dr. Frank R. Patterson of Loraine, Ohio. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated

by the Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., Rector of Newman Hall, Toronto.

* * * * *

The Sacred Heart Church, Ottawa, in November, was the scene of a smart wedding when Miss Carmen Dupuis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Dupuis, was married to Mr. Thomas J. Day, son of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Day of Toronto. Rev. Father Bartlett, S.J., Rector of Loyola College, Montreal, officiated.

Miss Morrow, Mrs. Ambrose Small, Mrs. A. J. Gough, Miss M. Higgins, Miss Eleanor Warde, were among the guests who motored to Ottawa for the wedding.

Mrs. D'Arcy Coulson entertained all the Toronto guests to tea the afternoon of the wedding.

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Mrs. John McMahan, while visiting in Toronto, was entertained at a luncheon-bridge by Mrs. W. T. Kernahan and to an afternoon tea by Mrs. J. A. McDotnagh.

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Congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Warde, to whom has come a little heiress, Margaret Anne.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Nolan, on the coming to them of a son and heir, Denis Herbert.

To Mr. and Mrs. Halloran, who are now the proud parents of a little daughter, Marie Edna.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fleury (Dorothy Rosar), on the arrival of a wonderful baby boy, Edward Joseph.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for our friends recently deceased: Reverend Brother Pius, Mr. David Power, Mrs. J. D. McDonald, Mrs. Catherine Devlin, Mr. Denis Doyle, Mrs. Ellen Creeman Kelly, Mr. Frank Xavier Marin, Lady Falconbridge, Mr. J. L. Simpson, Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Mrs. Edward Meehan, Mr. Hart, Mrs. Conway, Mr. William Kirk.



MISS HELEN M. KNOWLTON, student of St. Joseph's College, winner of the Governor General's Silver Medal, 1929, awarded by the University of Toronto, to the candidate who, having Grade A standing in the Second Year, has the highest average percentage of marks, obtained at the examinations of the first and second years.



COLLEGE NOTES

The annual initiation of St. Joseph's was one of the outstanding events of the school term. It consisted of five days of trial during which time the freshettes were forced to tidy rooms, carry books, mail letters, run messages, and even weed tennis courts, for the ruling sophomores. When they failed to meet the demands of their initiators satisfactorily, they were summoned to appear at court where they were severely penalized. The isolation from the other coeds sometimes proved too much for the freshies and their dampened spirits were too often mirrored in their somewhat sad and lonely countenances. At the end of the fifth day an initiation performance was held at which the freshies certainly justified themselves and more than surprised their audience. The whole affair of the initiation ultimately opened the doors of friendship and charity to the newcomers, and now all is smooth and peaceful.

M. Hussey.

* * * * *

The winners of St. Joseph's College Scholarships for 1929 are Miss Eugenie Hartman, Brantford, Ont., who is now in First Year Moderns, and Miss Marguerite Hayes, Smith's Falls, Ont., who is in First Year Mathematics and Physics. Hearty congratulations to both!

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On November the sixth the St. Michael's College Alumnae held their annual party for the undergraduates. This year the entertainment took the form of a very enjoyable Bridge at St. Joseph's, after which refreshments were served. The prize-winners of the evening were Miss Bernadine Simpson and Miss Marybel Quinn. This event is always looked forward to as it is one of the few opportunities that is afforded the students of the sister colleges of meeting the graduates, and of becoming acquainted with one another.

C. Smyth.

This year at the College a Students' Administrative Council was inaugurated to deal with affairs concerning the College as a whole. A House Committee also was formed to aid in the regulation of Residence rules and functions.

Students' Administrative Council:

President—Gertrude O'Malley

Secretary—Isabel O'Rourke.

2nd Year Representative—Bernita Miller.

1st Year Representative—Eleanor Godfrey.

House Committee:

Head Girl—Teresa McDonald.

Councillors—Catherine Carroll, Eileen O'Brien, Mary Gardiner, Pauline Bondy.

* * * * *

The annual reception of the College Freshmen was held at St. Joseph's Convent on the feast of St. Teresa, October 15th. Following the traditional custom, each freshman was placed in charge of a sophomore and tea was poured by the head girl assisted by a colleague, the Misses Theresa McDonald and Irene Berhalter serving in this capacity. After tea each student was presented to the Reverend Sister Superior and members of the Community. This altogether pleasant affair, informal and purely social, ended with a delightful hour of dancing.

Bernita Miller.

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The "Cercle Francais" of St. Joseph's College was an innovation of last year, or I should say, a revival of the French Society of former years. Much interest has been shown in it by most of the students and it has helped many of them to gain a better knowledge and appreciation of the French language. The first general meeting was held on November 6th. Mr. Dusseau gave an extremely interesting talk on a few noted French-Canadian poets, illustrating his remarks by reading from their works. Plans are under way for an active and, let us hope, a very successful year for the "Cercle Francais." A rather enjoyable feature of the Club is the Sing-Songs held

once a week in the common room. The airs of the French-Canadian folk songs are so lilting and catchy, learning the words becomes a pleasure and the hall resounds to the pretty tunes of "Vive la Canadienne," "En Roulant Ma Boule," and many others equally popular.

Just a word about the executive. Most of them are taking a course in Modern Languages with French as their specialty. Their interest in the Club is very deep indeed and with the able co-operation of their French Professors, hopes to accomplish much this year.

Pass President and Business Manager—Julienne Gauthier,
IV. Pass.

President—Marybel Quinn, III. Moderns.

Vice-President—Helen Dolan, III. Moderns.

Secretary—Pauline Bondy, II. Moderns.

Treasurer—Jennie Farley, II. Moderns.

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As we walked into the refectory on Hallowe'en at five forty-five p.m., we were startled to see glowing yellow pumpkins staring at us out of the darkness. The lights switched on, we beheld myriads of black cats adorning the walls and window-curtains. Dinner was served. Table favours were in the form of gay-coloured serviettes and tiny baskets filled with black and orange candies to keep up the colour schemes of the day. Gaiety prevailed and the meal was enjoyed to the full by all. But we noticed that the girls withdrew in groups, as a protection, no doubt, against spooks and witches.

Lucille McAlpine.

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The Annual Retreat for the students of St. Joseph's college opened on October 31, and closed November 4th. The Retreat was preached by the Rev. L. A. Wojciechowski, C.S.S.R., of Montreal, whose masterful conferences so held our attention that the three days of retreat, usually so long for talkative college girls, passed all too quickly for every one of us. These conferences, as might be expected from such a learned priest, were deeply spiritual and highly intellectual, and were pre-

sented with such freshness and vital forcefulness that they made a strong impression on all. The lasting effects of such an unusual Retreat remain, of course, to be seen, but this much we know, that it has left with us a deeper and truer appreciation of the truths of our holy religion and a firm determination to live up to the ideals that Father Wojciechowski placed before us.

Eileen O'Brien.

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We offer our sincere sympathy to Bernadine Simpson, our dear class-mate, on the sudden death of her father, which occurred November 9th.

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On Tuesday, November 19, St. Joseph's College Literary Society stepped into rank for the year. The formal opening meeting was largely attended, Miss Marie Crean presiding, with Miss Eleanor Godfrey Secretary. Rev. Father McCorkell, honorary president, addressed the assembly, bringing forward one of the main points in literary work. "In prose, words have meaning," he stated; "in poetry, significance and meaning." He went on to show the greatness of poetry in its power to bring before our minds whole scenes in a few concise words, quoting especially Hardy's "At the Time of Breaking of Nations" and Chesterton's "The Darkey." "This significance," said Father McCorkell, "leads us to read and re-read a poem until it is rich in memories."

Besides regular general meetings the Literary Society includes small discussion groups for reading and talking over of current literature. Working hand in hand with these should make the society a great success.

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The Dramatic Society.

At a meeting held recently for the Student Body of St. Joseph's College the election of officers of the Dramatic Society for the year 1929-30 was held. Mary Gardner was chosen as President, and everyone feels that under her direction the Society ought to have a successful season. She is ably assisted

by Lorraine Patterson as Secretary-Treasurer, Pauline Bondy as Property Manager, Gertrude O'Malley as Mistress of the Wardrobe and Elinor McBride as Advertising Manager. It is well known that the Dean of the College is very much interested in the Dramatic Society and does all she can to promote a great interest in it. The play, "St. Francis of Assisi," which was put on in the Auditorium of St. Joseph's Convent last year, was directed and supervised by Sister. This year the Dramatic Society is very eager to show what it can do, and so is planning to put on a play, "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith. This is a well-known play, very interesting and comical, and being put on by the girls of St. Joseph's College, it ought to warrant a good audience. The date of the presentation of the play is at present uncertain, but a tentative date has been set for shortly after Christmas. We feel confident that with an able executive like the one we have, and with the co-operation of our professors and all the girls, we hope to have a very successful and energetic year.

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St. Michael's College women have proved that they are a team not to be trifled with in the inter-faculty basketball series. In four starts this season the basketeers have won three times and lost only once. Occupational Therapy and University College Freshettes have been their victims, while Victoria, with their superior passing and experience, were forced to exert themselves to win a keenly-contested game. Since the team is not losing anyone through graduation, great things are expected of it next year.

Pauline Bondy.

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The monthly meeting of the Cercle Francais of St. Joseph's College, was held on December 9th, at 8 p.m. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read by the Secretary, Miss Pauline Bondy, the President, Miss Marybel Quinn, introduced the speaker of the evening, Rev. L. Bondy, C.S.B., Ph.D. The subject discussed was "Preciosity in France in the 7th Century."

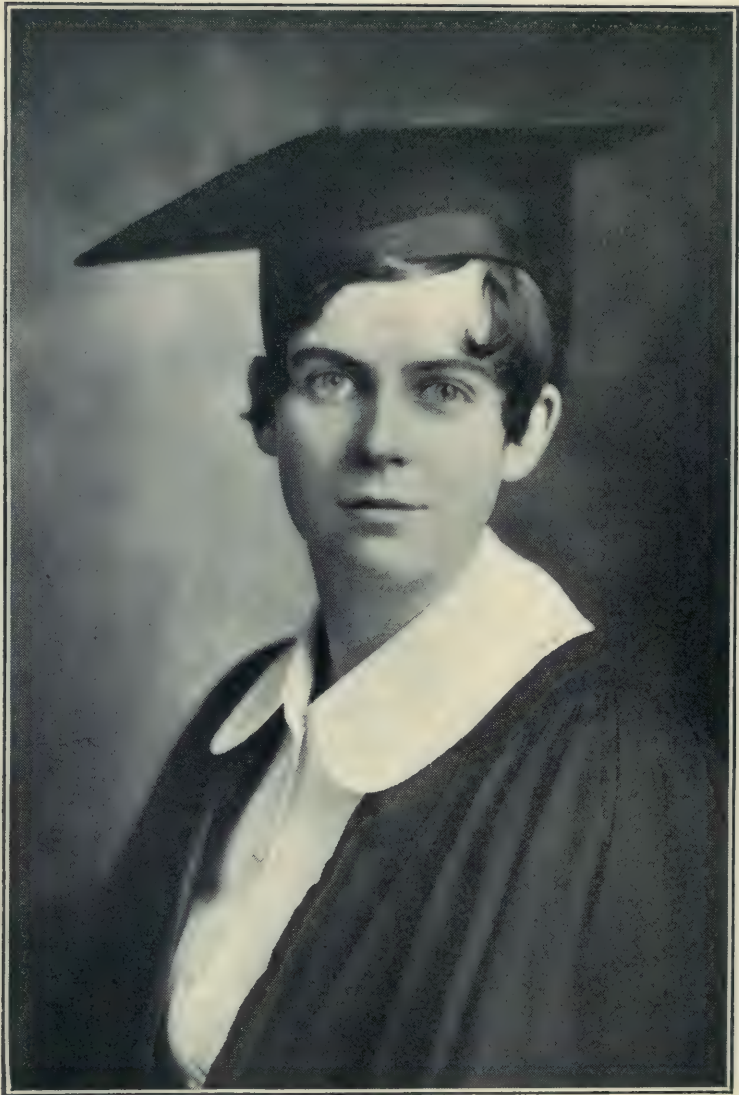
“Preciosity marks the first direct influence of women in French Literature,” said Rev. Father Bondy, in his address to the Cercle Francais at St. Joseph’s College. “Till then women inspired, but did not criticize literature. The 17th century was the beginning of the salons. Preciosity was not a feature in literature only in France, but could be found in England, Italy and Spain under the names Euphuism, Marinism and Gongorism. Preciosity at first stood for culture and refinement and it flourished in the salon of Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet. She succeeded in attracting around her the greatest men of the age: Corneille, Bossuet, Voiture and Racan; Richelieu did not attend because he could not direct the Hotel Rambouillet. Bossuet gave his first sermon there at the age of sixteen, at eleven o’clock in the evening, which led Voiture to say, “Je n’ai jamais entendu prêcher si tot et si tard.”

The salons helped to render the French language clear and precise, these qualities made it a universal language in Europe for two centuries, and it has remained the diplomatic language to this day.

Amusing allusions were made to the epithets the Precieuses substituted for the language of every-day life. Exaggerated adverbs and the conclusions of letters, are present-day survivals. A stop was put to affectation with the coming of Boileau and Moliere. However, it had a revival in the salons of the 18th century until the coming of the philosophers.

A “Noel” artistically rendered by Miss Helen Dolan and “Les Soirees de Quebec,” a medley of French-Canadian folk songs, sung by the College Glee Club, ended a most pleasant evening.

Julienne Gauthier, 3T0.



MISS MARYBELL QUINN, student of St. Joseph's College, winner of the Hughes Prize for the highest ranking in Honour English of the Second Year, St. Michael's College. Miss Quinn was also the winner of Sir Wilfrid Laurier Scholarship, 1928, for proficiency in French Conversation, open to all the students of the University of Toronto.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

1561 - 1595.

Robert Southwell, charming English poet, noble character and saintly priest whose life was consummated on the dramatic stage of Tyburn—the scene of so many stark tragedies, of so many weird comedies during the Elizabethian period—was the third son of Richard Southwell, Esq. of Horsham St. Faith's, Norfolk, England, and on his mother's side descended from the Shelley family of the same stock as the poet of "Skylark" fame.

At an early age he was sent to the English College at Douai, France, to be educated. It was here, through Leonard Lessius, that Southwell made his first intimate acquaintance with the Jesuit Order.

In the ardour of his youth he applied for admission into the Jesuit Order and was refused because of his immaturity, whereupon he wrote a Lament expressing his intense disappointment. But his determination was not shaken—at last the desired permission was given, and on October 17, 1578, he was formally received among the sons of St. Ignatius. In 1584 he was ordained priest and the same year a law was passed in England declaring that any native-born Englishman who had entered the priesthood since the first year of Elizabeth's reign and who thereafter resided more than forty days on English soil, to be a traitor and therefore liable to the penalty of death. This tyrannous decree did not affect the zeal of Father Southwell in the least; the persecution which followed and which was sanctioned by the Court, was directed against the Jesuits in particular, but it was this legacy of persecution that the great saint of Loyola left his knights.

On May 8th, 1586, two fearless men set out for England; one was Father Garnet and the other Robert Southwell. The minions of Elizabeth being advised of their arrival, were awaiting them, but the holy men eluded their vigilance and reached the house of Lord Vaux in Harrowden. Here the work was plenty and the danger great, and Father Southwell, who was

known to the world as Mr. Cotton, was watched; he experienced many thrilling escapes from arrest. His time was spent mainly in London, but he made various excursions to Sussex and the north. He won the reputation of being "the chief dealer in the affairs of England for the Papists." The young priest did his utmost to familiarize himself with the current topics, such as sport, in order to be able to converse with the Protestant nobles. "He most excelled," says Father Gerrard, "in the art of helping and gaining souls, being at once prudent, pious, meek and exceedingly winning." Father Southwell's tasks were many; the first was to win back the lost faith of his father and brother. In a letter to his father, who married a Protestant lady of the Court, he begs that in the evening of life he will "retire to a Christian rest and close the day of life with a clear sunset."

In 1589 he became the Chaplain and Confessor of the Countess of Arundel, whose husband had been confined in the Tower. It was in these years of comparative safety that his literary career was most active.

The Spanish Armada united Protestant and Catholic alike in a desire to defend England. The axe had fallen on the weary neck of Mary, Queen of Scots, yet Elizabeth feared the Old Religion, and the persecution of Catholics was unabated and pitiless, the Judas-like Topcliffe revelling in his executions. In 1592 Father Southwell made friends with Richard Bellamy of Uxendon Hall, Harrowden. This family was suspected by the Crown because of the part one of its members had played in the Babington Plot. Anne was the first of the family to be apprehended by the Queen's watchdog, Topcliffe. She was but a weak woman and was unable to withstand torture and temptation. In her fall she told, when and how, the Jesuits came to Harrowden, and Topcliffe, profiting by the information, captured Father Southwell on June 20, 1592. Topcliffe wrote to the Queen: "I never did take so weighty a man if he be rightly used." But despite torture and imprisonment Father Southwell refused to reveal the plans of the Catholics.

He was kept waiting for a trial for three years. At last, in 1595, he was tried for high treason. This travesty of justice could have only one result—by the mighty laws of England he must die. Hence, at daybreak on February 22 or 23, he was taken to Tyburn, and on the scaffold prayed not for himself, but for his tormentors and the Queen. The executioner added to his pain by bungling his work, but when his head was held up to the crowd, not one cried "Traitor." He had been executed because he was a Catholic priest,—what majestic pathos!

There are several portraits and crayon drawings of Father Southwell. His stature was medium, his hair auburn, and judging from the print reproduced in "The Poets' Chantry" by Katherine Brégy, his features were long and his chin firm. His strong mouth speaks of humor, but his eyes are sad.

"Persecution makes of some men misanthropes, of others saints; of Father Southwell it made a poet." All his poetical works were produced in prison. Three volumes of his works were published after his death. His longest poem is "St. Peter's Complaint," consisting of one hundred and thirty-two six-line stanzas, but he shows to better advantage in his shorter poems. It is believed that Southwell read Shakespeare, but it is certain that Shakespeare read Southwell. Shakespeare never gave a more wholesome lesson than is couched in the simple lines:

"A chance may win, that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
Who least have some, who most hath never all."

In his poetry Southwell subordinates the artistic to the religious purpose. The poetic quality of his work is, therefore, unequal, but he is never laboured; to him poetry was a pleasant relaxation.

“In coarser studies ’tis a sweet repose
With poet’s pleasing vein, to temper prose.”

The shorter lyrics contain his freshest and most artless outpourings, in a language where the simplicity of perfect sincerity triumphs over the graceful but artificial technique which is so characteristic of the Elizabethan lyrists. For instance, in the little poem, “New Prince New Pomp”:

“Behold a silly tender Babe
In freezing winter night
In homely manger trembling lies
Alas! a piteous sight.

“With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise this humble pomp,
Which he from heaven doth bring.”

He seems to have had a special love for the Sacred Infancy. Of his more famous, “Burning Babe,” Ben Jonson said he would gladly give most of the works he had written to claim its authorship. The poem, “Man to the Wound in Christ’s Side,” reminds us that Father Southwell’s chosen reading after the Sacred Scriptures was the works of St. Bernard. Its opening lines:

O Pleasant Spot! O place of rest!
O Royal rift! O worthy wound!
Come harbour me, a weary guest,
That in the world not ease have found!

might have been written by the great saint himself.

The burning zeal and heroic virtue of the life of Robert Southwell are becoming better known, and now Rome sees fit to canonize him, and so raise him to his rightful place in Holy Church. Thus we are called upon not only to admire, but as far as in us lies to imitate the sweetness of his life, his abso-

lute erosion of self, and his complete resignation to God's holy will. Of the perfection which suffering wrought in his soul we might quote his own lines on the death of Mary Queen of Scots:

God's spice I was, and pounding was my due,
 In fading my incense favour'd best;
 Death was my mean my kernel to renew,
 By lopping shot I up to heavenly rest.

Some things more perfect are in their decay,
 Like spark that going out gives clearest light;
 Such was my hap whose doleful dying day
 Began my joy, and termèd Fortune's spite.

Margaret Gaughan, '31.

A SONNET TO HONOUR.

To thee, bright goddess, called by mortals, honour,
 This sonnet, in the sincerest praise, I give,
 Bold Henry! Percy's "Esperance" and valour,
 By Falstaff sacrificed that he might live.
 'Twas Hotspur's hope that he might wear
 "Bright honour plucked from the pale-faced moon,"
 But this was more than Royal heart could bear,
 And so Prince Henry roused him none too soon.

Now men may ask how much a change was wrought,
 One day a thief, the next beyond a king.
 'Twas all for thee, O goddess, that he fought
 And to his house much happiness did bring.
 To live, to die, to fight, to starve, to kill,
 Thou spur'st us on with more than human skill.

Pauline J. Bondy, Moderns, 3T2.

MONTAIGNE.

The greatness of man, and his historical interest, centres in what he is himself, and what influence he exerts over people and times. Often a personality is hidden and results pass unknown, but with Montaigne it is different. His works give himself and history his influence.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of his life, his various positions at varied dates which may be found in any text. Suffice it is to mention his excellent and early Latin training which opened to him ancient literature, his travels that gave him a contact with different people, and later his retirement during which he wrote.

Montaigne doubtless would have denied he was writing a book. He was merely reading at random, making comparisons, margin notes, personal comments, and later gathering these into his essays. Thus, as he says himself, "Here you will find merely my fancies."

In an easy, frank, conversational style, Montaigne goes on to speak of his own personality. "I myself am the subject of my book." Yet he is both individual and universal, feeling with all and for all. In tracing a portrait of himself "he gives us a picture of all humanity."

In reading Montaigne we may overlook many a detail, for the author was extensive,—and then perhaps a phrase will strike us. For instance: "Not being able to regulate events to suit me, I suit myself to the events." What a deal of worry over small matters he must have saved himself! In many cases this would be excellent advice, yet it could hardly have a general influence. If James Watt had regulated himself to travelling with horse and buggy, the steam engines would have made a much more tardy appearance. Utopia may be lack of worry, but unrest gets ahead.

However, this 'let oneself go' was the essence of Montaigne's nature. "I enjoy quietly whatever God in his liberality has given me," he says. "My worst trial is uncertainty and suspense." "And as for ambition, why should I exert

myself for an uncertain hope, and enter difficulties for something I may never obtain?" One might form an adverse opinion from this, were it not for the charm of his writing.

And this charm lies in his clear and open frankness, his friendly intimacy with his readers. "I have a very poor memory," he states. "If ever I slip from my subject a little I lose the thread of it. If I live long enough I shall probably forget my name."

Then again he will strike a serious note: Human reason is a double-edged and dangerous sword." "No opinion is worth the disturbing of the general peace." But neither these nor any others are deeply gone into,—Montaigne did not claim to be a philosopher

The writer of the "Essays" had his own conception of pleasure. "I go into pleasure, not to lose myself, but to find myself. I love life and cultivate it." He wishes to taste his joys to the full. We cannot deny that Montaigne was an Epicurean. Yet it was not licentiousness, but rather a practice of Rousseau's doctrine of the original goodness of man and of all things. "We do wrong to God in refusing His gifts," he says. "He made all things good."

Such is Montaigne the man,—frank, simple and straightforward, chattering on indefinitely with an intimate charm, touching on everything and delving into nothing, yet showing in his tracing of himself the humanity of the world.

That he should have an influence on people or times was very far from his mind,—many of his essays were never meant for publication.—Yet, all unknown, he did. Just after the Renaissance, just after all the latest artistic, geographical and scientific discoveries, in an age when everyone said "I know," Montaigne sat quietly back, and asked, "What do I know?" And that little phrase bore through the foundations of dogmatism, undermined the 'taken-for-granted' attitude, and paved the way for liberal thought. All unknown it worked its way until the time of overthrowing, the wild wave of the Revolution when men said "We don't know," cast aside all old and established ideas, and set out for change in all things.

Outside of this indirect and unintentional influence,, Montaigne's books have long been a source of pleasant reading, a representation of the world given in a light, colorful and interesting manner. "Throughout the Essays," says Strachey, "we feel the beautiful humanity of Montaigne."

Jennie Farley, 3T2.

**HONOUR AS CONCEIVED IN SHAKESPEARE'S
HENRY IV.**

Say, what is honour? Isn't it an empty word,—
 A piece of ornament that men may wear
 Upon discretion,—a swash-buckler's sword,—
 A plaything fashioned from elusive air?
 Or is this honour, rightly taken, pride
 That grasps at justice for itself alone,
 Whate'er the cost. Say, is this name allied
 To hardy warlike zeal whence grace has flown?

Where sense and courage with true worth unite,
 Where love and admiration both consort,
 Where fealty directs ambition's might,
 Vice finds no entrance, crime holds not her court.
 Methinke that honour is nobility,
 Inborn and selfless, wearing dignity.

Bernita Miller, 3T2.

MODERN SOCIAL PROBLEMS IN THE UTOPIA OF SIR THOMAS MORE, OR "MORE'S UTOPIA."

If you will give your imagination free reign I will attempt to lead it into a land of impossibilities, and try to make them seem probable. Are you ready? Very well.

First, I am going to take Sir Thomas More out of the sixteenth century and place him in the twentieth, from London, England, to Toronto, Canada. It is Saturday afternoon. Varsity is playing Queen's, but Sir Thomas doesn't want to go to the game, although he secretly hopes Varsity will win; no, he is going to the socialist meeting in Queen's Park. Now I am going to tax your imagination to the utmost. I am asking you to suppose that he is able to pass through the labyrinth of officers. You will likely admit the probability of his presence more than that of the latter statement, and it will require a great deal of will power for you to refrain from saying "That is impossible," but for the sake of the narrative, I must beg your tolerance.

Mayor McBride is attending an afternoon tea, therefore, he is not on hand to read the Riot Act, and, too, some strange lethargy has overcome the stalwart upholders of peace and order. The motorcycle police are pumping their tires and the mounties are playing with their horses. The "Reds" are given a chance to voice their grievances. Sir Thomas More comes very close to the fiery orator, because it is difficult to catch the sounds emanating from a dense growth of beard. Translated into the King's English, his mutterings amounted to this: "We form the real back-bone of industry, why should we be treated like slaves? Shall we stand by and see the capitalist use us as stepping-stones to greater and greater luxuries? Why can't we own fine cars and homes? Are not we as good as he?" One rhetorical question follows another and he reaches a very high dramatic pitch and says, "Let us rise and take by force what is really our right, 'freedom, liberty and equality.'" This is very mild compared to what really reaches the ears of

Sir Thomas More, and the venerable old man feels sorry for these poor ignorant people. Surely, thinks he, something can be done to ameliorate their sufferings. Then our idealist searches his mind for a solution to the problem, and becomes so absorbed that even the words of the "Red" Demosthenes fail to reach his ears. Perhaps it is better that they should not, for, even to so sympathetic a man as Sir Thomas their blind fury would seem intolerable.

"If I would help them," he says to himself, "I must understand their grievances." "Class Distinction—here, in America, I believe social rank is based not on birth, but on wealth. Suppose the value of wealth were estimated at its proper worth. And foolish industry replaced by useful industry, and the production of iron more esteemed than the polishing of precious stones. If they could be prevailed upon to judge material things from the standpoint of utility, wouldn't this stumbling-block be removed. Then there exists the distinction between those who work and those who play. Let every man be compelled not only to learn a trade, but also to ply it, and see how quickly and surely class distinction would be banished from society. Again, if every man worked at his trade no one need labour more than six hours a day, for there would be a superabundance of necessary products. No man would then scheme to undermine his fellow so as to amass greater wealth for himself, because all things being owned in common, he would have no need for money except in dealing with foreign states, less perfect in government than his own. Then there would be plenty of leisure for recreation, learning could be fostered and an appreciation for natural beauty encouraged.

"A great deal of useless labour, dissatisfaction and worry could be eliminated by a standard form of dress" Here Sir Thomas More looks about and shakes his head sadly at the rather bizarre spectacle that meets his gaze. The multi-coloured ensembles have anything but an artistic effect, and he feels, that if this be the individualistic tendency in dress, such a tendency were better suppressed.

The people are stirring, they seem inclined to disperse,

and Sir Thomas More's soliloquy is abruptly terminated. He cannot allow these people to depart dissatisfied, for he thinks he has solved their riddle of life in the work which came from his pen so many years ago, and that it only remains for him to bring it to their attention. He advances towards the platform and gets permission to address the mob. They gaze around in amazement as he takes out a vest-pocket edition of his conception of an ideal state—Utopia. "This, my good people," he begins, "is a panacea for all your ills." They cannot understand him and hardly believe that he is speaking their language. He reads certain passages to them, and those among them who can fathom his meaning realize that his ideal state is really their objective. He comes to a part which they all understand, and their nods and the gleam in their eyes signify approval. He is telling them of short working hours. They cheer frantically when he states that in Utopia each one must work, be he rich or poor, but, in fact, since everything is owned in common there is no such class distinction. But their interest wanes when he speaks of sanitation, width of streets, hospitals, the treatment of criminals, these they take as established facts. They lose sight of the finer ideals, and to their incensed minds, there appears only one picture. They see themselves placed on a level with all men regardless of personal merit. They go even further. There is an element of revenge in their Utopia, perhaps they see themselves in their masters' places, conditions being reversed, and think that violence is necessary. More finishes his treatise and makes his way out of the crowd. Nothing has been accomplished. His ideals do coincide to a certain extent with theirs, but both have failed to see the impossibility of the realization of their dreams because neither party has taken into consideration the all-important factor—Human Nature.

Now I will allow your imagination to take a deep breath and relax. Have I wearied it too much? If so, my deepest apologies. I have been guilty of serious digressions. Let me sum up briefly. Although there is a great deal in More's Utopia which could never be put into practice, we find that

while reading it, a smile often comes to our lips when he consider how fully many of his notions have been realized. To the sixteenth century folk his ideas must have seemed very novel, for example the incubator, seemingly a product of modern science. Who knows, perhaps other of his suggestions may materialize and then More's Eutopia of the sixteenth century would be considered more advanced than our ultra-modern 1929.

Julienne Gauthier, 3T0.

THE MASTER'S WAY.

Not ours to know the reason
 Why unanswered is our prayer,
 But ours to wait for God's own time
 To lift the cross we bear;
 Not ours to know the reason
 Why from loved ones we must part,
 But ours to live in faith and hope,
 Though bleeding to the heart;
 Not ours to know the reason
 Why this anguish, strife and pain,
 But ours to know a crown of thorns
 Sweet graces for us gain;
 A cross, a bleeding heart and crown—
 What greater gifts are given?
 Be still, my heart, and murmur not;
 These are the Keys of Heaven.

—Anon.

ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF CHAUCER**As Seen by the "Prologue"**

England in April! What is there in an English April that induces Chaucer to open his famous prologue with illusions to its magic? It is the blue, blue skies, the intangible softness of the air, the beauty of budding nature? Whatever it is, the effect is most wholesome. Reading Chaucer's "Prologue" we can easily visualize the jovial host of Tabard Inn standing under the shade of his quaintly-gabled roof and looking down the grassy lanes, then the only woods in existence.

What does he see? Not an even, uninterrupted mass of dingy, uninteresting buildings, not wide streets paved and artificial. His eyes are favored with a far-different sight. He sees, nestled among green shrubbery, picturesque little houses of half-timber. The sun slants obliquely and strikes the roofs, decorated in bright colors, and casts fanciful darts of light on the good house-wife's first cherished flowers which loving April has brought to life.

We can easily picture, coming up the little lane, on horseback, a procession of pilgrims imbued by a longing to visit the holy shrines of saints and this particular band of pilgrims had in mind the Cathedral city of Canterbury where was located the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket. This procession would indeed be remarkable to us. Not a hurrying line of high-powered motors but a pageant which seemed to wind like a bright streamer of colors for in the fourteenth century sombre black or brown did not reign as conventional for men's attire but the gayest and brightest hues; graceful plumes waved in the breeze and retainers in gay livery attended the knight. It was a glorious pageant of knighthood, accompanied by others of less high rank, the Clerk, the Friars and many others, for then indeed it was merry England.

The good host always welcomed cordially his guests. Taverns in the fourteenth century were famous for prodigality of food, the fineness of the linen, and the general well-kept

interior. Guests rose very early and also went to bed at what seems to us an unreasonably early hour, after sunset, for artificial light was precious.

By the various characters which Chaucer has introduced into his Prologue we see certain characteristics of true knight-hood, faithfulness, liberality, and courtesy. The knight was, owing to the many wars raging in Europe during the fourteenth century, very much in demand. About 1350 the earliest light chain armour gave way to heavy plate armour; breast, shoulders, arms and legs were then shielded with casings of steel effective to ward off arrows and blows but on foot the knight moved with great difficulty.

Among the pilgrims is the dainty Prioress, a type at which Chaucer is somewhat amused. We learn from his pen-picture of "Madame Eglantine" that more refined practices were making way. As yet there were no forks or plates in the average household but more care was taken to eat carefully and with a show of dignity.

The little groups consisting of the haberdasher, the carpenter and the weaver cannot fail to attract our attention as they are representatives of their various guilds. These guilds were still strong and jealously watchful over their own privileges. Almost insurperable difficulties barred the way to laborers wishing to enter the guilds of trained artisans. Merchants and manufacturers formed, like the nobles, a privileged class, and as riches increased, their rights were more highly prized and more strongly guarded.

It is interesting to note that colleges were not as now, on the same extensive basis. They originated in little groups collecting for the purpose of hearing some particular discussions. The Oxford Clerk, portrayed by Chaucer as a hollow-cheeked, serious type with a mind absolutely insensible to worldly goods has a particular significance. We see England in a stage of intellectual advancement, for the fourteenth century was clearly not an epoch of stagnation. The very Prologue itself is a transition by which Chaucer raises the level of English poetry to that of his French and Italian contemporaries. The dialect

of the south was replaced by that of the midlands, which in time became the English standard and was the English that Chaucer wrote.

We have a picture of the wanton and jolly friar who was more familiar with the bar-maids than with those poor unfortunate beings of England whom the fatal terrors of leprosy had clutched. In the folds of his gay tippet were stuffed knives and what seems to us pins, to be presented as strange tokens of very high esteem to the most favored fair ladies—for pins in those days were rare articles.

It is true that under all the gay beautiful life, resplendent on the surface, there was a darker background. The hundred years was continued and anti-papal agitation tended to moral laxity. But is it necessary to peer into this darkness? Chaucer did not think so. His attitude sprung from the true spirit of Christianity, urges us to do whatever good we can and let our own small influence be an influence towards righteousness; for the rest, he will leave the salvation of the world in the competent hands of the God who has created it, as is portrayed in his *Balade de bon Conseyl*.

“Be not in a tempest to make straight all that turns like a ball. Little anxiety means great repose, and beware of kicking against the pricks, strive not as the jug against the stones. Control yourself, who control the deeds of others; and truth shall make you free doubt it not.”

Josephine Lynch, '33.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN.

Woman and her place in the universe might well be a subject of international controversy and calls for a lofty mind and a deep insight into the Eternal Feminine, but a twentieth century woman, and the aptitude of her title, is one which I feel qualified to tackle. Were I of a masculine slant of mind my attitude might be one of downright hostility, and I might begin the discussion in a slightly deprecatory fashion. But be-

ing a member of the sex which is reputed to change its mind as frequently as it changes its hat (and justly proud!) I am inclined to a very dissimilar attitude and to one which I feel amply justified.

In days of old when knights were bold, seemingly a woman needed to possess but two qualities,—a certain amount of beauty and a very great amount of this thing called patience. The latter was strictly essential, for the gallants of that period made it a practise to wander off in quest of dragons and other household pests, while their fair ladies reclined in their high towers, weeping copiously all the while.

Eventually these benighted creatures plucked up enough courage to witness “Ye fierce tournaments” which were then the favourite male out-door sport, and accordingly fainted in becoming groups, when one of the knights happened to receive a slight scratch from a misguided lance. All this was very touching, pathetic and divinely feminine, but thence came a day when this over dose of femininity began to have its effect on men. No longer did they participate in “Ye fierce tournaments, but actually began to wage war in foreign countries.

Finally the situation became decidedly boring, and both parties being heartily weary of the condition of things, came upon a joint resolution—a compromise as it were. Namely, that the gentleman of the house should endeavour to cultivate a taste for some more domestic sport like gardening, for instance, and that each wife in her turn, should endeavour to interest herself in the work and enthusiasms of her husband. The plan worked well, the condition of women was gradually revolutionized and the “clinging-vine” type became practically extinct, for which all were devotedly thankful. Men and women alike awoke to a newer interest in life, and the position and social status of a woman became entirely changed in the years that followed.

And so it is that all down through the ages we find women like the brave Jeanne d’Arc; women like the early settlers of Canada who stood adamant in the fierce wilderness that

was the New World. Madeline de Vercheres and the thousands of other unknown heroines of that old regime, not unmindful of our own famous Laura Secord, and also in the Old World, and a later period Florence Nightingale, the incomparable heroine of Crimea

Lastly we come to the woman of our own day—the twentieth century woman, besides whom the useless fair ladies of a different age seem ludicrous. And how very different is she from those earlier women, and yet, in many respects, how like! Though the four long years of the ghastly war while their men fought so valiently, it was the women “behind the lines,” who shouldered their responsibilities, cheered them through the grim and bloody battles of the horrible slaughter, nursing them patiently even as did the pioneer mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts in that great struggle for England, while Canada was still young. How reminiscent of those brave women who, gun in hand, dared all, to keep their country from the hand of invasion and of death.

And to-day women are repaid.—repaid a thousandfold. To-day the world has practically thrown off the shackles of that war, and liberty and freedom offer new and fascinating opportunities. Women now stand equally with men, taking their place in business as intelligently and as skilfully as though they had been accustomed to it all their lives. In every walk of life we find them—a help, an inspiration. The old traditions that forbade women the realm of sport, have been discarded with the result that they are healthier and more alert physically and mentally, than ever before.

Yet in spite of all this new freedom the twentieth century woman has not lost the fundamental qualities. Rather she has combined within herself a little of the New with a little of the Old. Modernity has not spoiled the woman of to-day, for in some mysterious fashion she has seemed to catch the elusive feminine charm of a by-gone age and made it her very own.

She carries the Torch of Life—all the inspirations and hopes of a generation to come, and who indeed, will fear the

future when it is already safeguarded by the loyalty and steadfastness of this so-called Twentieth Century Woman.

Jane Swift, Form IV.

THE EASIEST WAY TO MAKE ME FURIOUS.

I gazed in despair at a list of subjects lying before my eyes. Write a composition on this—or this—or this—or horrors! “A sunset!” Doubtless sunsets are very beautiful, but all that can be said about them has been said already. Sunsets have been seen, duly admired and written about since the first time the sun set. No, decidedly there was nothing to be written concerning a sunset. The next was “Autumn in the Woods.” I took the list and went to a friend. “Decide on a subject for me,” I demanded, handing it to her.

As she was considered more or less of an authority on the art of writing, I awaited her decision with respect. In five minutes I was so angry I was almost apoplectic. She began by selecting one of the descriptive subjects on which I had rather fancied I could say a few very pretty things.

“There,” she told me, “is the sort of thing you usually write. Something where you can spread your flowery and insipid vocabulary over pages and say nothing. Such phrases as “elusive faery charm” (spelt f-a-e-r-y), and “exquisite pink of a half-blown rosebud” and the “magnificently regal autumnal colouring,” will flood your brain and the result will be one of your usual effusions.”

I felt rather suppressed and said nothing. She looked critically at one of the abstract subjects—“snobbery”—“patriotism”—“imagination”—and informed me coldly that I could not find enough to say on anything so deep. My ire was aroused by this reflection on the depth—or shallowness—of my mind, but I squirmed in silence. Then followed a long oration on my limited vocabulary, my horrible style of writing, the scandalous way I murdered a good plot, and she wound up by telling me that doubtless if I ever became a

novelist (I scented a compliment, but was disappointed) my works would sell very well and I would probably make a lot of money—this last in a tone of scorn. I declared hotly that I had no intention of becoming a popular, money-making novelist. She then said that, well of course if I were going to try “art for art’s sake—” I turned and stamped out of the room followed by this Parthian shot, “and for Heaven’s sake don’t try to be cynical and amused!”

I sat down in my room and reflected—when I had cooled off—what a very peculiar thing the human temper is. Except for a few fortunate people who are blessed with the sweetest and most seraphic of dispositions, we are nearly all under the influence of our rather unreliable tempers until we grow to know reason and prudence. After all I was merely like everybody else—my pride and vanity were hurt by ridicule. Perhaps my so-called literary friend had been in a cross mood herself and had to “take it out” on somebody else. Perhaps I was unreasonable to be so angry at such a little thing; but right or wrong, I was blind with rage for a few minutes.

Then I looked at the list in my hand. Ah! Inspiration! I would write on “The Easiest Way to Make Me Furious”—a subject about which I felt qualified to say a great deal. The easiest way to make me furious is to tease me or to make fun of my accomplishments. I will guarantee to respond readily and with sufficient force to prove that it is certainly not hard to make me lose my temper.

Ray Godfrey, Form IV.

A TRIP TO GROUSE MOUNTAIN.

It was a typical summer day in Vancouver. The warm May sun was shining, and the tall, yellow daffodils nodded their heads lazily in the breeze. Summer had really come, but on that day we were leaving summer behind, and climbing Grouse Mountain, the land of ice and snow.

Eight o’clock that morning found us at the foot of the

mountain. Then our climb of three thousand six hundred and eighty feet began. For an hour or more we plodded along; the path was narrow and overhung with tall pines and cedars, which kept out the sun and made our ascent pleasant and cool. Then suddenly our path gave way to a little unsheltered plot of dry grass, and by this we knew we had reached the "Bald Spot" of Grouse Mountain. The Bald Spot is the half-way mark in the climb. Everyone who attempts to climb Grouse Mountain looks forward to it as a stopping place. It is the real resting-place for hikers, and, affords a most beautiful view of Vancouver and the harbour,—a view, never to be forgotten by one who has had the good fortune to behold it. The trees have been cut down and are strewn about as seats.

Standing there we looked out over the harbour. The sun played tricks on the dancing waters of Burrard Inlet. We could see boats and crofts plying their way up and down, and the big steamers shining brilliantly in the sun light, as they made their tedious way through the Narrows. We could see the Second Narrow's Bridge, that connects the extreme east of Vancouver with the coast of North Vancouver, as it lay like an iron hand across the inlet. Then before us stretched Vancouver city, magnificent in its majestic splendour. The streets went back from the shore like white ribbons. The buildings of various heights stood out clearly, and the tall smoke-stacks with their thin grey line of smoke, rose above everything, trying in vain to reach the blue sky. Looking westward, we saw the majestic pines and cedars of Stanley Park, and the light-house of Prospect Point standing out against the background of green trees.

Previous to our little rest, we had made our ascent by curves around, and in and out. But now we were to begin an almost perpendicular climb. It was not very long till we struck the first snow line. In less than a half hour we were up to our knees in snow, and the climb becoming more and more difficult, we had to form a chain to keep from slipping. Nearly exhausted and very cold and hungry, at last we reached the

top. There we were greeted by a slight snow-fall. It seemed as though we were in another world of snow and ice, instead of only a few hours' walk from sunshine and flowers.

After having satisfied our appetites and partially dried our clothes, we started to survey our surroundings. A few minutes' walk brought us to the ski camp. The camp itself is a low log building on the top of a hill overlooking what seemed to be a deep valley. A few men were skiing and they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. A little south of the camp was the toboggan slide. We hired a toboggan, and for an hour or more enjoyed the best of "sleigh rides." As we whizzed down the hill we experienced an indescribable thrill, but the real pleasure of the day came when we stood on the Plateau gazing at the scene that met our eyes. The Plateau of Grouse Mountain is really just a flat portion of the summit, and from it one can see the surrounding country for miles. We had a superb view of Vancouver and the harbour. We looked out over the city and realized that Vancouver deserves the title "Queen of the Coast." We turned northward and looked on a space of ice and snow, a wonderful sight. The tall pines made a beautiful contrast with the white, virgin snow. To our right was Grouse Mountain Chalet, built a few years ago for the enjoyment of people who wished to spend a day or so amid snow and ice. It is really a grand, old-fashioned log chateau, with all modern conveniences, and has a most home-like atmosphere. A magnificent driveway opening from the main road leads up to it. It was in this delightful log house that we were to spend the night. Just before retiring we again walked to the Plateau to get a view of Vancouver at night. It was an inspiring sight. We could compare the city itself only to a celestial city, so ablaze was it with lights. Little wonder that we spent an hour admiring the scene.

When we opened our eyes next morning, we were greeted by a flood of golden light. Having done justice to a really wonderful breakfast, we went outside to bask in the morning sun. It played, danced and glistened on the snow, making it

appear like millions of diamonds. Again the beauty of the scene captivated us. But it was to end all too soon, for immediately preparations were in progress for our descent. An hour later we bade adieu to Grouse Mountain, "the land of snow and ice," and withal, a spot too beautiful to describe.

Helen Conway, Grade X.

Vancouver, B.C.

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EXCHANGES.

The October number of St. Mary's Chimes, published by the students of St. Mary's College, Indiana, is a little heavy in matter, but we do consider masterly and enlightening E. Tobin's "Laudate Dominum," a study of the liturgy of the Church. By way of improvement we would suggest some note of college activities.

* * * * *

Loyola College Review is perhaps the most complete and compact annual we have yet received. Of its eighty-eight pages only eleven are devoted to athletics, and they boast a mere readable conciseness than most. The rather apparent lack of literary interest is counter-balanced to some extent by the editorial celebrating the Pope's Sacerdotal Jubilee. Worthy of commendation are E. F. Anable's poems and the pen-and-ink "end-pieces" of interesting architectural details of the College, which are artistic as well as being highly decorative.

* * * * *

The May number of St. Vincent College Journal offers pleasant reading in the way of essays. "Crakenhill Survives" is the kind of intensive book review we really appreciate. The statistics of "Campers and Gymnasium," however, are hard to get into and a little suggestive of a newspaper sporting page.

* * * * *

The students of St. Mary's Academy, Los Angeles, are to be congratulated on the artistic commencement number of "Lightning." The photography merits the greatest praise and college activities are well outlined.

The Gothic, from Detroit, Michigan, is a valued name on our Exchange list. It bears the stamp of an intellectual culture. The comic element affords quiet reaction. It introduces a new note, Current Politics. We make special mention of the cover design—it has both originality and colour harmony. Our sincere wish is that this magazine will become more prosperous from year to year.

Julien Gauthier, 3T0.

* * * * *

The *Campion*, from Regina, Saskatchewan, certainly deserves mention among the first in this section. It contains articles on varied subjects which are for the most part well written and quite informative. The short essays on "Unemployment" and "Divorce" are particularly good. The *Diary* adds local colour. *Campion's* interests do not lie only in Catholic Ethics, as evidenced by their essays, but also in sports, for the sporting section is the best and most complete of the papers which as yet have reached us. We wish the *Campion* success in their building fund campaign.

* * * * *

A more complete little book than *Ariston*, St. Catharine's College Magazine, cannot be found. We find excellent prose composition, delightful poems, music notes, athletics, everything but photographs. The Baccalaureate address rings with sincerity and boundless enthusiasm. We particularly enjoyed the "Travel Vignettes" and the short story, "Revolt." We are glad to make the acquaintance of this magazine and are eagerly awaiting the next issue.

Julien Gauthier

THE MASS.

No one can tell—no angel's pen could write all that the Mass has been during Christian centuries to the successive generation of Christian people. To the priest the Mass has been the daily bread of grace, of strength, and of consolation. To the people it has been religion, worship, devotion, the lifting up of the heart, the elevation of the mind to higher things in the midst of worldly work and solicitude. To Christian flocks the Sunday Mass has been union, light and consolation.

To the Christian nation the solemn Mass has been triumph, thanksgiving, sorrow's union of mind. In the presence of our Saviour Jesus Christ, kings have first put on their crowns at Mass, Parliaments have begun their sessions with it, justice has opened her courts by assisting at it, universities have begun their labors by solemnly attending it. The Mass has been the grand feature of a Christian marriage; and the solemn Mass of Requiem has sanctified mourning and taught the bereaved how to be resigned while it has brought the best of all comforts to the soul.

If you take pen at set of sun,
 And note the acts that you have done,
 And counting find
 One self-denying deed, one word
 That eased the heart of him that heard,
 One glance, most kind,
 That fell like sunshine where it went,
 Then you may count that day well spent,
 But if through all the livelong day
 You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
 If through it all
 You've done nothing that you can trace
 That brought sweet sunshine to one face
 No act most small,
 That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
 Then count that day as worse than lost!

—Cardinal Newman.

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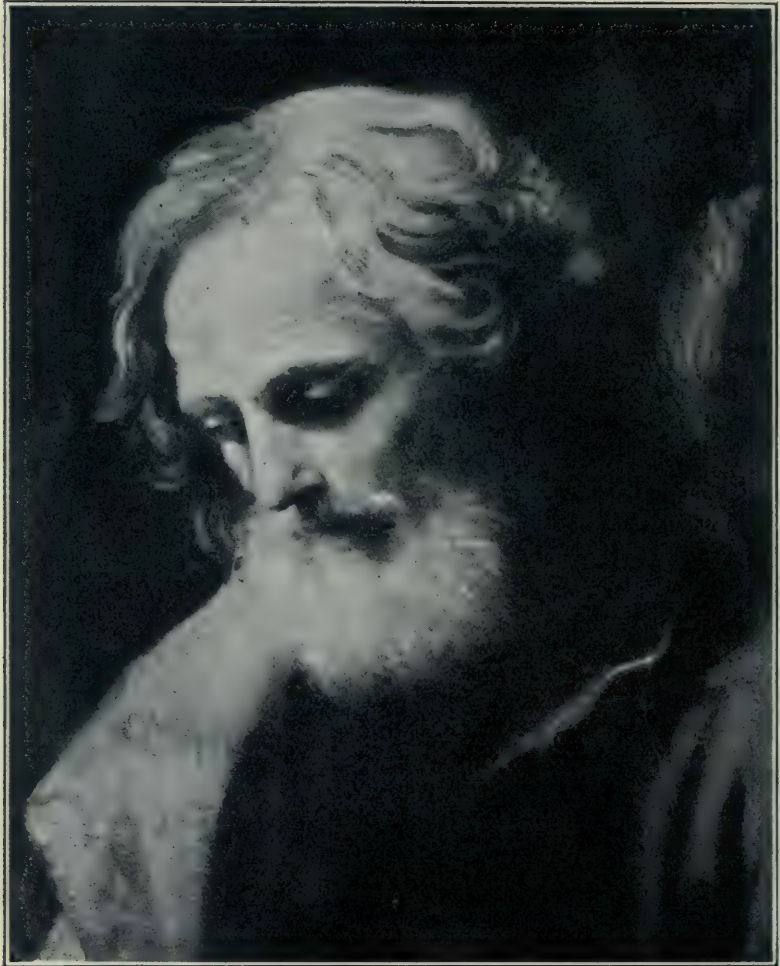
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ST. JOSEPH, HEAD OF THE HOLY FAMILY

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XVIII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1930

No. 4

GLORY OF FAMILY LIFE!

The importance of the Catholic family cannot be overestimated. It is there that the Church's future members and defenders are trained. Heroic missionaries, devout nuns, holy priests, future pious fathers and mothers of families—all receive the germs of faith and Christian fortitude under the parental roof tree; and the greater number of religious owe the first development of their vocation to the teachings and example given to them by good parents. Family life is, therefore, an essential for the very existence of the Church, and for the carrying on of the incessant combat against her foes. As an army in war-time drafts fresh troops from the various camps and training grounds, so the Church looks to the good Catholic family for fresh recruits to swell the ranks of the army of the Lord. And so, in the Catholic family, parents should ever be on the watch to encourage the growth of religious grace and piety in the minds of the little ones. Every good example, every little lesson of holiness and faith inculcated, may be a seed that will in future spring up as a determinant in the life of a great saint or a great missionary of the Church. Saint Joseph is especially the 'Glory of Family Life,' because to him parents can look for a true and steadfast ideal in all their trials and difficulties.

We are told that when the villagers around Nazareth felt discouraged and downcast, they said to one another: 'Let us go and see the family of the Carpenter.' Catholic parents should often make this little visit with the villagers, in spirit. Let them imagine a beautiful morning in the early springtime as they walk with the others up the narrow, white, winding

road that leads to the home of Joseph. Beneath them lies a deep valley, vividly green with the freshened grass, and the tender verdure of the young olives and pomegranates, and threaded like a silver maze by the clear-flowing Kishon and its tributary streams. Mount Gerizim's opal-tinged summit looming against the southern sky-line, bars the view towards Gilgal and the Holy City. To the east, bounding the fertile Jordan valley, stand the lofty heights of Thabor and Herman, and far away to the north may be noticed a grateful glimpse of the fairy blue of the lovely Lake of Galilee! It is all holy and blessed land to-day, for the footsteps of Christ have consecrated it. Soon the gates of the little flat-roofed town appear; they enter and come to the house of the carpenter. Without a moment's hesitation, they go in, and are received with smiles of welcome from the inmates. And these smiles work a strange alchemy in the souls of the visitors. Gloom and sadness fall away from them, like mists that scatter and disappear before the warmth of the noonday sun. The carpenter pauses in his work at the bench for a moment to exchange kindly greetings, then cheerfully resumes his toil. The boy Jesus, who is busy aiding his foster-father, turns a look of such entrancing sweetness upon the new-comers that they feel a thousand times repaid for all the toil of the journey!

There is nothing unusual in that household scene. It is just what the visitors expected to see. But a strange peace falls upon their hearts, because all is well with the family of the carpenter and all is well with God's world. And all will ever be well with the family where each person does his or her daily duty, fears God, and makes of every word and action an oblation and a prayer, as Saint Joseph did.



The Lure of Ireland

The splendour of your crooning, sun-lit seas,
O land of mine!

The music of clear water as it creeps
On quiet strands,

The grey-green glory of the leaping waves
Crested with foam;

Rushing to kiss the silver band on ocean's rim—
This was the witching lure that surely beckoned him,
O land of mine!

The sweet ecstatic rapture of the lark
O'er fields of green

Singing into the waiting ear of God
Its meed of praise,

The whistle of the blackbird on the thron—
Exquisite joy!

These were the voices lovely, e'en a saint, might win,
And keep in gracious thrall the human soul of him,
O land of mine!

And, oh! the apple blossoms in the Spring,
All tipped with rose;

The scented hawthorn falling in the wells
Surpassing cool;

The call of curlew in the stilly night
Across the bogs—

These wound the heart of me with deep, delicious pain;
These brought the Slemish captive back to us again,
O land of mine!

The valour of the men, their courtesy,
O land of mine!

The white-souled maids, with wild, sweetbriar fence
Of sweet reserve

That hedged their crowning grace, their fairest dower,
As with a shield,

The cry of Irish children o'er the salt sea-wrack,
Could he, the loved St. Patrick, hear and not come back,
O land of mine?

THREE VALIANT WOMEN

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

Among the English Martyrs recently beatified three were women; and they died specifically in defence of the priesthood. It therefore is only proper that some priest should remember them by name—Margaret Clitheroe, martyred in 1586; Margaret Ward, in 1588; and Anne Lyne in 1601.

It is all the more necessary to speak of these martyrdoms because so great an historian as Hallam, who made a gallant endeavour to burst the bonds of anti-Catholic prejudice, was so misinformed as to assert that no woman suffered death for the Catholic religion during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Margaret Middleton, as she was by birth, was born in the City of York about 1553. While she was still a child, her father conformed to the new Elizabethan Church, and brought her up as a Protestant, and she frequented the heretical service, 'not suspecting that there had been any better way to serve God.' Her father died in 1567, and her mother married again. In 1571, when she was not more than twenty, perhaps younger, she was married to John Clitheroe, a butcher by trade. Two or three years after her marriage, she first heard the truth about the 'old religion,' and 'became desirous to learn the Christian duty in truth and sincerity, and this gracious desire she accomplished, not without contradiction from her worldly friends, and resolved to forsake all things, even husband and life, if it were necessary, rather than relapse into her former state.' Her husband, though a Protestant, made no opposition to her conscience or to her education of their children as Catholics, and when she was sentenced to death, proclaimed that she was 'the best wife and the best Christian in the country.' He had two brothers, both Catholics, one a priest and one a layman, who afterwards suffered imprisonment for the Faith; it was probably from one or the other of these that Margaret learned the true Church.

She was very devout, yet even under the reign of terror there was nothing gloomy or sad about her. 'God gave her with a beautiful body and comely face, a beautiful and gracious soul.' Within the following ten years she was often dragged from her home and flung into prison—the dungeon of those times—for making her house a refuge for priests and a place for secret Catholic worship.

It is calculated by Macaulay that when Elizabeth came to the throne not more than one-twentieth of the nation were sincere Protestants, and that even at the end of her long reign the people were so little Protestantized that four-fifths would have readily professed the 'old religion' if she had been succeeded by a Catholic sovereign. She and the minority by whose support she oppressed the majority, having made the Catholic religion treason,* in her aggressive and unprovoked persecution of the Faithful, applied all the most cruel and savage laws of William the Conqueror against this 'treason' with all the implacable hatred and sour malignity of apostates. Any one who makes comparative study of periods of history cannot fail to see that the Bolsheviks of Russia have made themselves familiar with the arts and methods of the Protestant 'Reformers' and of the French Revolutionary Jacobins (1792).

In 1585 a new law made it treason and death for a priest to land in the country or for anyone to shelter him. 'This only do I want to know from you,' said Rev. Christopher Bales at his trial, when he was asked if he had anything to say for himself,

*This policy, like many other delectable things, was 'made in Germany': 'The Margrave of Brandenburg,' writes Acton, 'was advised by the Lutheran divines, that a heretic who could not be converted (to Lutherism) out of Scripture, might be condemned, but that nothing should be said in his sentence about heresy, but only about sedition and murderous intent even though he should be guiltless of these. With the aid of this artifice great numbers were put to death. The Protestant authorities throughout Southern Germany were perplexed after their victory over the Anabaptists . . . These were published really because they taught that no man ought to suffer for his faith . . . Luther, when consulted, decided that they ought not to be punished, unless they refused to conform at the command of the government.'—Acton on The Protestant Theory of Persecution.

'was St. Augustine, who was sent hither by Pope St. Gregory, a traitor?' When proclamations were published against aiding priests, Margaret Clitheroe said, 'By God's grace all priests shall be more welcome to me than ever they were, and I will do what I can to forward God's Catholic service.' When her confessor reminded her that such a course might bring her to the gallows, she said: 'God's will be done; but I am far unworthy of that honor.' In that very year, 1585, she sent a son, Henry, to Douay, who became a priest, as also did another son, William. In the following year, on March 10, her husband was summoned before the Council of the North, the President of which was the Earl of Huntingdon, usually called "the Tyrant." Margaret, expecting that the house would be searched, removed a priest who had just arrived to a more secret 'hiding-hole' which she had made. The sheriffs with their officers soon arrived. The tutor of her children, a Mr. Stapleton, escaped; and the searchers in their rage carried off Margaret with her children and servants, her husband being also imprisoned, and not allowed to see her. Among the servants was a Flemish boy twelve years old who was so bullied and frightened that he revealed a secret chamber where they found vestments and furniture for an altar. Another woman, Anne Tesh, was imprisoned, on the testimony of this boy, in the same cell with her. They spent the time in prayer and abstinence with so much of happiness and joy that Margaret said to her several times, 'Sister, we are so merry together that I fear we shall lose the merit of our imprisonment if we be not parted.' Her confessor says of her several imprisonments: 'She sucked honey out of the poison of her enemies. They persecuted her and she thereby learned patience; they shut her up into close prison and she thereby learned to despise and forget the world; they sought to terrify her, and she thereby increased in the most glorious constancy and fortitude.'

On the 14th of March, after dinner, she was brought before the judges and some of the Council and questioned whether she were guilty of harboring priests, traitors to the Queen, and of having heard Mass. She answered that she was not

guilty of any offence against the Queen; but she steadily refused to plead, being aware that there was no evidence but the word of the one boy, and being afraid that some of her friends, or even her own children, might be forced or entrapped into giving evidence. Nothing would have more delighted some of those heartless men than to break a mother's heart by inveigling and ensnaring one of her own children to destroy her. The Court adjourned that day without pronouncing sentence; and on the next morning she was again brought up and again she refused to plead. The judge then threatened her with the dreadful death by 'peine forte et dure.' A Protestant preacher, whose name was Wigginton, honestly and bravely warned him, that he ought not 'either by God's laws or man's to judge her to die upon the slender witness of a boy.' But the Judge urged on by the Council, pronounced the horrible sentence, that she must return to the prison whence she came, and there in the lowest part be stripped naked, except for a linen cloth about the lower part of her body, and laid down upon her back upon the ground with her hands and feet bound to posts, and with a sharp stone under her back, and a door laid upon her body and on it as much of stones and iron as she could bear, and more.'

'I thank God heartily for this,' said the martyr. 'If this judgment be according to your own conscience, I pray God send you better judgment before Him.' The Judge again urged her to think over her decision, but she replied: 'God be thanked! All that He may send shall be welcome; I am not worthy of so good a death as this.' She added with great humility that she deserved death for her offences against God, but not for anything that she was accused of.

She was then pinioned and led back to prison with such a cheerful countenance that some who saw her in the street said that 'she must have received comfort from the Holy Ghost.' In the interval before the execution, she was beset by many heretical friends who were persuading her to save her life. Among these was her stepfather, who was then Lord

Mayor of York. He asked her to give him her little daughter, Anne, but she refused because she 'would not have her child infected with his heresy.' This daughter afterwards suffered imprisonment for the Faith, but found means of escaping to the Spanish Netherlands (now called Belgium) and became a nun in a convent in Louvain. On the Tuesday before her death she was told that the execution was fixed for the next Friday, March 25. She at once sent word to her friends to pray for her perseverance, and then 'kneeling down and praying a little the fear and horror of death presently departed.' From this time she took no more food at all. On the night before her execution she asked a woman who was imprisoned in the same cell to sit up with her 'not for fear of death, for that is my comfort, but the flesh is frail.' At midnight; she put on a linen robe which she had made, and prayed for three hours, and then rested till six o'clock. At eight, the Sheriff came for her, and she walked barefoot to the place of execution, carrying her linen robe. There she kneeled down and prayed for the Catholic Church, the Pope, and all in charge of souls, and for her persecutors, and especially the Queen, that God might turn them to the Catholic Faith. It was the anniversary, according to ancient opinion, of the Crucifixion. The Sheriff urged her to acknowledge that she died for treason. 'No, no, Mr. Sheriff,' she said, 'I die for the love of my Lord Jesus.' The horrible death was then inflicted. From part of the sentence which I have not quoted, it is clear that the torture was expected to last for three days at least, but after fifteen minutes of such suffering as we cannot imagine, she entered into the joy of the Lord. The last words she was heard to speak were, 'Jesus, have mercy on me.' Lord Huntingdon and his colleagues were not born tigers; what made them tigers?

Her body was left under the press until three in the afternoon and then privately flung by the officers of the law into a filthy hole near the city wall. There it was found by a Catholic, who searched for it, 'whole without any putrefaction' after six weeks. He with others took it a long journey on

horseback to a place where it remained for six days unembowelled before the necessary preservatives could be gotten. After this, 'pure and uncorrupted as if the blessed soul had departed from the body only on the day before,' it was buried in some secret place which has been forgotten by man, but not by God. But a hand which was cut off is still preserved in a reliquary in the Bar Convent at York.

Margaret Ward.

Margaret Ward suffered martyrdom about two years after Mrs. Clitheroe, for assisting a priest to escape from prison. She was put to death a few days after the defeat of the Spanish Armada after all the loyalty and patriotism which the English Catholics had shown, at a time when it might have been expected that the government would have been in good humor with their triumph and lenient. Father William Watson had been arrested and imprisoned in 1586, and was so cruelly tortured by Richard Topcliffe, who wanted to wring evidence against others, that the priest consented to be present at the service in a Protestant Church and was released. Amid all the devilish enginery of unjust laws and illegal torture, the black malice of Topcliffe stands pre-eminent. Honest Anglican clergymen have denounced him as a monster of iniquity. The seared conscience and the stony heart of this apostate and priest-hunter found amusement in hearing the shrieks and watching the writhings of his victims. When the outcry against the illegal tortures practised in the Tower (and torture was never allowed by the laws of England) became violent among Protestants as well as Catholics, he obtained permission from the government to imprison Catholics in his own house and there torture them; and that he might be able to deny having subjected them to the rack or the 'Scavenger's daughter,' he devised the practice of hanging them up by the wrists for long hours and flogging them. His wickedness in the case of Anne Bellamy, whom he seduced both from virtue and from the Faith and persuaded to betray Father Southwell and his treatment for her father, was nothing less than literally diabolical.

He proposed that all Catholic ladies should be imprisoned separately from their family and friends. The lowest and dirtiest thing ever said about Queen Elizabeth, of whom he was a favourite, were his braggings.* Though I have often written about that Queen, I have never dirtied a Catholic priest's ink by any mention of the stories about her private life, because I would not hang a dog upon the evidence of the authors of those scandals (not Catholics, but Protestants) and because, even if they are true, they might be only human weakness in comparison with the diabolical malice, injustice, and cruelty of her persecution.

But justice to Topcliffe requires that his braggings of her favours should be not omitted here. He seems to have been the wickedest, the vilest, the most cruel being that ever disgraced the human shape. In truth he was the devil in human form, and the atrocities perpetrated in his dungeons will never be all known till the Day of Judgment.

Father Watson soon repented of his outward conformity, and appeared in the prison church (Bridewell) and publicly declared his faith and his repentance. He was at once flung into prison again, and grievously afflicted. Margaret Ward was a maid in the higher service of a lady named Mrs. Whittel, of some rank and distinction in London, and obtained her permission to attempt to visit and relieve him. By making friends with the jailer's wife, she was enabled to bring him some food and other necessaries, and after a time the examination of her basket and her person became less strict. At his

*Of course the word of a Topcliffe is not evidence against anyone. The Rev. Thomas Pormort, martyr, was a godson of Whitgift, who became Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. Pormort was imprisoned in Topcliffe's house and there tortured. The Archbishop tried to interfere and obtain more merciful or less cruel treatment for him. Topcliffe was so enraged that he told Justice Yonge that he would hang the Archbishop and 500 more like him if they were in his hands. He tried by an offer of liberty to get that martyr to say that he was an illegitimate son of the Archbishop or at least that the Archbishop had supported him beyond the seas. He said that Whitgift was a fitter councillor in the kitchen among wenches than in a prince's court. Why should any one pay attention to the calumnies of such wretches against Catholics?

request, she smuggled in a rope by which he might let himself down from his window (which was at the top of the house). As the prison was near the river, she engaged a young man named John Roche (alias Neale), an Irishman, to have a boat there in the night in which the priest might escape. On the next morning when it was found that the priest was gone, and that the cord was there (for he had been unable to carry it away) Margaret was at once arrested. She was flogged and hung up by the wrists, before any trial, in the hope of extracting evidence of the priest's whereabouts, so that she was crippled and paralyzed. After eight days of ill-treatment she was brought to trial at Newgate. Liberty was offered to her if she would ask pardon of the Queen and go to the Protestant Church. She replied that she had not committed any offence for which to ask pardon; yea, she believed that the Queen herself, if she had the heart of a woman, would have done as much. Death for such a cause was very welcome to her; she would gladly lay down many lives rather than act against God's holy religion. Two days later she was hanged upon Tyburn Tree. Along with her, and several others, suffered John Roche, who, having exchanged clothes with the priest, was after some days recognized by these, and arrested. Thus these two friends were not divided in death. In this year of triumph, fourteen Catholics were put to death. Between 1588 and 1603, one hundred and ten Catholics were judicially murdered.

Noble natures in success are generous and indulgent. Even wolves and tigers when gorged are harmless and gentle. But base and ignoble wretches when prosperous most display their villainy and their venom. It is little wonder that some Catholics regarded the Queen with her ministers as the "Scarlet woman" drunk with the blood of the Saints.

The 'Bloody Assizes' of this and the following years were absolutely indefensible and inexcusable, for the Catholics had shown themselves the most loyal and patriotic part of the nation; and I say this not as if I thought it would be any dis-

grace to them to rebel against an aggressive, demoralizing and devilish tyranny. What a foolish, if not impudent inconsistency it is by which so many historians of England admire the rebellions and revolutions before the 'Reformation,' and again admire the two (or three) revolutions of the 17th century and the American revolution, but treat Queen Elizabeth and her system as something so sacrosanct that rebellion against it would be treason to the country. But I think the day has gone by when Catholics will submit to such impudent misrepresentations from men who are either foolish and ignorant or deliberately hypocritical. There were Pharisees, Sadducees, and Herodians in the governing gang, and the Queen was both Sadducee and Herodian. Elizabeth was no doubt an astute politician, and it may be that in many misdeeds the machine which she placed in power was too artful and too strong for her own inclinations. But after all is said and when all allowance is made, she must remain classed with Jeroboam, son of Nabat, who made Israel sin, and with Jezebel, who persecuted the priests and prophets of the Lord. Her father's blood leaked out of his coffin and was licked up by a dog, as the corpse lay in Sion House from which he had driven the nuns; and she was only one degree less wicked than her father and her mother. But we have our own principles, and I hope shall remain faithful to them, even if hypocrites cant about similar ones.

Anne Lyne.

The martyrdom of Mrs. Lyne in 1601, though she was not more than thirty-five, was the end of long years of suffering begun in her youth, for conscience's sake. Her father, a gentleman in Essex, named Higham, an apostate to Calvinism, animated by a malignant animosity against the religion which he deserted, disinherited both her and her brother when they were converted to the 'old religion'; and her husband, Roger Lyne (to whom she was married young) also had been cast out from his inheritance for the same cause. In 1586 he and her brother were arrested while hearing Mass, in London, and

condemned to imprisonment for life. Her husband contrived to get the punishment commuted to exile, and lived in Flanders upon a small pension granted by the charity of the King of Spain. She desired to die for Christ, but scarcely dared to aspire to death on the scaffold, and hoped that she might at least deserve to die in 'a chill and filthy dungeon.' She obtained a promise from Father William Thomson, who was executed (in 1586) for saying the Mass at which her husband was taken, that if he gained the crown, he would pray that she, too, might have the same honor. Her husband's death in 1594 left her in poverty. She found shelter in the family which entertained Father John Gerard, S.J., and when he managed to establish a house of refuge for priests in London, he placed her in charge of it. 'She had a good store both of charity and wariness, and in great patience she possessed her soul.' In short she was 'just the person he wanted.' Father Gerard was cast into the Tower, from which he escaped in 1597. She then relinquished the charge of his refuge, because she might bring danger upon him, but she was placed in another house for priests. Here on Candlemas Day, 1601, came the priest-hunters just as Father Francis Page was about to say Mass. The doors were kept barred long enough to enable the priest to hide himself in a 'hole' so that he could not be found. But the altar was sufficient evidence for the enemies of the Mass, and she was thrown into Newgate. After three weeks in this dungeon, she was carried in a chair, owing to her weakness, to the Old Bailey for trial (Feb. 26), before Chief Justice Popham, and charged with having harbored priests. To the question of 'Guilty or not guilty?' she replied in a clear, strong voice, 'My Lord, nothing grieves me but that I could not receive a thousand more.' On the evidence of one witness that he had seen in her house a man dressed in a white garment, the barbarous judge directed the jury to convict her, and sentenced her to death. On the following day she was laid in the hurdle and drawn to Tyburn and hanged. She proclaimed to the crowd: 'I die for harboring a priest, and am so far from being sorry, that I only wish that I could have sheltered a

thousand for every one that I have done.' Then she kissed the gallows and blessed herself with the sign of the Cross, and welcomed her death with tranquil courage and confidence.

The names of these women now shine out like stars in the honors of the Church, and will be made, please God, even more glorious in the future. But there are many other women in that dark age deserving of our honor and veneration. There was, for example, Mrs. Swithun Wells, whose husband was hanged, in 1591, over against his own door, because Mass was said in his house on All Saints Day, though he himself was away at the time. Mrs. Wells, too, taken by the ferocious Topcliffe, was sentenced to death; she was actually laid on the hurdle at Newgate to be hauled to Tyburn; but to her great sorrow was reprieved, because if she, as well as her husband, were slain, the property would pass to her son, and then the gang of robbers who composed the machine could not have levied an annual fine. She lingered in the fetid prison for eleven years and died in 1602 a martyr in will, and as one may think, in fact also.

One of the laymen taken at the same time with her, John Mason, when questioned at his trial whether he were not sorry for having aided priests, answered, 'No! If it were to do again, I would resist the wicked that they should not have God's priests—yea, though I were to be punished with twenty deaths.' He, of course, was hanged.

Jane Wiseman.

In 1596 Mrs. Jane Wiseman had been lodged for some time in the Gate-house prison of The Clink prison. As she used for charity to make poultices and the like for the poor, one Nicholas Blackwall, a hanger-on of this prison, asked her if she would treat the leg of a friend of his. Accordingly he with the keeper's permission brought Father John Jones, O.S.F., from the inner prison on the evening of January 3. As the first effect of her 'searcloth' was to make Father Jones' leg appear more inflamed, Blackwall went and obtained leave for him to stay for the night. On

the next day the leg was better, and Father Jones went back to the inner prison. For this service the tempter Blackwell (agent provocateur) accused her of 'receiving, comforting, helping and maintaining a priest,' though she had no knowledge that Jones was a priest.

At the end of June, she was brought before the Court. She refused to 'place herself on the jury' (that is, to plead) and was warned by the Judge that she then must die by the 'peine forte et dure,' and three days were given her to think over it. When she was again brought up, she still was firm, and she listened to the sentence that she 'should be led to the prison of the Marshalsea, and there, naked except for a linen cloth about the lower part of her body, be laid upon the ground, being directly on her back; and that a hollow should be made under her head, and her head placed in the same; and upon her body there should be placed as much of stones and iron as she could bear, and more, and that she should have only of the worst bread and the worst water in the prison as long as she lived, and on the day that she eats she shall not drink, and on the day that she drinks she shall not eat, so living until she die.'

The heroic woman faced this prospect unmoved. However, the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life in a more loathsome prison, as the persecutors wanted to seize her income, which after her death would have belonged to her son.

But if the woman who then sat upon the throne (if she deserves the name of woman) could then have seen what lay before herself, if she could have foreseen the private humiliations and rage, under public honor and glory, the lonely and dreary days and the sleepless, spectre-haunted nights, and the vision of her own self amid the flames, she might have felt a wish to exchange that slow wasting away of body and mind for the headman's axe or the hangman's rope. The godly widow outlived the Queen, and at the beginning of a new reign, as was usual, she with others was pardoned.

'After the reign of Mary,' said Edward Jones, at his trial in 1590, 'there were great outcries about the burning of the

hereties—which was not done by any law peculiar to herself, but by a law made and received and executed by all Christian Princes; and when any hereties were taken they were brought to the Bishop who with his chaplains in all charitable sort sought by often conference to bring them back to their mother, the Church. But what may be said after the reign of Queen Elizabeth when so many priests and Catholic laymen are butchered by a peculiar law made by herself and never heard of before; without any charity unless it be charity to carry them to the Tower or to Bridewell to be racked or hanged against a wall by the arms, and that without any conference of religion unless it be religion to question in whose house he has said Mass, or who have given him any maintainance, or what money he has in his purse, as you, Mr. Topcliffe, did by me! With that they shouted against him as the Jews did against St. Stephen.’

‘The Catholics had at least prescription on their side,’ observes Macaulay. ‘But Protestant persecution, despotism in an upstart sect, infallibility claimed by guides who declared that they had passed the greater part of their lives in error, restraints imposed on the liberty of private judgment at the pleasure of rulers who could vindicate their own proceedings only by asserting the liberty of private judgment! It required no great sagacity to perceive the inconsistency and dishonesty of men who dissenting from almost all Christendom, would suffer none to dissent from themselves, who demanded freedom of conscience, yet refused to grant it, who execrated persecution yet persecuted, who urged reason against the authority of one opponent and authority against the reason of another, and who could clear themselves from the charge of being heretics only by arguments that made them out to be murderers. The sanguinary intolerance of men who had so wavered in their own creed excites a loathing to which it is difficult to give vent without using foul names.’

But the great difference between the two is that the Marian intolerance was defensive against apostates, revolutionists and traitors who had shown plainly that if they ever got the

upper hand they would aggressively persecute the Faithful for being faithful.*

Queen Elizabeth was personally less wicked than her father, but the work which she did, the 'reform' which she established, 'progressed' farther away from Revealed Truth and was more pernicious.

Father Edmund Gunne in 1585 predicted that the day would come when there should be a Religious House at Tyburn to honor the memory of the martyrs; and has not that prediction come true? All the devilish enginery of priest-hunters and spies and lawless torturers and lying witnesses and packed juries and partial sheriffs and blood-thirsty prosecutors and unjust judges straining tyrannical and barbarous laws and savage executioners and obscene butchery, has all passed away like an evil dream of the night, only remembered with shame by the descendants of the persecutors, and the annual pilgrimage walking to Tyburn is more respected in the streets of London than the Twelfth-of-July procession is in Toronto.

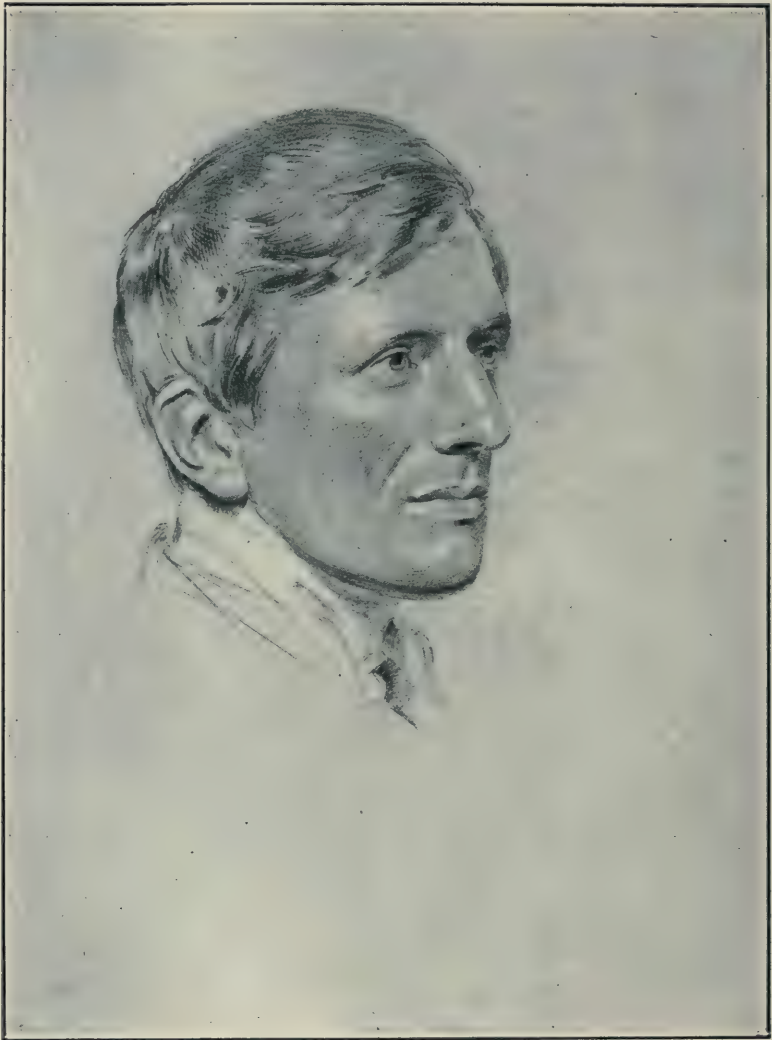
Irish tradition has preserved the prophecy of St. Malachy that the Government of England would not remain true to the Church, but that the Irish would always be faithful and at last bring the English home again. Such a prophecy must be genuine, for how could it be invented? And is it not visibly being fulfilled? The Holy Father said lately that the Irish are everywhere, like God's pure air, and everywhere, like God's pure air, are doing good, and where are they more zealous in doing good than in England? and who are doing more than the nuns about whom so little is heard?

In the beginning of human history God said to the Evil One, 'I will place enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; thou wilt lie in wait for her heel, and she shall crush thy head.' The special reference to the Blessed Virgin here does not exclude a generic meaning that concerns the whole race of women. The women generally are the great defenders of faith and morals, the great antagonists of evil both by example and by precept. It is their part to train up sons and younger brothers to be as faithful as themselves.

And as for the unmarried woman, many are the children of the Nun and of the teacher, more than of her that has a husband; and the Nuns are the great recruiting sergeants for the secular priesthood. There is no record in the Gospels of any woman having ever been unkind to our Lord. The women of Jerusalem came forth to give Him their sympathy when He was led in disgrace to be crucified; and the women from Galilee stood by Him at the foot of the Cross. And they were rewarded on Easter morning by the first appearance to them of the angels and later by the first appearance of the risen Saviour Himself.

*Burke in his *Reflections on the French Revolution* says of the 'Philosophes': "To those who have observed the spirit of their conduct, it has long been clear that nothing was wanting but the power to carry the intolerance of the tongue and the pen into a persecution that would strike at property, liberty, and life." As early as 1773 Burke, in the House of Commons, had given warning that infidels were plotting a persecution of the Christian religion in all its forms.





CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

By Dr. Catherine A. Burns.

The Dream of Gerontius was so spontaneous that Newman could give little account of how or why he wrote it. Yet its basis is discernible in certain thoughts learned early from the Church Fathers and enlivened years afterwards by a vivid imagination. Besides these theological ideas in **The Dream** there are glimpses of various liturgical services of the Roman rite to which Newman accustomed himself as priest of the Oratory.

Strangely enough, the whole dramatic plan of **The Dream** finds an interesting parallel in **The Vision of Paul**, a work that has always been of interest to students of Dante. Paul, caught up to the third heaven, carries on a dialogue with an angel much as does Gerontius with his guardian spirit. The likeness to **The Dream** begins with Paul's request, "I wish to see the souls of the just and of sinners, and to see in what manner they go out of the body." In this connection we recall Gerontius' statement.

Now I know surely that I am at length
Out of the body. . . .

At the angel's command, then, he looked upon the earth where he saw a certain man about to die. The angel told Paul, "This one whom thou seest is a just man," When the soul had left the body, "there came to meet him the angel who watched him every day, and said to him, 'Do manfully, soul, for I rejoice in thee, because thou hast done the will of God upon earth. . . .'" Similarly, Gerontius hears first after death the guardian spirit, who sings rejoicingly:

My work is done
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home.

Further, the soul and the angel are stopped on their journey heavenward by an evil spirit, who thus addresses them "Whither runnest thou, O soul, and dost thou dare to enter heaven? Wait and let us see if there is any thing of ours in thee..."

Gerontius, likewise, in the mid-region hears the vain curses and howling of the demons whose business is "to gather souls for hell." In **The Vision** Michael exults with the happy soul and receives him after judgment from the hand of the guardian spirit. So the Angel of the Agony in **The Dream** pleads for the suffering soul of Gerontius before he is given by his guardian spirit to the Angels of Purgatory. The fine hymns of angelicals before the judgment are Newman's own invention and have no Parallel in **The Vision**, although in the latter, after the judgment is "heard the voice of a thousand, thousand angels, and archangels, and cherubim and twenty-four elders saying hymns and glorifying the Lord..." Possibly, then, Newman's conception of a journey made from earth to heaven by a soul together with its guardian spirit and of a dialogue in which an angel explains what comes to pass in death may have come from **The Vision of Paul**.

In another such vision, **The Testament of Abraham**, the main interest lies in the common medieval treatment of the dance of death. An important reminder of **The Dream** occurs in the statement, "And behold the angel **holding the soul in his hand** and he brought it before the judge;" for Gerontius makes much of the same experience. In this work, also as in Newman's poem the soul needs intercession—supplied in this instance by Abraham and Michael, who have the satisfaction afterwards of hearing the angel's words, "It has been saved by thy righteous prayer, and behold an angel of light has taken it and carried it up into Paradise." The general plan of these visions may have been retained easily enough in Newman's assimilative mind until a time came for their use in his own poem on death and judgment.

At the time of the composition of **The Dream** in 1865 Newman no longer, as in the Oxford days, centered his attention

on the writings and controversies of the Fathers. An old man, looking forward to his own death, he was engaged largely in the religious devotions of the Oratory. This devotional life has an especially important bearing on **The Dream**.

From beginning to end the poem is composed of elements found in the Divine Office. The last words of Gerontius.

Into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

reproduce the versicle and response for compline, or the night service. Even the repetition of "Into Thy hands," is a pronounced feature of this prayer in the breviary. The fact that the psalms furnish the basic chant of the entire office may have prompted Newman to insert a paraphrase of Psalm 89 in his poem as a chant for the souls in Purgatory. And like most of the psalms in the breviary, this psalm is followed by the lesser doxology. Again, in the second nocturn the stories of saints' lives are found together with their application. For example, on September 17, the feast of "the marking of the body of St. Francis with the marks of the Lord Jesus," the breviary narrative describes the terrible pain and ecstatic joy produced by the stigmata. Newman repeats this story in **The Dream** to bring home the same lesson:

Learn that the flame of Everlasting Love
Doth burn ere it transform. . . .

The simple hymns of praise throughout **The Dream** resemble the hymns for the canonical hours. Newman thus has incorporated into his poem the essential elements of the breviary service—the psalm, hymns, versicles and responses, and the stories of the saints.

One who is accustomed to the recitation of the office discerns in **The Dream** a special influence of breviary hymns. These, doubtless, set the precedent for a common opening stanza of praise in the hymns of the angelicals; for each group of breviary hymns closes with such a stanza. This repeated stanza forms a closing doxology for the hymn, just as psalms are com-

monly followed by a gloria at the end of the service. Long practice in the recitation of the office may account for Newman's adding to Gerontius' acts of faith, hope, love and resignation the doxology,

Adoration aye be given
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

In much the same words, between 1836 and 1838, Newman translated the last stanza of the group of hymns for lauds.

The deep-rooted influence of the Roman Breviary on **The Dream** came naturally enough. This liturgical work formed an important part of Newman's devotional life. March 1836 he ever considered a crucial point in his life for the reason that he then learned to know and use the breviary. So great was his esteem for this service-book that he called it "that most wonderful and most attractive monument of the devotion of the saints."

The Roman Ritual, another service-book commonly used by priests, furnishes further liturgical basis of **The Dream**. So accurately does Newman use these prayers of the church that they serve the dramatic purpose of indicating definitely the state of the dying person. The litany for the dying, which in the poem is the first of these prayers, is said by the priest and the bystanders after the Viaticum and Extreme Unction have been administered. They are begun only when the person is in the extremity of death and form, in the language of the Ritual, "the recommendation of a departing soul." At this time, then, Gerontius is making his last effort before death; hence with appropriateness comes his interruption in the middle of the litany—an interruption prompted by the desire even at the very last to arouse his soul to prayer:

And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,
Use well the interval.

When the priest ends the prayer, "Profiscere anima Christiana," paraphrased in the poem, the agony of departure is over. After the soul has departed, the priest, following the rules of the Ritual, begins the responsory, "Subvenite, Sancti Dei; occurrite Angeli Domini, Suscipientes animam eius in conspectu Altissimi." The poem stresses the time at which this prayer is made use of in the church-service for the dying, namely, immediately after the soul has departed. Gerontius repeats the first word "Subvenite" in trying to tell whether he is in time or in eternity. The angel uses the word to indicate that death has passed for his charge, though scarcely passed. Both hear this prayer after the journey, when they have come into the veiled presence of God. The Ritual therefore is used in the poem with the skill of a theologian as well as with the imagination of a poet.

Just as the essential portions of **The Dream** can be found in the service-books of the church, so also, many ideas and doctrines that it expresses find their authorization in the writings of the Fathers. It is a generally acknowledged fact that to Newman the Fathers were as familiar as were the Holy Scriptures. And their authority was to him immeasurably great; witness the effect on him of a single saying of Augustine, referred to in his **Apologia**.

Tertullian in **De Anima** insists that the soul, by the power of death released from its concretion with the flesh, escapes into open space, "to its clear, and pure, and intrinsic light," and then finds itself enjoying "its enfranchisement from matter as one who, waking out of sleep, passes from images to realities. Then, it exults or fears, as soon as it sees the very angel's face. . . ." According to Gregory of Nyssa, the loss of the body after death baffles one's apprehensive faculty, which still seeks some object to grasp. One thinks here of the bewilderment of Gerontius:

'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each.

Again, Gregory observes, "No form, no place, no size, no reckoning of time, or anything else knowable is there." The passage in **The Dream** which begins, "Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now." presents at length this same idea. Gregory, further, recalls how the body, though dissolved in death, is to be woven again out of the same atoms into something more subtile, more ethereal, and more beautiful. Likewise, the angel reminds Gerontius that his body is to be restored to him with a brighter and more entrancing beauty.

So will it be, until the joyous day
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified.

The general view of the moment after death and of the disembodied state was explained by the Fathers much as Newman presents it in **The Dream**.

Even minor details of the poem are thus corroborated by the writings and teachings of the Fathers. Gregory Nazianzen's belief that "every fair and God-beloved soul," having departed from the body, at once enjoys "a sense and preception of the blessings which await it," is reproduced in the verses,

So now, too, ere thou comest to the Throne
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.

A not unimportant idea in **The Dream** concurs with Augustine's teaching that when judgment is administered by Christ the soul suffers not so much from guilt as from pious affection. The common doctrine of the Fathers emphasizes the terror of death, and so do Newman's words:

Is knocking his dire summons, a visitant at my door
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before.

Athanasius explains this instinctive and deep-seated abhorrence of death by saying that "man dies not of his own power, but by the necessity of nature and against his will." St. August-

ine's words that man "is bound by the punishment of death," make clear the "double debt" in the hymn-stanza,

A double debt he has to pay—
 The forfeit of his sins:
 The chill of death is past, and now
 The penance-fire begins.

In practically all respects **The Dream** harmonizes with the main writings of the Fathers.

Newman gives demons the character that is assigned them in patristic literature. In spite of their great intellectual endowment, in their perverted state, they possess no might against holiness. This fact is always emphasized by the Fathers. As a result of their fall, they are envious and jealous of man, against whom they keep up an unwearied strife. In the phrasing, "high thought," "glance of fire," "great spirits," and "powers blest," Newman recognizes the state demons were in before their sin. Now remembering their once superior position, these demons, scorn man's dependence upon "a new birth," "an extra grace," and "a score of merits," and then cry derisively, "psalm-droners."

Newman tells that he learned from the Alexandrine school and the early church what he definitely held about angels. With Jerome, Newman held the view favored by St. Thomas Aquinas that each soul has an angel appointed to guard it from the moment of its birth:

My Father gave
 In charge to me
 This child of earth
 E'en from its birth.

Angels "tend and nurse" the souls in Purgatory. The angel of the agony pleads for the soul before judgment. And the Angelicals sing of Gerontius' approach to Purgatory. In the poem Newman says:

More than the seraph in his height of place,
 The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransom'd race.

When the elements of **The Dream** are considered thus separately, Newman's debt to the Church Fathers and liturgical books appears very great. But his creative genius enabled him to use these ideas with incredible skill. This fact is seen particularly in his finely imaginative description of heaven as composed of immaterial substances, souls. The passage from the poem is here given in full.

We now have passed the gate, and are within
 The House of judgment; and whereas on earth
 Temples and palaces are form'd of parts
 Costly and rare, but all material,
 So in the world of spirits nought is found
 To mould withal, and form into a whole,
 But what is immaterial; and thus
 The smallest portions of this edifice,
 Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,
 The very pavement is made up of life—
 Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
 Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

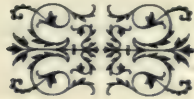
In the writings of the Fathers and in the liturgy, the description of heaven, such as Newman gives above, intimately relates itself to the doctrine of the communion of saints. Augustine maintains that the city of God has its existence wherever there are true believers. In his exegesis of "Jerusalem that is being built as a city," he holds that "this is none other than the heavenly Jerusalem to which souls are brought as living stones." And in explaining the prophecy of Haggai, he says that the more glorious temple is the Church of Christ. "This house," he observes, "which pertains to the New Testament is just as much more glorious as the living stones, even believing, renewed men, of which it is constructed are better." The Shepherd of Hermas under the image of a great tower rising from the water and built of square and shining blocks presents those persons who are baptized and who remain faithful to grace, whether yet living or already departed. Souls that through sin have lost their baptismal grace are represented by

scattered stones, which have to be trimmed and polished before they secure a place in the glorified church of the future. A similar allegory by St. Austin is found also in the Breviary for the dedication of a church. And the hymns of this service are significant in reference to the composition of the heavenly city. The hymns at lauds call Christ the mystic corner stone,

Uniting mid-way in the sky,
His house on earth and house on high.

The same doctrine underlies the vesper hymn which describes the heavenly Jerusalem as "Piled up with living stones on high." Newman by the alchemy of a poet has transformed the idea of the Fathers and the service books to the pure gold of his fine passage in **The Dream**.

It would not be hard to find other instances as striking as these of Newman's agreement with the writings of the Fathers. His early poems were prompted by actual experience and by the cares of an active life. **The Dream**, on the contrary, was the reflection of a thoughtful, retired life. The former are denoted rightly by the word occasional; the later fulfills its title of a dream.



NOVITIATE AT BEACONFIELD

(By Rev. M. Kelly, C.S.B.)

Upon an eminence overlooking the city of Plymouth from the north and giving a view of the country on every side and far out into the channel, one of England's plutocrats had located his residence. Some time later, in the sixties or seventies, it was occupied by a member of the Cecil family. The property consisted of sixteen acres, on which were erected not only a stately mansion but also a variety of outbuildings, serving every purpose that luxury and comfort and convenience could demand. Stately rows of trees and beautiful groves and thoroughly equipped gardens were in keeping with all the rest. Then and since this beautiful domain has been known as Beaconfield.

By a rare turn of fortune, or rather by a disposition of Providence, the Basilian Fathers of Annonay, France, desiring to establish themselves in England, found this property in the early eighties offered for sale at a surprisingly low figure and no other bidder forthcoming. Here, therefore, in September, 1884, they opened what for many years after was known as the College of the Immaculate Conception.

Novitiate Quarters.

Shortly before this, enactments of the government had practically closed all novitiates in France and thus it was that the Basilian novitiate, conducted for so many years in the beautiful house of Feysan, near Lyons, was transferred in 1884 to Plymouth. Not more than twenty or twenty-five boarders were yet in attendance at the college and quarters and accommodation in the house and grounds were divided between the two institutions. A room each for the three priests in charge, three other rooms providing a study-hall and two dormitories for the novices, a small room for religious exercises and a dining-room made up the portions set apart for

the conducting of the novitiate. A common chapel served for all purposes, the novitiate and college body meeting together there only on the rarest occasions. For recreation purposes the novitiate had the exclusive use of the small grove in the foreground, though the regular form of exercise consisted in a walk up and down the long driveway leading to the street. On rainy days or hours the novices were allowed to seek protection in the large greenhouse to the south of the residence.

Plymouth Climate.

Conditions of climate peculiar to the south of England affected very considerably the daily life and comfort of the novice. A fall of rain, often heavy and lasting, is expected three hundred days of the year. This is by no means relieved by the prevalence of dense fogs at intervals in the Autumn and Winter seasons. Though frost and snow are occurrences of no significance, either the continual dampness of the atmosphere or some other conditions not easily defined or explained sent the novice back to America declaring that never before had he suffered so much from cold. Among both novices and students the experience of hands swollen with chilblains from September till April was an unmistakable evidence of discomfort. Meanwhile, it might be recalled that in England forty years ago the heating of houses was looked upon as a luxury to be enjoyed only by the rarest few, and, as a consequence, novices passed from the dormitory to the oratory, from the oratory to the chapel, from the chapel to the dining-room in the deadly chill of the interior of a large stone mansion. Some little pretence to a grate fire in the study-hall and the superior's room was the only relief afforded throughout the lifelong day, of a season that varied very little for six long months.

The Candidates.

It was intended that there should be one novitiate for the entire Institute, superiors in France and Canada contributing

each year their respective quotas of Candidates. The total number varied from five or six to twelve, made up of two contingents with members speaking only English or only French. Some little embarrassment necessarily resulted from this circumstance in the early months of each year, particularly so because until the end of the fourth year the novitiate was in existence, only one of the three priests in charge attempted to converse in English. The Canadian postulant who, for the first time in his life, had betaken himself thousands of miles away from all belonging to him, found homesickness somewhat aggravated in being obliged to spend all his days and every moment of his day in a community where nearly all the exercises were conducted in an unknown language and among companions with whom he could not converse. In the hours of recreation especially a decided want was felt. For all this, however, compensation more than ample was afforded in the splendid opportunity given the aspiring scholar to equip himself with the command of another language.

The Rule.

The rule in use in Feyson was transported bodily to England and applied there with a few modifications necessitated by local conditions. Chief among these was the restriction forbidding any intercourse whatever with the college—either teachers or students. Because of the proximity of a large city, it was further regulated that novices, even when taking the holiday afternoon walks in a body, should not cross a stated boundary, entirely confining their itinerary to rural districts.

That rule provided for every moment of the day, its prevailing feature being the stern requirement that everything take place in common. His own interior life alone remained peculiar to the individual, and so much was this the case, that a novice receiving some information in a letter from home would spend often four or five days seeking an opportunity to communicate it privately to another equally interested. Recreations were always taken with the community. This rule admitted of absolutely not a single exception. Fifteen

minutes after breakfast and an hour after both dinner and supper in the regular day were set aside for recreation and talking was permitted. During the remainder of the time, silence was of obligation. From 5 a.m. until 9.30 p.m. a series of occupations precluded even a moment's leisure.

Exercises.

The spiritual exercises consisted of two meditations daily, each of half an hour duration, a lengthy morning and evening prayer, a spiritual reading of an ascetic author for half an hour, another half hour devoted to reading the life of a saint and the recitation of a chapter from the Old Testament, two visits to the Blessed Sacrament, particular examen, evening general examination, the recitation of the beads and the Office of the Blessed Virgin in choir at the three hours canonically arranged. All the above were community exercises with the single exception of one visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The morning Mass and the time given to thanksgiving after Holy Communion required almost an entire hour. The reading during dinner and supper seven days in the week was of subjects strictly religious. Immediately after supper, a novice was called upon to give the life of a saint, those from France speaking in English, those from Canada in French. This list is not exhaustive; practices such as a visit of the community to the shrine of Our Lady in the garden, the recitation of the Litany of St. Basil were also part of the daily routine. Then, to be strictly accurate, I should have stated that the evening meditation was replaced, on Friday by the *coulpe* and *Via Crucis*, on Saturday by the singing of the Litany of Our Lady and on Sunday by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The schedule called for a class of three quarters of an hour duration every forenoon, devoted to the study of the constitution and ascetic authors, replaced on Thursday by a conference on religious life, on Saturday, by a conference on the Blessed Virgin, and on Sunday by a class in catechetics. There was another class, of half an hour duration, every forenoon. Plain chant, rubrics, French grammar, were taken up

at that period. In the afternoon, a class of one hour was given to the psalms and epistles of St. Paul. The remainder of the day, not filled in by religious exercises, class, manual labor and recreation, was reserved for study. Considerable time was needed to prepare for classes, panegyrics and mystiques and for the reading monthly of the life of a saint and certain ascetic treatises regularly assigned and to be accounted for.

The Trial.

In the programme here outlined, no individual duty was at all difficult or trying; no one exercise was disagreeable or strenuous in itself. Nevertheless, the daily life, as is the case in all novitiates, was an unceasing violence to human nature. There was an absence of distraction, a severance from all worldly interests, a continued absorption in things spiritual, a depressing sameness and lack of variety from day to day. Even the most fervent novice, to whom mental prayer and the lives of the saints are more engaging than the sports and pastimes of an ordinary college boy, at times craves relief in something altogether different. And to the ordinary novice spiritual reading, the daily visit or the Way of the Cross are not without their fascinations. But to pass from meditation and Mass to Little Hours in choir, to be followed immediately by the Old Testament and the life of a saint, from these to study and then class in assigned chapters of Rodriguez, then to particular examen and hearing the life story of some religious personage while taking dinner, to observe the strictest silence throughout the forenoon, to continue this routine seven days in the week three hundred and sixty-five in the year, was to submit to a strain which even the very stoutest hearts at times found verging on the unendurable. Could we have been allowed one glance at a daily paper, even fifteen minutes a day with one of Scott's novels, a passing interest in the pages of a Greek or Roman history, or, better still, have plunged into a good, stiff, problem in Algebra or Geometry, there to brighten all the previous hours by the prospect of a treat in store.

Failing this, a similar interest might have been aroused in the class of Scripture or of ascetic science. The encouragement of such seems to be taken as foreign to the work and spirit of a novitiate. This position I do not pretend to explain. Perhaps I am in error in my interpretation of the system. All I can say is, that the novices of my day were under the impression that energetic, intellectual activity was out of place in the formation especially aimed at during that year.

Gladly would we have undertaken any form of manual labor were it only strenuous and performed with a real purpose. All that is objectionable in planting or digging potatoes or even in digging trenches would easily have been overlooked in our anxiety to find some outlet for pent-up boyish energy. Twice a day, it is true, the rule set apart two periods for manual labor and faithfully did we proceed to our tasks. But, due to the little space at our disposal, there never seemed to be anything worth while doing and we had to fritter in the time in occupations of the most perfunctory and uninteresting character.

Recreations.

This was not all. I have no doubt that if on any day in the past forty years a one time Beaconfield novice were asked: "Which of all the exercises did you find most trying?", the invariable answer would come.—"Recreations after dinner and supper." For eight long months, or nearly so, seven days every week, the community formed themselves into a straight line and quietly and slowly during the noon hour walked up and down the long avenue that led from the porter's lodge to the house, in strict observance of the injunction that one and one only conversation be maintained. Seven evenings a week the same entire community, priests and novices, just as regularly sat down to a common game of dominoes, which necessarily was deprived of all interest by the very fact that twelve or fourteen were participating in it. It is a matter of history that in one year, at least, Christmas was the only evening which permitted a dispensation from the ordeal.

Physiologists may be able to discover that hours of recreation so spent give recuperative effects in relieving nervous tension and slowing down the activity of the brain cells. But very powerful microscopes would be needed to discover any result in the way of brightening or exhilaration of spirits.

As already intimated, the outstanding feature of life at Beaconfield was the impossibility of any circumstances being found sufficiently important to justify an exception. On a few occasions, such as Christmas or when some member of the community was to take an early train, it seemed as if the time for morning prayer and meditation must necessarily be limited. Such a situation was invariably met by the whole community rising half an hour earlier than usual. Once every year the entire community had a picnic at Mount Edgecombe. In the baskets carrying provisions there were carefully placed the books requisite for spiritual reading, particular examen, etc., and, at stated hours during the day, the novices were assembled for these exercises. From September 1st till nearly May 1st the evening recreation was taken indoors. One effect was that in a period of nearly eight months duration no novice ever once emerged into the fresh air and under the open canopy of heaven between 5 p.m. and eight o'clock the following morning.

Catching the Spirit.

The picture I have given is far from being complete and the reader must not suppose that experienced regularly trying to nature, withdrawing from worldly interest and calling for a continued spirit of submission and self-denial were without their compensations. Harrowing as the outlook appeared during the weeks or months of initiation, the day came for all when reluctance, inward protest, dissatisfaction, discouragement and despondency were replaced by ready submission, admiration, a joyful contentment and at times a fervent enthusiasm. At this stage no one even in his most private ruminations had any suggestions to offer. He had come to realize that he was making a novitiate to the religious life and was

ready to concede that no more perfect method of achieving this purpose could be devised. Gradually he had brought home to himself that he was learning a new science, that he was cultivating new arts and the more strictly his attention was centred upon the essential purpose of his daily occupations, the more fully did their workings harmonize with his best aspirations. If nature winced, if nature at times almost rebelled, nature simply had to be overcome. This was not the time nor the place nor the environment to encourage its pretensions. He had found out that there was such a thing as "serving the Lord with joy" and that the more whole-heartedly he threw himself into the spirit of the occasion and the more fully he responded to the dictates of the Gospel and the pronouncements of ascetic authors, the more intense and far-reaching that real joy would become.

There was above all that greatest of all satisfactions which comes from witnessing a great work well done. A novitiate spent in indifference, little effort being made to enforce the rule with exactitude, little intention apparent of demanding that lives be led in a true and fervent religious spirit, would surely be the most intolerable thing on earth. At Beaconfield there was always untold consolation in realizing that an institution was being conducted in a manner worthy of its great purpose, altogether regardless of the sacrifices such a consummation would impose. What was worth doing was worth doing right and no detail was unimportant.

The Master of Novices.

Father Provost had been head of the novitiate at Feyson for a number of years. With the removal to England, a change of appointments was made, the choice falling upon the Rev. Victorin Marijon, for some time professor of rhetoric in the college of Annonay. The announcement was received with universal approval and the event fully justified the anticipation. No better selection could have been made. He was a man of deep faith and fervent piety, strictly observant of every requirement of religious life, exemplary and edifying

in every detail, at once zealous and discreet, retiring, gentle, urbane, kind and considerate for everyone. It had long been felt that in the novitiate especially, the wholesome influence of his life and conduct would produce results most far-reaching and lasting. He was then in his thirty-fourth year, in good health, and unusually matured in his convictions and practice.

For the following six years, Father Marijon gave himself unreservedly to the duties of the position. It is not too much to say that from that moment he completely severed himself from every other interest. He had positively no pastimes outside the daily routine of duty, never once allowing himself the liberty of taking a meal outside the house or making a social call on any person, lay, clerical, or religious. His six years residence in England was practically confined within the four boundaries of the Beaconfield property.

His entire day was taken up with the work of the novitiate. From 4.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. he was always at the service of his position. Attending every single community exercise, never absent for even a moment from meals or recreations, invariably making the morning meditation and particular examen for the novices, as we see the preacher doing during the annual retreat, often substituting an exhortation for the whole or a portion of the spiritual reading, exercising a supervision over every detail in the life of each novice, holding himself responsible for every happening under every circumstances, one wonders how any human constitution could bear up under the incessant strain such an interpretation of duty necessitated. An even this unbroken round of duties was less exhausting in itself than the promptitude with which deportment and correctness of bearing and manner which Father Marijon imposed upon himself. Under every circumstance he was the perfect gentleman; on no occasion did he allow himself to forget the self-control, the dignity and becoming grace of manner he owed to his calling. It is not likely that any novice of that entire term can recall an instance when his superior arrived late for anything. There never was the satisfaction

of discovering that he who was expecting so much of others had himself fallen short. The rule that bound at every moment the livelong day and so frequently pinched in its exactions never found the master of novices delinquent.

Faithfulness To Rule.

What would be the effect of all this on the institution, it is not difficult to surmise. What Father Marijon exacted of himself, to a degree he could and did exact of others. The rule was kept and kept strictly. There was positively no contemplating any other state of things. Moreover, after the first few weeks of the year there were no exceptions. This, more than anything else, was the peculiar characteristic of the novitiate at Beaconfield; excuses were not permitted and what was carried out three hundred and sixty days in the year, was also carried out three hundred and sixty-five. No one was ever late for an exercise; no one came to class unprepared; no one failed in the preparation or performance of any duty assigned to him; with each novice it was only a matter of time until the thought of neglecting anything expected of him could not even be entertained.

Marvellous Achievement.

I would ask the reader to just picture this situation. There we were, a dozen young men, in the same house with two dozen college boys. We saw each other several times a day; we assembled in the same chapel, we walked through the same corridors; our recreation grounds were not more than a hundred yards apart with no intervening barrier but a wire fence. Yet most of us can conscientiously assert that not once in an entire year did we exchange a single word or a single salute. And we maintained that attitude notwithstanding their repeated efforts to be free with us. We maintained it with the priests and members of the college staff, notwithstanding their readiness at times to ignore the restrictions imposed upon us. After all these years I recall those twenty-four faces. I remember their shouts and distinguish their voices. I remem-

ber many incidents in their college life. I have found myself over and over familiarly interested in their records and doings in after life, and nevertheless, I have to admit to myself that I do not really enjoy the personal acquaintance of any of them. I insist that what I have been recounting here is an instance of marvellous success in the exercise of authority—very much more marvellous in that it could be maintained without a single infringement—and this was achieved without any penalty laid down or resorted to.

The rule required the same reserve towards servants and in this point was observed with equal faithfulness. That a novice would be found speaking to a servant without special permission, asked and obtained in each instance, was something practically unheard of. Or again, the rule forbids familiarity of address. A novice in speaking to or speaking of a confrere must use the title Mr. For that year the Christian name has ceased to be of any service. I shall certainly surprise my readers in stating that no deviation from the practice was ever considered. No matter how few or how many happened to be present, no one dared forget the reserve insisted upon in this provision.

It was more wonderful still that young men whose minds in recent college days veritably luxuriated in discussions, disputes and debates, in season and out of season, had brought themselves to participate in recreations and conversation from which, everything in the nature of argument was uncompromisingly banned. I recall one instance of a dispute arising in a game when two novices held to their respective contentions for not more than half a minute and the matter was considered serious enough to call for a ten or fifteen minutes exhortation the next time we assembled for spiritual reading.

That little aggregation was made up of young men—everyone of whom the year before, in college or elsewhere, ran, shouted, whistled, sang, stuck his hands in his pockets, crossed his legs, buried his head in his hands, assumed a multitudinous variety of postures according to the occasion, wrestled, mauled some other fellow, expressed himself in slang, teased, tanta-

lized and generally yielded to his boyish impulses without the slightest suspicion of impropriety. He knew his former associates were doing so still. And here was he subjected to a regime in which nothing of the kind was ever tolerated. He had not to be told or reminded; it was in the atmosphere; everyone around him had taken to it; the slightest infringement, he felt assured, would not go unnoticed. In the chapel or oratory, in the dining-room or study-hall, on recreation or at manual labor, that same strict attention to behaviour and deportment seemed imperative. There was no need of prison-walls or penalties or even of surveillance, the donning of the Basilian habit, he discovered, imposed unexpected restrictions and as surely secured their observance.

A Personality That Conquered.

In Father Marijon, as master of novices, that which above everything else assured so complete an influence over the lives of those committed to his care was the unbounded confidence his personality inspired. It seemed impossible to live with him and feel otherwise. His example, his manner, his disposition, his kindly interest in what concerned others, in the little happenings on which they set a value, his readiness to be at their service, whenever called upon, above all his truly apostolic spirit, were irresistible. Amid all the protests against curtailment of liberty and the daily carrying of the cross which nature would be tempted to make, there reigned always in the minds and hearts of the novices the highest esteem and the warmest regard for their master. His wishes, expressed or unexpressed, needed no urging. His views were unquestioned, his decisions final, his sentiments became the sentiments of all.

With a choice among the eight or nine priests on the novitiate and college staffs, practically everyone made him his regular confessor. Urging faithfulness to the practice of direction in his first letter to the Canadian confreres as provincial, he remarked: "In my six years in charge of the novitiate of Beaconfield, I found no other means so effectual in promoting

sincere piety and true religious spirit." Every novice recalls that fortnightly visit to his room with feelings of deep gratitude and tender regard. Many a fit of despondency, a persisting discouragement, a harrowing scruple, and oppressive worry that still survived a long day of keen and bitter struggle, vanished completely and forever during that fifteen or twenty minutes in the big easy chair before that little grate fire. It was an opportunity to unburden the heart, to disclose its cares to one who showed all the gentle solicitude of the most affectionate mother, to one who understood the keenness of trials, often unsuspected by others and bravely borne in secret. There was sympathy and counsel, there was consolation and relief, and the novice retired from the brief interview, cheered in spirit, confidence restored, courage and resolution regained, in many instances preconceived views and long-cherished convictions totally and finally abandoned.

In the long winter months spells of ill health were inevitable. To everyone suffering or indisposed Father Marijon was kindness itself. No affliction however slight escaped his notice nor was left without the most delicate attention. Then it was, we discovered, that one who ordinarily stood for the strictest observance of every detail enjoined could under a change of circumstances be indulgent to a fault.

These were some of the little incidents in the novitiate year which no one forgets. They had their effect at the time and for the rest of a lifetime recall associations that are never without a wholesome influence.

Conclusion.

An essay of this length can give no more than a summarized account of life at Beaconfield. In the history of the Basilian Institute those six years constitute a chapter altogether unique. Whatever causes justified or obliged discontinuance of the novitiate just as it was then, those of us who knew it intimately have always regretted the impossibility of its being made a permanent institution, just as we always felt it was a mistake that the position of master of novices

did not remain with Father Marijon as long as God gave him health and strength to fulfill the duties thereto attached. With us there perseveres the conviction that his place will never be taken.

Forty years and more have since gone by. There are few of us left to tell the story. Notwithstanding our many shortcomings, since, much as we have disappointed others interested in our welfare and our usefulness, it is hardly possible that the salutary influences of that one year at Beaconfield have been without some result upon our daily lives or will entirely fail us even to the end. Wherever we have fallen short, the result is all ours. The novitiate did its part. As a training of one year's duration could be effective, little was left undone. We are among those to whom much has been given and of whom much will be required.

CEDRON.

Where silence broods on ruin, thou alone,
Sweet oracle, in rippling numbers low,
Dost onward, through the waste of ages flow,
As an eternal echo. With thy tone
Blent David's holy anthems, and the moan
That shook his heart in exile didst thou know.
What time his tears of tributary woe
Commingled with thy wave. And David's Son
In after years on Love's vicarious way,
Breathed Life above thee, and thy torrent told
Its music to the wide-proclaiming sea:
And thus, through all earth's changes manifold.
Where death and silence strives for mastery,
Still throb prophetic melodies of old.
Encompassing the burthen of thy lay.

John B. Tabb.

Easter Morning

By Eleanor Rogers Cox.

Wake, children all, while yet the Holy Morn
Comes down the Eastern Way.
Awake, and sing the deathless gladness
To Earth to-day!

Hark! How forgotten all their winter fears
From budding bough and limb.
The happy birds, God's little choristers,
Pour forth their hymn!

Before the riven tomb of her dear Lord
The world with folded hands,
And prayerful eyes, upon the liliated sward
With Mary stands.

And "He is risen!" to the risen day,
Pour forth the joyous song;
Angelic voices in soft harmony
The strain prolong.

O, may our souls escaping evermore
From clouds of care and sin,
On this glad morning all-triumphant soar
To Heaven with Him.

THE EXISTENCE OF HELL

The Nature and Eternity of Its Punishment

(Prepared by Rev. K. J. McRae).

It is very likely that it is because they feel that they deserve hell with its eternal punishment, on account of their wicked lives, that so many, in our days, deny the existence of hell, its eternal punishment, or both. But such denial is futile. It cannot destroy either the one or the other. The only sensible thing to do, therefore, is to try hard to avoid both by leading good lives. This will also enable us to gain heaven together with its eternal happiness.

The Nature of Hell.

“Hell is primarily separation from God in the other world, as heaven is the possession of God. Hell is the necessary consequence of sin, as darkness is the necessary consequence of excluding the light; or rather hell is sin under another aspect, *viz.*, as transferred from time to eternity. It may be said of sin that it is its own punishment, or at least that it works its own punishment. The variety of pains in hell are only the different ways in which the loss of God and the action of sin are apprehended by the body and soul. All that is of the essence of hell is the immediate product of sin. Hell then is arbitrary punishment devised by God and inflicted by His action; it flows from the sinner’s own act, for God can do nothing but what is beneficent. Evil and death cannot proceed from Him who is essential goodness and life. ‘Destruction is thine own, O Israel; thy help is only in me,’ (Osee xiii. 9). Hell is the continuation of the sinner’s life as commenced on earth; it is a transformation and also a conservation of the same energy of sin which worked in him here. If you love and seek sin, you are loving hell under a thin disguise. If you

cut yourself off from faith and virtue, you are cutting yourself off from God and heaven, which are now presented to you under those forms." (Bellord's *Mediions*, Vol. II., p. 356).

The Nature of Sin.

Now, in order to understand the relationship between sin and hell with its eternal punishment, indicated above, we must briefly examine the nature of sin, which produces such dire effects. This is by no means an easy task, for "1. We are in the midst of it, overwhelmed by it, and like men lost in a dense forest, we cannot perceive its magnitude or its bearings. 2. We know it only in its transitory act, and not in the permanent state set up by it, nor in its remoter consequences. 3. We are conscious of it, as a rule, not in its essence as an attack on God's being, but as the desire for some sensible advantage without any reference to God. 4. It generally presents itself to us in some plausible form, as an amiable weakness, a natural and excusable appetite, or even as an act of virtue. . . .

"Sin must by no means be considered as a momentary act of doing a forbidden thing, any more than a chronic disease consists entirely in the one moment of exposure to cold or malaria. The act which starts the evil ceases at once, the dangerous conditions may be reversed, but the morbid state which has been set up lasts until it has been effectively dealt with; it may operate for years and at last end in death. Sin is not only an act, it is principally the resulting state. That state is loss of God indwelling in the soul, the loss of His Grace and the supernatural life. The state of the privation of life does not cease as soon as the act of sin is over; it remains until it is reversed by repentance and the action of God, and if not so reversed, it is of its own nature permanent and eternal. It is as in the physical sphere: submersion in water destroys life, but the ceasing of the submersion does not destore life; the effect cannot be reversed except by a power which neither the dead body nor any living man possesses.

The Nature Of The Punishment Of Hell.

In general this fatal state is produced by a deliberate act contrary to God's law and our perfection. In one instance it is produced without our action or responsibility, i.e., by the inheritance of original sin." (Id. Vol. II., pp. 50-51).

Some Consequences of Sin.

"Man is free, and can insist on choosing selfishness and godlessness as his lot in this world. In the course of time use becomes second nature, habits are formed which men cannot change, because they will never wish to change them. The sinner becomes firm and obstinate in his sin, blinded and indifferent to its consequences: his ruling passion remains strong in death, and after death. Death works no change: it brings a last call to repentance, a last impulse of grace; but if there be no repentance, death itself is no sacrament of expiation, and does not alter the character. Alienation from goodness endures in the form of alienation from God; immersion in sin endures as immersion in hell. As motion continues forever in a straight line unless perturbed by some external force, so the direction of the soul's action continues, unless some act of man aided by God's grace intervenes during this life to turn it back. The sinner remains for ever alienated from God, and absent from Him in a supernatural sense, unable to see Him and enjoy Him, even though he should be substantially in His presence. God is in a sense with him, but he is not with God. How terrible and inexorable is the effect of unrepented sin! It must work its full consequences; and unless by religion you cast these consequences on Jesus Christ, you will have to bear them in full yourself.

"Granted the free will of man, the obstinacy of some in sin, and the continuance of that state beyond the grave, hell follows as a logical and necessary consequence. It is not a question of the lost soul's release from a dungeon and admission to a royal banquet by the fiat of the great King; but it is as might be the case of a man who has reduced himself in associations, and character, and intellect, till he is on the same level as the cattle, and

who cannot associate on equal terms with men of refinement, and genius; he is out of his element, out of harmony with his environment, and hates that which is supreme happiness to others. The lost sinner cannot see and enjoy God while only capable of enjoying the pleasure of sense and sin; he cannot love God while he hates God and all that savours of God; he cannot acquire a new character and habits when the time for doing so is past. He has made himself antipathetic to God; he has set the seal of obstinacy to his determination, and his will cannot be forced. How are you forming your character? You are building it up either in hostility to God or in union with Him. As you make it now, so it is likely to be through life: and as it is found at death, so will it remain for eternity.

The Nature Of The Punishments Of Hell.

“The nature of the punishments of hell follows upon the nature of sin. The first thing in sin is that it is essentially opposed to the divine nature; consequently the chief punishment or effect of this is the loss of God; this is the **poena damni**, (pain of loss), or damnation strictly speaking. The loss of God is the loss of all that is good in every kind and degree. Consider what one loss is in this world, even if we retain everything else; the loss of sight, or nerve, of health, of possessions, of companionship, of occupation, of bride, or bridegroom, of food or water or liberty for a short time. One such loss makes all else useless; it may drive a man to desperation, madness or death. The loss of God is the loss at once of everything; of the object and aim of existence, of wholesome activity, of all that makes life happy, of all that constitutes the life of the mind and spirit apart from mere existence. Life without God even on earth, is empty, unsatisfying, wearisome, disappointing: life forever without Him is the accumulation of every misery. Consider the gains that accrue from sin; some slight gratification or advantage which generally lasts but a short time, a little wealth, the approval of a few men, the satisfaction of pride, hatred, lust. For a few years of this, or perhaps for the gain from one sin, a man

sacrifices the totality and eternity of all good. To run the slightest risk of this is the height of folly.

“Hell has further a direct effect on body and soul, as sin has. This is the **poena sensus** (pain of sense). The violation of the law of one’s being entails the loss of one’s well-being, and the suffering of injury proportioned to the law broken. How calamitous is the destruction of equilibrium and order in the world; in the elements of nature, in commerce and industry, in social or international relations: it means war, pestilence, famine, anarchy, ruin. In hell there is ‘no order, but everlasting horror’ of body and mind, of every sense and faculty. The soul is torn with fury, hatred, disappointment, remorse; the body is the victim of every possible disorder and pain, on account of its own sinful excesses, which will work forever, and by reason of its sympathy with the disordered soul. There is disorder or hostility between the sinner and his human and diabolical companions, and also against the just whom he hated on earth, and against God. Further, the whole creation is combined against the sinner; he suffers at the hands of inanimate beings; from that mysterious ‘fire’ of which it is written, God’s ‘zeal will take armour, and He will arm the creature for vengeance on His enemies’ (Wisd. V., 18). How terrible the consequences that lie concealed under the deceptive surface of sin!

“Hell being sin, there is a most precise and necessary proportion between the offence here and the punishment hereafter. There is not an identity of penalty for all men, as there is in the case of human justice, where there is no organic connection between the guilt and punishment. The character or capacity which a man makes for himself during this life, will be the measure alike of his glory in heaven or his misery in hell. ‘According to the measure of the sin shall the measure also of the stripes be’ (Deut. XXV., 2). The sinner will feel that he has only himself to blame both for his condemnation and for the mode of his punishment; that he is his own executioner, and that his hell is his own making; in the same way that the glutton and the drunkard and the gambler are the cause of their own misfortunes on earth. ‘By what things a man sinneth, by the same

also he is tormented' (Wisd. XI., 17). There will be a terrible rigor of exact justice in this, and yet no possible reproach against God's mercy and forbearance. The Sinner's remorse will be the more bitter when he understands that 'he hath opened a pit and dug it, and he is fallen into the hole he made. His sorrow shall be turned on his own head, and his iniquity shall come down upon his crown' (Ps. VII., 16, 17). Do not think that you can commit sin and escape its effects.

The Eternity Of The Punishment In Hell.

"The most terrible element of hell, its eternity of punishment, depends like all the rest of its details, on the nature of sin. Man is immortal, his decision at death is final, his sin if not recalled is eternal, hell therefore cannot be otherwise than eternal. The soul is indestructible. God gives and does not withdraw; He creates and does not destroy; His action tends towards being, and not towards the negative and non-being, which is the direct opposite to Him. The soul then cannot be annihilated. Neither can it die; for dying is the resolution of the atoms. The soul, as the noblest being and the greatest force on earth, cannot be less durable than the particle of granite which remains from the foundation of the world, than the ray of sunshine whose effects goes on till the end. 2. The effect of the soul's action is in itself eternal; no force ordinarily is dissipated and lost; it continues in its consequences. The one exception is when sin expends its energy on Our Lord Jesus Christ, and is reversed by the infinite power of His atonement, which is applied by means of repentance and the sacraments. How great is the importance of man in the universe; how great the responsibilities of his life! The effect of your works this day will never be lost. Take care so to act that they may abide unto eternal life and not unto eternal death.

"The act of sin is transient, but the adhesion of the soul to it remains for ever unless duly reversed. The obstinate sinner entering eternity is guilty of an everlasting sin: his mind is for ever in a state of active resistance to God. If even in hell he turned with repentance and love to God, his sin would be for-

given by infinite mercy, he would become capable of the Beatific vision, and would therefore attain it. But he is in hell because he has refused to repent and will for ever refuse. The sin will not fade away and die out in lapse of time; it is ever being renewed in intention; and the continuance of the sinfull disposition can never amount to a reversal of the effect of sin. The endurance of punishment is no expiation; it does not undo the effect of sin and produce a counterbalancing degree of good: only the infinite sufferings of God the Son can have that effect. Human pain is no more meritorious than the blood of calves and oxen; it is not a sacrament to raise the soul to the supernatural state; still less will it do this when united with rebellion and hatred. Thus is sin in itself inexpiable. What a mercy for us that the Precious Blood expiates it so easily, so often, so effectually!

“The pains of hell will never lead the sinner to repentant love. The pains of sin are the workings of sin; and such a cause cannot produce divine virtue, as darkness cannot produce light. The sinner who resisted God’s grace and the love of Jesus to the end, would proudly resist conversion by the force of punishment. Violence may at times compell an outward acquiescence, but it moves rather to greater hatred of the irresistible power than to tender love. The remorse of the wicked is not hatred of their sin, but hatred of the supreme law under which they have lost the enjoyment of sin. They would rather live for ever in order to hate God, than purchase alleviation by humble submission and love. ‘They gnawed their tongues for pain, and they blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and wounds, and did not penance from their works’ (Apoc. XVI., 10, 11). How terrible is the havoc which sin works in the mind and heart! The way is short and easy, from sin to habit, to obstinacy, to blindness, to hatred of goodness and God, to refusal of repentance and eternal loss. Refrain from the first steps on this fatal downward course.” (Bellord’s Meditations on Christian Dogma, Vol. II., pp. 356-361).

A CATHOLIC NORMAL SCHOOL PRESIDENT

**Biographical Sketch of the Rev. Brother Thomas, F.S.C.,
Assistant Superior General of the Brothers of the
Christian Schools.**

By Rev. Brother Simon, F.S.C., De La Salle College, Aurora, Ont.

In November, 1928, a great funeral procession wound its way through the historic city of Waterford, Ireland. It is said to have been one of the largest and most imposing that ever took place there, and included in its ranks persons distinguished in every walk of life. Strangely enough, it accompanied to their last resting place the remains of an humble Christian Brother who throughout his life had deliberately shunned the notice and the applause of men. In this case the words of the Divine Master were singularly fulfilled even in this world: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

In this humble but eminently efficient manner, Brother Thomas, as the deceased was known, had for almost a quarter of a century directed the destinies of the famous De La Salle Training College at Waterford and now, in large numbers, leaders in Church and State, as well as the poor and lowly, turned out to honor the memory of a truly great benefactor of the nation and to offer prayers for his eternal repose. A life of such hidden but exalted worth, in which an intellect of exceptional brilliancy and power had been dedicated to the service of God and the cause of education; a career of unusual worldly promise, passed in the relative obscurity of the cloister, that now called forth so remarkable a popular demonstration of esteem and reverence, must have its message for an honoring, pleasure-loving world.

"The man who will raise the boy of the nation and educate him in the image of Christ is doing the mightiest work that any man in the commonwealth can do."—Archbishop Hanna.



REV. BROTHER THOMAS, F.S.C.
(1848-1928)

President, Training College, Water-
ford, 1891-1911.

Assistant Superior General, 1911-
1923.

A Distinguished Family.

Roderick William Kane was born at "Gracefield," Blackrock, Dublin, on August 27, 1848, and was baptized in Booters-town Parish Church. He was the fourth son of the late Sir Robert Kane, F.R.S., LL.D. His mother was Katherine Baily, daughter of Henry Baily, the Astronomer Royal and sometime President of the Royal Astronomical Society. She was the author of "The Irish Flora," which was for years a standard textbook of botany in the Irish medical schools.

It will thus be seen that, on both his father's, and his mother's side, Roderick inherited the old Irish love for learning. His father was a most remarkable man, and one whose eminence as a scientist and whose services to his country have not yet been sufficiently appreciated. He was for many years lecturer in Chemistry to the Royal Dublin Society, and as such he was called as expert witness in a famous trial in which the proprietors of the "Nation" newspaper were defendants. In this connection he was at the time referred to by the Chief Secretary in the British House of Commons as a chemist of European fame. He was the author of "The Elements of Chemistry"—a work whose modest title gives little idea of the wealth of learning it contains. He also wrote on Pharmacy. He was the editor of the "Dublin Journal of Medical Science." His monumental work, however, is his "Industrial Resources of Ireland." This work alone would suffice to put him in the front rank of scientific pioneers, with a distinctly patriotic bias. It gives a most elaborate account of the various sources of mineral wealth in Ireland, accompanied in each case by accurate chemical analysis by Sir Robert himself.

Full sixty years before the Shannon Scheme was thought of, Kane had travelled the river from Loop Head to the "Shannon Pot" at its source in Leitrim. He measured its fall and its breast of water, and gave estimates of the amount of electrical energy available in figures strictly similar to those now being used as the basis of the Shannon Scheme. Amongst all his varied researches, however, the one that was of most value

is perhaps that which is least known, viz., his proposal made in "black '47" for saving the potato tubers from the effects of the blight, and so making them available for food. It is now acknowledged by experts that the proposal was sound, and that, had it been adopted in time by the Government of the day, the horrors of the famine might have been averted and the lives of many thousands of Irishmen might have been saved. Dr. Kane was subsequently appointed by the Government, together with Professors Playfair and Lindly, to investigate the causes and remedies of the blight. About this time, also, he became first President of University College, Cork.

Another son of the family was Robert Romney Kane, who, after taking his M.A. degree at University College, Cork, and subsequently LL.B. at London University, was called to the Irish Bar in 1865, appointed Land Commissioner in 1881, and County Judge in 1892. Sir Henry C. Kane, K.C.B., the second son, was a very distinguished officer in the British Navy. He was knighted for his bravery on the occasion of a disastrous typhoon off the Samoan Islands in 1888. When the warships of other nations took refuge in the harbor and were stranded, Admiral Kane steered his ship for the open sea and thus saved it. The third son was Francis Baily Kane, who studied at Ushaw College, and subsequently became a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin. He died in San Francisco in 1888. Two daughters survive, and Rev. Robert Kane S.J. and Rev. Wm. Kane, S. J. are cousins.

His Youth and Vocation.

Young Roderick Kane began his studies at home under a private tutor and later attended a school at Dunleary. He entered the Jesuit College, Clongowes Wood, Co. Kildare, in 1862, and after the usual course there entered Queen's University, Cork, where his father was first president. Here he followed a course of engineering and graduated with the B.E. degree in 1866. After a while spent with his family at Wickam, Dundrum, Co. Dublin, the young engineer went to California and for a short time practised his profession at San Francisco.

Feeling himself called by God to renounce the world and consecrate his life and talents to the work of Catholic education as a religious teacher, Roderick Kane applied for admission to the Novitiate of the Brothers of the Christian Schools at San Francisco. He was received in November 1870 by the late Rev. Brother Justin, the Provincial of California, and shortly afterwards was clothed in the religious habit and given the name of Brother Thomas by which he was ever afterwards known.

After the usual period of probation, Brother Thomas taught in various schools of his Order, eventually becoming President of St. Mary's College, San Francisco. Owing to his remarkable administrative and pedagogical ability, he was named President of Manhattan College, New York City, in 1885. Two years later, he was called upon to direct the newly-founded De La Salle Training College at Waterford, Ireland, and here his chief life-work was done. To give an account of his labors at Waterford is to relate the story of the foundation, organization, and growth of a great Catholic Normal School.

A Catholic Normal School.

With the strong support and the cordial approbation of all the Bishops of Ireland, and largely through the influence of Sir Patrick Keenan, K.C.M.G., and the tremendous energy of the late Brother Justin, the De La Salle Training College at Waterford was opened by the Brothers of the Christian Schools in 1888. It was recognized and subsidised by the British Government as a Normal School for Catholic male teachers and the Rev. Brother Thomas, F.S.C. was appointed its first President.

The temporary quarters were soon replaced by a new and commodious building erected to the south of the city on Newton Hill and officially opened in July 1894. The solemn blessing was given by their Lordships Rt. Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, and Rt. Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, in the presence of a large gathering, including the Rev. Brother Aimarus, Assistant General and personal repre-

sentative of the then Superior General, Very Rev. Brother Joseph. In thanking the Bishops, clergy, and benefactors on behalf of the Christian Brothers, Brother Aimarus, in an eloquent address, recalled the part played by his holy Founder, Saint De La Salle, in the establishment of the first Normal Schools. He said in part: "We feel the more grateful for your devoted support, my Lords, inasmuch as we know by the tradition from our Blessed Father how important it is to be well prepared for the Christian education of youth; for scarcely had he formed his religious Congregation than he undertook the foundation, under the name of the 'Seminary for Schoolmasters', of the first Training College that ever existed, and which has become the prototype of similar establishments in the world at the present day. The motive that prompted our Blessed Father to undertake that additional work is no less imperative in our day than it was in his time. The advantages accruing to the Church and to Society from the multiplication of properly qualified Christian teachers in the sphere of elementary education is, without doubt, the vital and all important question of modern times."

Beautifully situated and magnificently equipped to meet its purpose, the new Training College under Brother Thomas' capable direction began a career of notable achievement in behalf of Catholic teachers that it still continues. Beginning with 120 students, the number has since surpassed 200, and upwards of 2,000 students, religious and secular, have graduated as teachers from its halls.

The course of studies extends over two years and includes, besides the regular subjects of a normal school program, the study, teaching and methodology of Religion. The young teachers, therefore, graduate not only with a knowledge of the secular branches of the school curriculum and of the true principles of pedagogy, but, likewise, with what may be called a Catholic orientation. They are prepared to make the preservation of the Faith of the Irish people the first object of their solicitude, to give God His rightful place of honor in the school-room, to recognize Him as the motive-power of all things, and to

pay Him the homage of mind and heart. To create and maintain such "Seminaries for Schoolmasters" as this, Saint De La Salle had spent and sacrificed his life. It was fitting that the Waterford Training College should bear his name.

For twenty-three years, Brother Thomas conducted this famous school with a success that ever increased its reputation for efficiency, and placed it in the forefront of the Normal Schools of the British Empire. It may safely be asserted that on all with whom he came in contact, the President left a lasting impression. Although, in entering religion, he cut himself off absolutely from all contact with the other distinguished members of his family, and was known to make not even a casual reference to them in conversation, still there was ever evident in Brother Thomas that aristocracy of mind and manners which no humility can hide—which, indeed, it rather enhances.

The many generations of teachers who were trained under his guidance are not likely to forget him. Although in matters of principle he was strict, and, when the case required it, could be as firm as adamant, still his personal relations with the students were marked by the greatest kindness and sympathy. His interest in them was equalled only by his interest in the welfare and progress of the Irish schools—even the smallest and poorest. Keen, alert, and determined to maintain his School in the vanguard of educational progress, the Rev. President could write in 1909: "The De La Salle College is ready to welcome every progressive movement. Its teachers, equipped with the highest official qualifications, each a specialist in his line, will be glad to lead their students to yet higher standards; their motto is 'Excelsior.' Does it not admirably coincide with the Shining Star, 'Signum Fidei', emblazoned over the College portals, which invites us to go ever upwards to reach unto God?"

An Assistant Superior General.

Brother Thomas' reputation as a model religious, a foremost educator, and a successful executive, had gone abroad, and, in

1911, the General Chapter of his Order elected him Assistant to the Superior General. He was charged with the supervision of the Provinces of England and Ireland, and the United States. This necessitated his fixing his residence at the Mother House in Belgium, and a new and last phase of his eminently useful and holy life began.

His sphere of influences was now enlarged to extend over two continents, and he came into immediate contact with his fellow-religious in a more intimate and paternal way. His word and example were now to guide, encourage, and inspire over a thousand religious who looked to him as to their father in God. Nor did he spare himself in his new functions. Through spiritual conferences and letters, Brother Thomas strove to lead his inferiors to those high ideals of religious life and learning of which he himself was so shining an example. Reinforced by that example, his words were reminiscent of those of the Apostle of the Nations: "Be ye imitators of me, as I also am of Christ."

It is a fact worth noting that his duties obliged Brother Thomas to cross the ocean no fewer than eight times during the World War. His indifference to danger on these perilous voyages never failed to impress his confrères with their brave Superior's trust in Providence. An enlightened educator, Brother Thomas was one of the first to realize the importance of establishing a connecting link between the Normal Training Colleges and the Universities. One of his last acts was to open the De La Salle University Hall in Ely Place, Dublin, for the benefit of the graduates of the Waterford College attending the National University.

To those who were privileged to live for many years with Brother Thomas in the intimacy of community life, his memory will be not that of a member of a distinguished family, not of a ripe scholar, not of a successful administrator—though he was all of these. For them, the recollection which overshadows all others is that of a life of the most exalted austerity and sanctity. To say that he observed faithfully the rules of his Order is but a poor statement of the extraordinary fidelity

with which, during a long life, he carried out in his daily conduct even the minutest details of these rules. Only in the records of the saints can we find fidelity similar to his. His deep personal piety was ever a stimulus to those who were privileged to witness it, and was, at the same time, the motive of his solicitude for everything connected with the service of the Altar, and of his profound veneration for the clergy.

Last Years and Death.

Overcome with the weight of years and infirmities, Brother Thomas resigned his office of Assistant at the General Chapter of the Order held in 1923, and made a special personal request that he should not be re-elected. In the retirement of solitude and prayer, he wanted to prepare for his passage to eternity, while, at the same time, he busied himself with translating some of the works of Saint De La Salle and the official documents of the Institute.

At last came the end of a life filled with merits and good works, and redolent with the odor of sanctity. He died the death of the just on October 25, 1928, at the Mother House of the Congregation in Belgium. He was in his eighty-first year and had spent fifty-nine years in the religious life as a Brother of the Christian Schools.

As we have already noted, his remains were taken to his native land to be interred in the Brothers' Cemetery at Castle-town, Leix. They were first brought to Waterford where a great funeral service was held at which the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hackett, Bishop of Waterford, presided. The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. O'Connor, C.C., of the Cathedral, in presence of a large concourse of Clergy and people. After the Mass, the funeral cortege, a quarter of a mile in length, led by the Bishop and Clergy, accompanied the hearse as far as Sallypark. Conspicuous in the procession, besides the Clergy and religious, were the students of the De La Salle College, Mount Sion, Waterpark College, and the pupils of St Stephen's Model School.

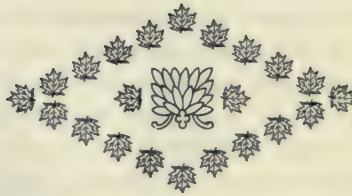
Tributes by members of the American Hierarchy, including Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, Cardinal Hayes of New York, and Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul, who had known the deceased at Manhattan College, bear witness to the esteem and veneration in which they held this able and saintly educator.

As the highest type of religious, gentlemen, and scholar, Brother Thomas will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of his acquaintance, and his Congregation intends to submit evidence of the virtue he practised in the hope that he may come to the honors that Holy Mother Church bestows on those who serve God with uncommon fidelity.

Brother Simon, F.S.C.

Heaven is not gained by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. Holland.



Easter in April

April, with a smile of gladness,
Greet the golden Easter dawn;
Memories of the Winter's sadness—
Snow and rain—are over and gone:

There is nought in vale and woodland
Save the happy birth of things;
Joy the swallow home doth follow,
And the thrush its welcome sings.

Thoughts of the first Easter Morn,
Which succeeded Calvary's night,
To our hearts are swiftly borne—
Bringing peace and calm delight.

Thus in spirit we are waiting
At His Tomb, at break of Day,
Where the Angel is relating
How Death's shadows passed away.

M. R. Cussen.

THE INKSTAND OF COLINET

“Come on! Come on! gentlemen! The horses are at the palace gates and are growing restive. The torches and the good monks down yonder are about to light tapers and begin prayers. Come on! or the whole Office will be sung without us.”

The pious King Louis IX., thus addressed some of the nobles of his court in a tone of jovial impatience. He had determined to go and hear Matins that night at the Convent des Cordeliers. His summons had the desired effect, for the little company set out at once.

The King, surrounded by the four nobles, with whom he chatted gaily, was preceded merely by two pages as torch-bearers and followed by two esquires. The red blaze of the flambeaux fell brokenly on the loose paving of the alleys and flung wavering reflections on the old, blackened dwellings barricaded from street-door to attic.

In order to reach the Convent it was necessary to cross the Student's Quarter, which extended from the summit of Mount St. Genevieve to the banks of the Seine. Here lived, worked and disputed the regents, officials, Fellows and undergraduates of all nationalities, who already, in the year 1260 constituted the University of Paris. The houses, on the right and left of the street through which Louis and his courtiers were passing were inhabited by throngs of students, rich or poor, steady or rattle-brained, studious or quarrelsome, but all alike at this hour sleeping the happy sleep of the young.

Nevertheless, one small lamp alight within a humble chamber shone out from the ill-closed shutters, like a glow-worm.

“What is this?” asked the king, perceiving the small glimmer. “They keep late hours in this quarter?”

“It is some poor wretch of a scholar, your Majesty, who is thus keeping vigil. He is doubtless preparing his **trivium** (rhetoric, dialectics and grammar) for the morrow, working day and night to get his bachelor's diploma a little sooner. At this mo-

ment, bending over his big manuscript he is stammering away at his Aristotle or damping with the sweat of his brow the parchment purchased with much ado, after great self-denial, at the last fair of Lendit."

"Indeed," rejoined Louis, much edified, "he sets a good example. I should be glad to know this excellent youth, who—" He said no more and his sentence ended in a cry of surprise and terror. At the same time his horse gave a sharp spring aside and the four nobles drew their swords, without really knowing what had happened.

The lighted window had been sharply flung open. The outline of a human form had appeared for an instant in the parting of the shutters, but this flash was followed by a thunderbolt. Some projectile, thrown by a vigorous hand, pierced the dark to strike the head of the king, whose hat luckily deadened the force of its shock. Then, glancing off, it rebounded under the horse's feet. The window closed and utter silence again reigned in the street.

"Montjoie and Saint Denis! There are traitors here!" shouted Messire Amaury de Fiermont, seneschal of the palace, whose great sword was cutting circles in the air.

"You are not wounded, sire?" he inquired, snatching the torch from the page and lifting it up to the royal countenance. Louis smiled, having already mastered his slight agitation. But his hat and his mantle, once brown and red, were now black and the liquid which had dyed them so unexpectedly was still trickling along the pavement.

"Ink" murmured the puzzled nobles to one another. "Ink" echoed Ameury in a rage. "Another trick of these miscreants, these students. Their audacity knows no bounds. Your indulgence encourages them, Sire! Now, they have undertaken to pelt the passers-by! For I dare not suppose they recognized their king.—But, however that may be, this will prove a sharp lesson. Here, Geoffrey and Landry! Go you in search of the fellow who lodges here and bring him before the king at the Rector's domicile, whither we all go forthwith. By Saint George,

I will not rest till I see him punished as an example, in presence of the whole University.”

The author of this singular attack was however anything but a miscreant. He was a poor student from Picardy, called Colin, the Hutch-Maker, such being his father's trade, or Colinet as a diminutive. A prey to that thirst for learning, which was one of the strongest passions of the Middle Ages, he had gone from his native village bare-footed, staff in hand, having as viaticum only a bit of black bread and a few nuts in a bag. He had reached Paris and lived there a year, enjoying the delights of dry bread, cold water and his Latin. Never was student more assiduous. He rose before dawn that he might hear the lectures in course of the famed masters and the sound of the morning bell often surprised him still at his work.

As for his support, he had a few sols sent by his father from time to time by some messenger from Picardy; he also practised the twenty little occupations then in use among the needy students; he copied manuscripts, carried holy water, did domestic tasks for his more favored comrades and when needful did not blush to appeal for charity. He was seen at the convent gate of the Chartreux at the hour for the distribution of bread and at that of Notre Dame awaiting alms which the rich town-people did not fail to bestow upon poor students. But never had he been seen drinking at the taverns, gaming at dice, or mixed up in the noisy revels which too often disgraced the University Quarter. And if he strolled in the evening to the Pre-aux-Cleres, it was for reading or meditation, according to the precepts of good Robert de Sorbon.

No, on this fatal night Colinet was keeping vigil, as usual, between his taper and his inkstand; but he was not reading, he was not writing—his only occupation being groans and tears. A courier from Picardy had handed him a package from his father in the evening; but, instead of the remittance impatiently expected, the packet contained only a letter somewhat like this:

“My dear son, you must return to the country. We have lost your brother Thomas, who was so handy with plane and chisel. I am old and my labor brings in barely enough to support me.

As for sending you more money—even the smallest sum—you must not think of it!—So, my Colinet, if you do not prefer starvation, give up your studies at once and become a good artisan, as your ancestors did before my day.”

Since reading this, Colinet had not ceased to weep and tear his hair. He had no vocation for the trade of a cabinet-maker; and on the other hand, Dame Science was now mistress of his heart and renouncing her seemed a thousand times worse than giving up life itself. This explains why, after moaning, howling and beating the air with clenched fists, he wound up by opening his window determined to end his troubles by hurling himself out headlong to the pavement below.

Fortunately he did not carry out his resolve, being too much of a Christian! But, casting about for some object whereon to vent his wrath, he caught sight of his ink-stand of carved wood, a gift from the departed Thomas,—which he, Colinet, had that very evening filled with ink—but which was, henceforth, to be forever useless. This completed his exasperation, his despair. He suddenly clutched the object and flung it from him out of the window, with all his strength. We know the rest, and upon whose august head it chanced to fall.

When our student comprehended by the cries and threats which uprose from the street that his missile had struck some one, his wrath became terror. He tore his hair still more furiously and ran to hide under his bed, whence the sergeants of the French King soon managed to evict him.

Brought into the Rector's house with blows and some rough handling, he beheld seated in a pulpit before him with as much majesty as on a throne his royal lord and master, King Louis; and by the glare of the torches he recognized on the hat and cape of the prince the all too visible marks of his misdeed. The unfortunate Colin was overwhelmed with deadly fear. He fell on his knees and in a low voice invoked the aid of St. Firmin, the patron of all students from Picardy, then he shut his eyes to avoid seeing the fierce faces of the knights and men-at-arms surrounding the king. In this condition he looked so pitiful that the heart of the good prince began to melt. The clothing of the

poor scholar was in rags; the King's guard had not failed to tug and tear at it in the interests of justice; the hard wood of their lances had not only torn holes in his hose, but had hurt the flesh underneath. Impelled by pity and surprise, the king turned to the Rector.

"Is this our culprit, Master Claude? How happens it that this lad, who has the face of a Christian, could have committed such a malicious deed?"

"I can not comprehend it at all, Sire," answered the Rector, who had not ceased staring stupidly since the culprit was brought in.

"This youth is usually a model student,—Speak up for yourself, Colin le Huchier!"

"Alas, my Lords!" stammered Colinet, "may the Lord and all the saints of Picardy come to my aid. They are my witnesses that I never did a wrong or sought to injure any one whosoever; least of all Monseigneur, our King.—But I acted like a lunatic, because grief and trouble had unbalanced my brain!"—And perceiving the quick interest depicted on the fine face of the king, he felt encouraged gradually to tell his whole story and at its close drew from his pocket his father's letter and handed it to the Rector, who read it to the king.

"It is very well written," remarked Louis, tranquilly. "Did your father hold the pen, Colin le Huchier?"

"Oh, Sire! My father is a poor man who never went to school. He can neither read nor write: He must have dictated this letter to the priest in our village."

"Doubtless you have more learning," pursued the king, repressing a smile, "and could write a reply without effort?"

"Certainly, Sire, and that is not the difficulty." The king then burst into a hearty laugh and tapping the bewildered Colinet on the cheek, with a goodnature which did not exclude a little roughness, cried out, "Now, you bad boy, go and write, on our behalf, to this good man that he can live in peace without worrying so much about his support or yours. For with his permission, you are to remain in Paris to become a learned clerk and a well-to-do man. And, if a few crowns are needed to ensure you further

advantages, God and the king will provide them.”

Then, as all present stared in amazement, the generous prince said; “God grant that I may never punish in any other way such a good scholar, who works all night and never lets his ink-stand go dry.”

Thanks to the bounty of the French king, Colin le Huchier completed his studies brilliantly and became one of the foremost Doctors of his day. When in his old age he addressed young students, he did not fail to sing the praises of the holy King Louis, his benefactor. But he never told the story of the ink-stand, wisely thinking that some might be led to imitate him. There are, after all, certain things which do not succeed twice.

From the French of René Bazin.

Caroline D. Swan.



PAULINE JARICOT

Pauline Jaricot is neither widely known nor often praised, but neglect cannot make insignificant the woman who founded the greatest international work that has ever existed. Slighted, calumniated and despised while she lived, forgotten after her death, to-day, with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith yearly growing in importance under the eye of the Holy Father, her memory is being revived and the cause of her beatification is arousing belated interest.

Her extraordinary life began in wealth and with all the eclat of phenomenal success, to end in loneliness, poverty and apparent failure. Her parents, brothers and sisters died long before her, and many whom she had befriended either deserted or betrayed her; but a few close friends remained true to the end. And such friends as she was worthy to have! One after another among them has been beatified or canonized; Mother Barat, Mother Euphrasia Pelletier, P re Eymard, P re Colin—all of them founders of religious congregations; and best beloved of all, the gentle Cure d'Ars.

Pauline Marie Jaricot was born in 1799, the sixth child of a silk merchant of Lyons who, having suffered poverty and exile during the French Revolution, returned to his native city as soon as order was restored and business began to revive, and quickly grew rich under Napoleon and the last Bourbon kings. Pauline's girlhood was that of the average girl of her time and circumstances. Her education was solid and her religious training was excellent; but it was dainty clothes and parties, and the attention of boyish admirers which interested her above all things else until she was seventeen years of age. When suddenly but unalterably she gave her heart to God, the sun of happiness continued to shine over her life. She was successful everywhere; she had wealth, friends, devoted relatives, and wide influence.

In 1819, when she was twenty years of age, Mlle. Jaricot

founded the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. One of her brothers had awakened her love for the missions and given her a keen insight into needs which were never more pressing than during the agitated years that followed the French Revolution. She began by collecting weekly a small alms for the support of the missions from a number of pious working women. For a year the desire to do something bigger in so big a cause, was constantly in her thoughts and prayers and on her lips; and at length there came suddenly to her mind a plan by which her tiny association might be vastly extended. As she wrote afterwards:

“One evening, when my family were playing cards and I was sitting by the fire praying and seeking help from God, a clear conception came into my mind of how the Propagation of the Faith should be organized. I realized how easily each person in my own intimate circle could find ten persons, including myself, who would each give a halfpenny for the Society. I saw that one could choose the most capable among these to receive from these leaders of groups of ten the halfpennies collected from them, and that then another leader should be elected who would unite the funds presented by ten leaders of a hundred persons. Thus, in order to simplify the association, each leader of a thousand members would refer to a common center. I was astonished that no one had thought of so simple a scheme before, and wrote it out on a scoring board on the card-table for fear of forgetting it.”

“The Poor, Unknown Servant of God!”

During the first year about six hundred francs were collected and sent to the Foreign Mission Society in Paris, a modest beginning, certainly, but the Society grew swiftly. Priests and layfolk, rich and poor became interested, in many of the cities and villiages of France. After three years, a committee of men, who had banded together to do something worthwhile for the missions, saw the possibilities of Mlle Jaricot's association as the nucleus of a Society, world wide in its scope, and they took possession of it. Mlle. Jaricot willingly relinquished first place,

and was soon crowded far into the background, and afterwards, forgotten. Thirty years later the Society officially declined to acknowledge her as its founder, and even in Lyons the local committee spoke of the foundation of the Propagation of the Faith as "being due to some poor unknown servant of God." Mlle. Jaricot's splendid attitude in regard to the matter is shown in a letter which she wrote to an indignant friend.

"As a matter of fact the Propagation did not bear very great fruit when it was in the hands of this 'poor servant'. . . . The scheme would have been useless if God had not found others to work it. So we need not mind being despised by those who do not like to admit that it was this poor servant who served as the match to light the fire. Why should a match expect to be talked about?"

But Mlle. Jaricot's title of foundress is now secure. Given time, truth asserts itself. To-day the Society is proud to claim her, and Popes have publicly praised her in speaking of it.

Checked Unprayerful Tendency of the Time.

In 1827, Mlle. Jaricot founded the Association of the Living Rosary. Like everything that she undertook is was conceived and carried out on a big scale. As a remedy for the unprayerful tendency of the time and a means of spreading Catholic literature, she devised the plan of dividing the Rosary among bands of fifteen who would each say and mediate upon one decade every day, all uniting to storm heaven for the conversion of sinners and for strength in their own spiritual warfare. Members were to give a small monthly offering to be used in purchasing and distributing Catholic books, rosaries, crucifixes and other religious articles. The first associates were recruited among the spinners and weavers of Lyons and were all poor women.

For four years the Association was beset with difficulties: some of the ecclesiastical authorities disapproved of it, and Pauline was accused of using for herself the money which was given for books; nevertheless, its growth was phenomenal. Circulars made it known in every corner of France, in Eng-

land, and in Belgium and by hundred and thousands, men and women enrolled themselves. Five years after the plan was broached the Association had become of such importance that two Papal briefs were sent to Mlle. Jaricot, naming Cardinal Lambruschini Protector of the Association and appointing two priests as directors, one at Lyons, the other at Paris. By 1831 there were a million members in France alone, and the name of Pauline Jaricot was known and revered throughout the Catholic world.

The ten or eleven succeeding years were very busy, and very happy ones for Mlle. Jaricot. Her fortune, her time, and all her influence were joyfully devoted to God's service. She was rich and much beloved, and the works which she had inaugurated were prospering as few have ever done in any age or any land. Ill health alone greatly tried her and, influenced no doubt by the Cure d'Ars whose devotion to St. Philomena is well known, she determined to make a pilgrimage to the saint's tomb at Mugnano, near Naples, in the hope of being cured.

Pope Gregory XVI. Visited Her at Convent.

In Rome, Pauline was welcomed by Mother Barat, at the Trinita dei Monti; and being too ailing to go to Vatican for an audience with Holy Father, Gregory XVI., visited her at the convent—in such esteem was she held at this time.

The story of her stay at Mugnano is not only edifying but irresistibly funny:

“The good people of Mugnano prayed aloud for my cure. Whenever I appeared in the Church they renewed their supplications with such an eagerness I cannot describe.” They thumped upon the saint's tomb, beseeching her to grant their request, until Mlle. Jaricot had to beg them to pray more quietly. When, after a few days, she was miraculously cured, popular excitement was intense. Still weak and easily fatigued, poor Pauline was obliged to walk again and again from one point to another, just to prove that she could do it.

Of her return journey to Rome these quaint details have been preserved: Having obtained a relic of St. Philomena, she

had it set in lifesize image, dressed in white silk with red and gold trimmings. It was taken to Rome on a seat in Pauline's carriage, and she sat facing it. The story of the miracle and the golden-haired statue traveled to Rome ahead of her, and at every stage of the journey curious crowds gathered about the post chaise. At one point the postmaster made a speech in the best French that he could muster.

The easiest and most tranquil years of Mlle. Jaricot's life followed her cure. It was the calm before the storm. About 1844 clouds gathered thickly on the horizon. Again, and in many quarters, she was accused of appropriating the money collected by the Living Rosary, while the truth was that the Association was costing her hundreds of francs every year in postage, stationery and circulars. Although her father had left her a large fortune, financial troubles began to harry her; she had been giving too lavishly to convents in need of money, to impoverished families, to the missions and to every other good cause. And a new scheme born of her large-hearted generosity, was to swamp her with debt and to sadden the long remaining years of her life.

The condition of the French working classes was then pitiable; and, in consequences, there was widespread discontent, rioting was not infrequent, and communism was being preached on all sides. Mlle. Jaricot longed to do something to improve matters—and there was never anything small about her plans! Her wish was to establish a model Christian settlement, of a kind that has since been successfully attempted in France, notably by Leon Harmel. She sank all that she possessed into the scheme, and it failed ignominiously, partly, at least, because those whom she trusted implicitly were neither dependable nor honest. She found herself saddled with an appalling debt, which she had no means of meeting, and her name became a byword for improvidence and dishonesty. Unquestionably she had made mistakes, grave if generous ones, in attempting anything so vast, unadvised, and with only inexperienced cooperation. The penalty she paid was heavy: the peace and happiness of her life were irrevocably wrecked.

Opposition and Desertion.

A Jesuit Father who made a study of this phase of her life, wrote in regard to it. "Humanly speaking, it is not possible to explain the circumstances that converged to crush her—but it had to be so; God willed that the foundress of the Propagation of the Faith and the Living Rosary should be made worthy of the great works she gave through Our Lord to His Church. It was God's will that she should meet with betrayal, opposition, desertion."

Feeling bound in conscience to repay every penny that she owed, in so far as was at all possible, Mlle. Jaricot tried in one way after another to raise money but succeeded very poorly. She would earn a few hundred francs, keep only what she needed for the bare necessities of life, and send the remainder to her creditors; but the debt was enormous, and the sums that she could pay small. Later, grown old and very stout, for days and weeks she tramped the pitiless streets of Paris, begging for help that was given only in doles too small appreciably to lighten her anxieties.

For ten or twelve years she lived in poverty so great that her clothing was always threadbare and often too thin and worn to protect her from the cold, and her food was of coarsest quality and often too little in quantity. Even in severe winter she could seldom afford a fire, or after dusk sufficient light to work or read. She was a pauper, officially listed among those in Lyons who needed and were receiving relief. And she was always ailing, she was alone in the world, and she was old.

She Never Complained.

These were her heroic years. She never complained. As her troubles multiplied she clung more and more closely to God. The Cure d'Ars, preaching in his little church on suffering and resignation, said one day, "Ah, my brethren, I know some one who knows how to accept the cross, and a heavy cross, and to bear it with love. It is Mlle. Jaricot."

Among all the beautiful incidents related of the saints, it

would not be easy to find another more touching than the story of her last visit to this old and faithful friend at Ars. Feeling, as she said, that she "could not go on any longer" without seeing him, she set out one winter day, accompanied by Marie Dubois, a little peasant who still clung to her. A baker, on his way to Ars, offered them seats in his cart, which they gladly accepted.

The wind was high and snow began to fall. Before they reached their destination Mlle. Jaricot was almost frozen. As soon as he saw her the Cure ran out to meet her, but she was so stiff with cold that he had to get two men to help her to climb down. He took her and Marie to his little room, which was as cold as outdoors, and seeing how weary and frozen and ill Mlle. Jaricot was, he vainly tried to make a fire in the never used grate, with some damp wood and straw. Although he got down on his knees to blow it, he succeeded only in filling the room with smoke, and Mlle. Jaricot said cheerily:

"Dear Father, let it be. I am used to the cold; what I want is to be warmed inside by hope and love; that is what I came for."

She then told him how troubled she was at being unable to pay her debts and he counseled her not to worry. "You cannot do what is impossible," he said. "Never mind what is said or done to injure you in the eyes of men; it won't keep Our Lord from doing you justice."

Then, forgetting all else, they began to talk of the love of God, and did not desist until the Cure was called to the church to hear confession. As a parting gift he gave her a small wooden cross, and was delighted to see her pleasure in it. It was their last meeting. The old saint lived but a few weeks more.

Working People's Truest Friend.

In June, 1862, when she was sixty-three years of age, Mlle. Jaricot died after five weeks of intense suffering. Her funeral was like any other pauper's except that a number of priests and nuns followed her coffin to the grave. There was no one

to mourn for her but her little companion, Marie Dubois. Lyons had forgotten her long before.

But as the years passed a tradition sprang up all over France that she had been the working people's truest friend. Once more she began to be honored as the foundress of the Propagation of the Faith, and her name became a familiar one in the Annals of the Society. In 1881 Pope Leo XIII. declared that "the memory of this pious virgin is for more than one reason a blessed one in the Church"; and Pope Pius XI. praised her in his Encyclical on the Missions. The cause of her beatification has found influential friends; and perhaps the shabby, neglected old woman who died a pauper will some day be given the highest honor that this world knows: canonization.

Florence Gilmore,
The Catholic World.

PANSIES.

Fair thoughts that cheer us on our chequered way,
In tints aglow with fancy's livening ray,
Quick as light'ning flash in aerial blue,
Shedding a train of stars of rainbow hue:
Memories of joy that light the passing day,
Of childhood's home, and loved ones far away:
Prayerful thoughts for those whose tender care,
Guided our tottering steps, like angel's fair;
Deep thoughts of Bethlehem and Calvary's Hill,
The Supper Room, the Banquet offered still
In boundless Love, Mary's and Joseph's aid,
Celestial pansies those that never fade,
Their beauty, draws us on, their perfumes bring
Us sinners to the feet of Christ our King.

Joseph Maguire.

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1928—1930

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ALUMNAE NOTES



The ninth Biennial Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae will be held at St. Joseph's College Emmitsburg, Maryland, August 23-27, 1930, under the auspices of His Grace Archbishop Curley.

The visiting delegates will be entertained by the Seton Alumnae Federation.

The visiting Sisters will be the guests of Rev Mother Paula at the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, Emmitsburg.

Owing to the rather infrequent railroad service between Baltimore and Emmitsburg, it has been decided that the most convenient and most pleasant way of transportation from Baltimore to Emmitsburg will be by bus. The Gray Line Motor Company of Baltimore has agreed to furnish de luxe buses at the very nominal cost of \$1.50 per person each way to Emmitsburg, which is situated fifty miles from Baltimore.

The Committee on Transportation feels quite sure that this delightful mode of travel will be thoroughly enjoyed by all. The ride over Maryland's wonderful roads through beautiful rolling country, climbing higher and higher into the Blue Ridge Mountain section will long be remembered.

The buses will remain at St. Joseph's College conveying the delegates and guests to St. Mary's for the Solemn High Mass Sunday morning. A very delightful trip is also being planned for Sunday afternoon to the Gettysburg Battlefield. The buses will also be used on this occasion. The rate of transportation to St. Mary's will be 25 cents a round trip and to Gettysburg and return \$1.25.

For further information address, Miss Mary E. May, 319 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

* * * * *

The Ontario Chapter of the I.F.C.A. is holding a Short Story Contest, open to all pupils of Convents and High Schools

whose Alumnae Associations are affiliated with the Ontario Chapter.

Prizes will be given as follows:

Fifteen dollars (\$15.00) for best story written in English.

Fifteen dollars (15.00) for best story written in French.

Prizes of books for stories rating second in each language.

All stories must be mailed to the Chairman of Education Committee, Mrs. J. A. Thompson on or before April 1st., 1930.

* * * * *

We rejoice with our esteemed President in the much improved condition of her husband, Mr. J. J. M. Landy, who has been for many weeks under treatment at St. Michaels Hospital for a severe illness, recovery from which for a time was doubtful.

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Our sympathy to Mrs. Lellis, devoted officer of our Alumnae Executive, who is also a patient at St. Michaels, suffering as the result of an accident. We wish Mrs. Lellis a speedy recovery.

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Another zealous officer of our Association, Miss Julia O'Connor, to whom we offer sympathy, is passing anxious days in attendance on her Sister, who is seriously ill at her home, 853 Bathurst Street.

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Mrs. James Keenan, National vice-president of the Catholic Women's League of Canada, who was painfully injured in an auto accident while on her way to address a Convention of the Catholic Women's League at Ottawa last November is, we are pleased to announce, convalescing favorably at her home, 38 Madison Avenue, Toronto.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kelly (Dr. Aileen McDonagh) on the coming to them of a sweet baby girl—Mary Carol.

Congratulations to Mrs. J. E. Day, elected for the third term President of the St. Elizabeth Association of Nurses.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Phelan, who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on February 2nd. at Miami Beach, Florida.

* * * * *

St. Joseph's Church, Killarney, Ontario, was on January 15th. the scene of a lovely and impressive wedding ceremony, when Miss Mary Margaret Lucy Roque, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Joseph Roque, was united in marriage with Mr. Lawrence Rousseau. Rev. Father Comte P.P. was the officiant of the Nuptial Mass and ceremony.

* * * * *

Our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Harry H. Van Staagen (Eulah Nordell) and to Mrs. Demarest (Ora Nordell) in their late bereavement, the death of their father, Dr. P. A. Nordell, Brookline, Mass.

* * * * *

Miss Kathleen Young, B.A., who is on the staff of the Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa, spent Christmas holidays at her home in Toronto.

* * * * *

Miss Edith Northgrave was in Ottawa for the Drawing-room and was the guest of Miss Margaret Heenan.

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At the examinations held at the Conservatory of Music, February 5th., Master Arthur, little son of our Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Wallis, passed with honors in elementary piano.—Congratulations Arthur.

* * * * *

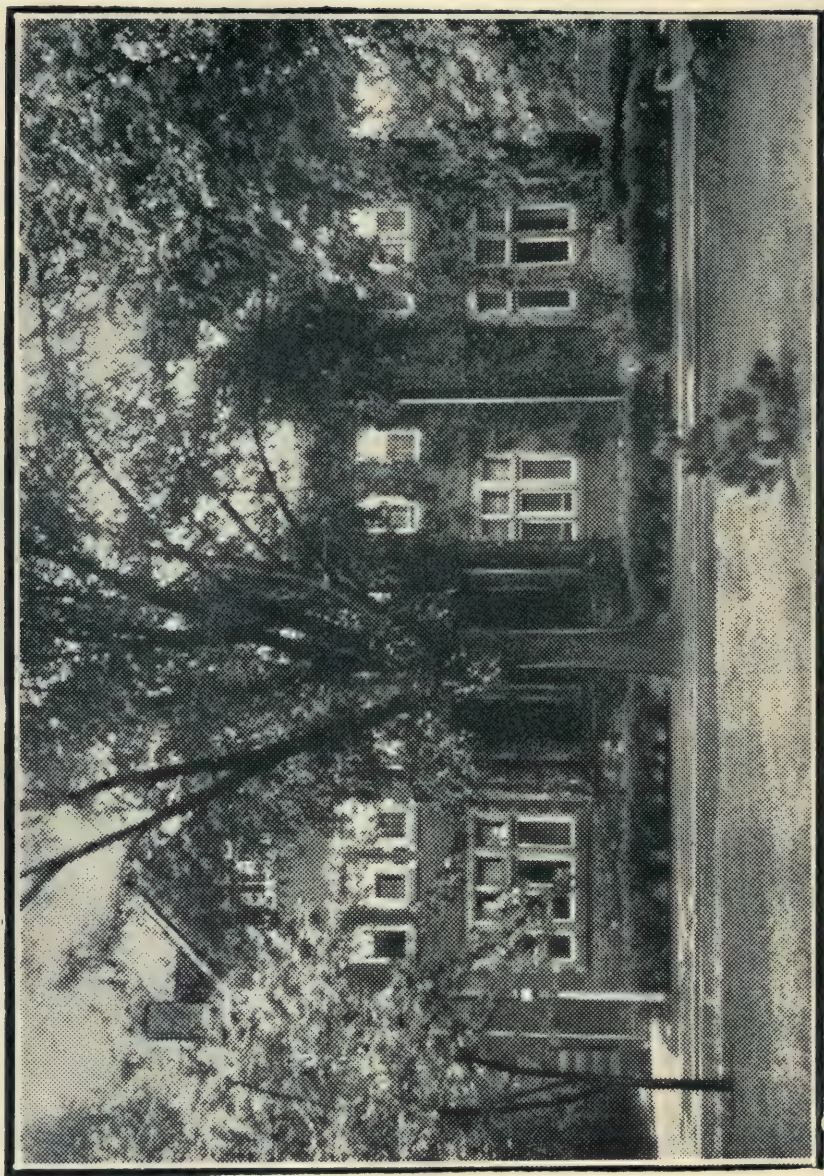
At the quarterly meeting of the Alumnae, March 24th., in the auditorium of St. Joseph's Convent, Professor A. T. De Lury, Dean of the Faculty of Arts University College, Toronto, will deliver a lecture on the Ireland of St. Patrick, and the Ireland of to-day.

Obituary.


The prayers of our readers are earnestly requested for the happy repose of the souls of these, our recently deceased friends:

Rt. Rev. Theodore Valentine, Mrs. Mary J. Smith, Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Mr. Augustine J. Gough, Mrs. Magdalena Bauer, Mrs. Harte, Mr. James Duffy, Miss Mary Williams, Major Hilary French, Mr. James Battle, Mrs. S. V. Patterson, Mr. D. J. O'Connor, Miss Margaret Mallon, Mrs. George Evans, Mr. Joseph Henry Winterberry, Mr. William O'Brien, Mrs. Lucy Melady, Mrs. John Blanchett, Mrs. E. Corkery, Dr. John Duck, Capt. John Sullivan, Miss Catherine Flannagan, Miss M. Ryan, Dr. Alfred Scully, Mr. John P. Brennan.


Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them!



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.



COLLEGE NOTES



On Sunday, December the eighth, the girls of St. Joseph's gathered together in the main hall of the college before a shrine built in honor of Our Lady. The late afternoon sun, streaming down over the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and the many tiny lights added to the beauty of the ferns, roses and lilies close around. Hymns were sung to our Mother. Then a formal reception of new members into the Sodality took place, after which Rev. Father McCorkell gave an inspiring address on "Our Lady." Benediction followed in the College Chapel, and with the rising incense, there was winged many a prayer from each girl's heart for perseverance, to remain always what she wished to be on this happy feast of the Immaculate Conception.

* * * * *

The girls of St. Joseph's College entertained sixty little children at a Christmas party, held in the common room of the college, the afternoon of December 14th. Each girl took charge of one little guest and saw to his or her happiness. Games were enjoyed first, after which lunch was served in the main lecture hall which proved to be a happy spot, due to the added attraction of a gaily decorated Christmas tree with its many packages, stockings and candy canes.

* * * * *

On Friday, February 7th, the Executive of the Dramatic Society sponsored a Bridge Party in aid of the Student's Mission Crusade. A large number of the girl's parents and friends were present and the beautiful college rooms and reception hall took on a very social aspect, so different from the academic severity of every day college life.

Miss Mary Gardner, President of the Executive and the Misses Pauline Bondy and Lorraine Paterson were indefatigable in their efforts to make the party the great success that it proved to be.

Our Annual At Home which was held this year at the Royal York on January 27th., was the great social event of the year. Miss Theresa McDonald and her capable committee, the Misses K. Kernahan, B.A.; Marybel Quinn, Clerese Hartmann and Patricia Cashman are to be congratulated on the perfection with which the event was carried off.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Bernita Miller, '32, who won first prize in the "Varsity Poetry Competition." Last year Bernita won first prize for Prose, so she has proved her all-round ability in the handling of good English.

* * * * *

The high noon sun that poured down on the busy streets of old London and the lazy waters of Thames, was but the first faint rose of morning awakening St. Joseph's College. And perhaps to the minds of the groups that left the College door, and made their way in the brisk air to Mass, there came a thought from far away, "I wonder what Eileen is doing now."

From that eventful evening when the winner of the personality contest was announced as Miss Eileen Battle, of Thorold, Ont., and a trip to Europe presented itself as if by magic, our best wishes followed the tourist to be. January 11th. saw the sky-line of New York fade into dim distance as she started across the ocean. Novel experiences on board, moonlight on deck, and dawn with nothing but blue,—and then the arrival at Southampton where old England made her bow in the persons of photographers and reporters, and gave open welcome. Let us hear the rest from Eileen.

"London met us with a typical fog that might have covered almost any impression. But the day of the steamer christening was bright and inviting and after the crash of the bottle the great shop slid triumphantly down the greased pathway on to the sea. We returned next day to London. There we passed Buckingham Palace at the changing of the guard; saw the old glory of Westminster Abbey with all its world-known



MISS EILEEN BATTLE,
II. Year Moderns, St. Joseph's
College, Winner of the Per-
sonality Contest.

tombs; St. Paul's Cathedral, and even the eerie gloom of the Tower of London with its block and shiny axe,—just as if waiting. It gave one an odd feeling.

“We went on to Windsor Castle, and walked on great carpets through antique rooms lined with treasures that had come from famous people of the past. It was almost beyond description. And Warwick Castle received us after a journey between high rock-walls, in an armour-clad room. You could almost hear the clang of steel on steel.

“After the martial air of Warwick came the rustling quiet under the yew trees of the country churchyard of Stoke-Poges. It seemed like a tiny corner of long ago transferred into to-day. I can quite understand Gray writing his *Elegy*, now. Next day we were passing the even green of Stratford-on-Avon. On the way all the pictures I had seen of Shakespeare's birth-place flashed before my mind,—and then there it was, as if come to life. We wandered in the rooms he used, where names of people never heard of appeared in black letters and a tiny signature tells of the visit of Keats, Shelley, and many authors of fame.

“January the 25th. saw us in Paris. Gay, quaint splendid *Paree*, from the impressive grandeur of *Les Invalides* to the odd little bookstalls along the *Seine*. We saw *Notre Dame*, *Les Champs Elysees*, *La Madelaine*,—and what we could view in so short a time of the *Louvre* and *Versailles*.

“But we had to hurry back to catch the *Isle de France* at *La Havre*. The return trip was even more enjoyable, with only one bad day, and on Thursday the 7th. we saw the *Statue of Liberty* appear out in the distance.”

On the evening of the 10th *St. Joseph's* welcomed our traveller back a bright light in the open archway, and friendship within. And in room four continued the reception with enthusiasm and a veritable flood of questions “tell us about it, “Such is the penalty,—but “Welcome back Eileen.”

* * * * *

St. Theresa's Liberty Society held its second open meeting of the term on Monday, January 28th. *Mr. George Locke M.A.*,

LL.D., was the speaker of the occasion. The President, Miss Marie Crean, opened the meeting and called upon Reverend Father McCorkell, Honorary President, to introduce the speaker which he did in his usual happy manner. Doctor Locke described his impressions of modern Rome, where he was a representative of the American Library Association at the First International Librarians' Convention, held last summer. In language rich with classical allusion and sparkling with anecdotes, he told of the renaissance of glory that is Rome's to-day. "All roads once led to Rome," he said, "why should they not do so again under that modern triumvirate, The Pope, Mussolini and the King of Italy? He then proceeded to tell of his visits to the Vatican Library and the immense work of reconstruction and reorganization which The Holy Father has set in motion there. The work of preserving priceless manuscripts brought there from all parts of the world demands the greatest skill and care, and modern systems of shelving and cataloguing will place these treasures at the disposal of scholars of the world.

A vote of thanks was moved by Miss Bernita Miller and the meeting was brought to a close. Tea was then served in the Common Room by the Class of '31.

On February 24 and 25th., St. Joseph's College Dramatic Society presented that delightful old farce "She Stoops to Conquer."

The spirit of the play was perfectly interpreted and the charm of eighteenth century intrigue made a great appeal. Gay humour was the keynote and continued applause proved its success.

The characters were happily chosen and it will be hard to forget the vain fussy Mrs. Harcastle or her darling Tony.

The production was finished in every detail, enunciation, gestures setting all contributed to the perfect whole.

The cast consisted of:

Mr. Harcastle.....Mary Gardner, '31
 Mrs. Harcastle.....Helen Dolan, '31
 Tony Lumpkin, Mrs. Harcastle's son.....Jessie Grant, '32
 Kate Harcastle.....Marybel Quinn, '31
 Constance Neville, Mrs. Harcastle's niece.....Margaret
 Downey, '31

Marlow.....Gertrude O'Malley, '30
 Hastings, Marlow's friend.....Lorraine Paterson, '32
 Sir Charles Marlow.....Eileen O'Sullivan, '33
 Diggory.....Bernice Miller, '32
 Maid.....Patricia Cashman, '32
 Stingo, Landlord of Alehouse.....Pauline Bondy, '32

Men in Alehouse:

Slang.....Julienne Gauthier, '30
 Anninadab.....Eugenie Hartmann, '33
 Muggins.....Agnes Costello, '32
 Pot-boy.....Alma Laforst, '30

Servants in Harcastle's House:

Dick.....Agnes Costello, '32
 Roger.....Adele Trembe, '33
 Jeremy, Marlow's servant.....Margaret Hussey, '33

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The Executive of St. Michael's College Women's Athletic Association held its final meeting for the year at St. Joseph's College, early in March. The report of the part taken by St. Michael's Women was very satisfactory and augurs well for next year's success in Athletics. Gertrude O'Malley '30 our president is to be congratulated and thanked for the enthusiasm she has shown in helping to develop this important branch of college life.

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We offer our sincere sympathy to our fellow-students, Helen Dolan, whose brother, Mr. Francis Dolan, Ottawa, died in January and to Eileen O'Brien in the death of her dear grandfather, Mr. W. O'Brien, Sault Ste Marie, R.I.P.

PAUL BOURGET.

Beaucoup présentent l'auteur de "Cruelle Enigme" sous les espèces d'un charmant jeune homme paré, affecté, efféminé, languide. Mais il n'est pas d'esprit plus sérieux ni plus mâle que Paul Bourget. Cet efféminé travaille dix ou douze heures par jour.

Bourget comme Pascal est un Auvergnat. Il a d'abord le nez, le menton volontaire des hommes de sa province. Le poète des "Aveux" révèle une extrême gentillesse de façon et beaucoup d'esprit. On voit dans ses écrits quelque chose de doux, de caressant, de volontier, de plaintif.

Dès l'âge de cinq ans Paul Bourget avait un intérêt passionné pour Shakespeare et Walter Scott. En même temps, le goût d'écrire s'éveillait en lui. A six ans, il commençait un "grand ouvrage" qui devait renfermer un tableau complet des bêtes d'Auvergne et l'histoire de ses promenades à leur recherche. L'ouvrage ne fut pas achevé, mais de ces promenades, et des impressions de la nature qu'elles déposèrent dans l'âme de l'enfant, nous devons avoir un écho dans les pages descriptives du "Disciple," l'un des livres où M. Bourget, je crois, a mis le plus de lui-même.

Il y a, et cela se fait sentir dans toutes les lignes de M. Bourget, une vaste et solide culture non seulement littéraire, mais historique, philosophique, et même scientifique. Cela lui fournit ou lui suggère des rapprochements originaux et donne à ses moindres pages une plénitude, une largeur d'horizon, dont je ne sais pas beaucoup d'exemples.

De l'autre part, nous n'avons pas seulement affaire en lui à un esprit qui pense. M. Bourget, critique, est en effet essentiellement psychologue, et son dessin et sa manière rappellent exactement la manière de Taine, dont il est l'héritier direct et le plus fidèle disciple. M. Bourget est un disciple, mais un disciple singulièrement indépendant et original. Il n'a pas été critique en vain; il ne s'est pas en vain longuement préoccupé, ainsi qu'en témoignent ses articles, des problèmes de technique, et de facture. "C'est un métier" a dit La Bruyère, "de faire

un livre comme de faire une pendule." Ce métier notre auteur l'a étudié à fond dans les oeuvres des autres, il en possède tous les secrets. Personne aujourd'hui ne sait construire un roman comme lui, et si à cet égard, André Cornélis et Mensonges ne sont point chefs-d'oeuvre, il faut sans doute renoncer à l'usage de ce mot.

Il y a dans le drame émouvant, l'Étape, une note d'auto-biographie psychologique. Les pages où il décrit les hésitations, les scrupules intellectuels et moraux, les répulsions secrètes de Jean Monneron en même temps que sa sympathie croissante pour le catholicisme, son abandon complet à l'appel mystique, "sa renonciation totale et douce, ces pages-là sont d'une beauté pénétrante, d'une lucidité d'analyse et d'une profondeur d'émotion dans lesquelles l'homme même se révèle. M. Bourget nous livre dans ces pages. . . . plus ou moins transportées, ? le résultat de son expérience religieuse."

Deux volumes de vers, cinq volumes de critique, quatre volumes de voyages, quinze volumes de romans, quatorze volumes de nouvelles, quatre pièces de théâtre, sans compter nombre d'articles, de lettres de préfaces ou de discours qui n'ont pas été recueillis,—voilà après quarante ans de vie littéraire, de quoi se compose actuellement l'oeuvre de M. Paul Bourget. Elle est considérable, comme on peut voir, et elle est variée—plus même qu'aucune autre d'entre eux, en effet, français contemporains. Aucun autre d'entre eux, en effet, n'a touché à autant de genres, ni surtout n'a aussi fortement marqué sa place dans tous les genres qu'il a successivement ou simultanément abordés. Là même où il n'a pas atteint au premier rang, il donne l'impression—sauf peut-être en poésie—qu'il aurait pu y atteindre s'il avait voulu faire porter son principal effort. Cet effort soutenu et prolongé, le seul qui assure même aux maîtres la suprême maîtrise, c'est dans l'art du roman qu'il le fournit, et par l'abondance et la diversité, par la vigueur et le retentissement de ses oeuvres. "Je ne lui vois, dans cet ordre et dans sa génération, qu'un ou deux rivaux, tout au plus," dit M. Victor Giraud. D'autres ont été plus complètement philosophes; d'autres plus complètement criti-

ques. Poète, philosophe, critique, presque également doué pour la pensée et pour le rêve, pour la lucidité consciente de l'analyse abstraite et pour cet été de demi-conscience si nécessaire à la création artistique, M. Bourget a fait servir tous ses dons à une tâche essentielle. Il a été moraliste, notre moraliste. A ce titre, il a prononcé quelques-unes des paroles, qui ont retenti le plus profondément peut-être dans la conscience contemporaine. Le beau jeune homme qu'on peut voir, encore au frontispice de ses poésies, pourra répondre au fantôme de la soixantième année ce qu'il répondit au fantôme de la trentième: Pourtant, j'ai préservé mon Ideal.

Julienne Gauthier, 3T0.

SPRING.

Long nights are fading
 O'er smile of dawn,
 Rain wakes the morning,
 Red glow, the eye;
 As life returning
 In dale and lawn,
 'Neath blue sky smiling
 Enchantments weave.
 Pour forth thy treasures
 As fairyland.
 Touch tips of flowers
 Etched from above;
 Ring, tiny bluebells,
 Sing of God's hand,—
 Oh, all the world spells
 Notes of love!

“THE POETRY OF EARTH IS CEASING NEVER.”

They say this is the day of enlightenment, the day of advancement, of reality. It is the day of racing cars, swooping planes and multicoloured lights blinking their bold message to the hurrying passer-by.

Certainly the wheels of the swift trains have done much to take away the magic of distance, the lure of the purple hills, and of the blue ridge where the sky dipped into the unknown. The rows on rows of street lights have done much to blind us to the beauty of the first shades of dusk mingling with departing day. The white stare of hundreds on hundreds of apartment windows, show-windows, hall windows, banish the darkness giving us the steady glare of the workaday world,—yes, and the wavering glare of a play o’ night world.

If you would see the poetry of earth seek it in the shadows. In the rush and bustle of the main street of life you may catch a glimpse of it, but only a glimpse, for the next sign and the next will crowd up, and hide it from you. For the poetry of earth lies a-tipt the bud of a flower, or lirts in the singing of a brooklet, or glistens in a childish tear. That tear may drop on a hardened heart and enrich it with a lovely thought, the brook may quench the thirst of a weary traveller, and sing of hope and journey’s end; and the flower may be broken by the hand of love and passed on to another. And should that other later pass a lonely chapel where behind the tiny glow of a small red lamp waits the Prisoner of Love, and lay the opened flower to spread its faint perfume o’er the altar.—flower of joy becomes flower of prayer.—is this not the hidden Poetry of earth?

There are many who cannot hear the poetry of earth. The passing wheels and horses feet, the clang of street-cars and the cries of news-boys keep its voice from their din accustomed ears. Could they stop and think, let the shadows close around them of an evening and listen; listen for the waterfall of childhood days,—it was peopled by naiads and mermaids, that stream;—listen for the memoried voices of loved ones; listen for the hidden motive that would make that act of harshness of this morn-

ing seem merely a misunderstanding; watch with to-day and listen for the foot-steps of to-morrow;—then bit by bit it would return. Little by little it would creep into their hearts, that poetry of earth; until they could carry the music of it even into the drab world of business and cold, calculating thought.

And when that lyricism sings within us, its voice slipping easily through the shouted commands of necessity, let us pass it on. Pass it on to the child by a smile of comradeship. Pass it on to the tired mother by an understanding glance and helping hand; to the blind beggar by a friendly word to take away the bareness of a coin. Some of it may be lost, but some will live. For the child may lisp a prayer of blessing that night,—and clouds melt away before innocents pleading;—the mother may bring a thought of cheer to a troubled home; the beggar may share his small store. And so through this workaday world it may ripple,—each echoing the voice you, too, heard,—the poetry of earth whose music ceaseth never.

Jennie Farley, '32.

A TRANSCRIPTION.

With Apologies to Catullus

O Cornificius, things are going badly
With your Catullus; Heaven knows what pain!
And daily, hourly cares rest on me sadly.
My love for you then, friend, was all in vain?
I'm angry with you. Sweet and easy duty,
You've spoken nought of comfort, nought to please,
Pray, send dear one, some little message to me,
Though sadder far than old Simonides.

Ella Coughlin, 3T2.

ADDISON AS AN ESSAYIST.

Samuel Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets" pays Addison ungrudging tribute in the words: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Addison's greatness as an essayist is established by the fact that an eager interest was manifest towards his works fully a century after the time when they were written.

Joseph Addison was born in May, 1672 at Milston. During the pursuance of his juvenile studies at Chartreux, he established an intimate friendship with Richard Steele. This association was later to be of primary importance. He entered Queen's College, Oxford in 1687. While there he continued to cultivate poetry and criticism. Later he travelled on the continent, thus fitting himself for the position he was to hold as the so-called "Prose Laureate" of the people.

Steele published the first number of the "Tatler" on Tuesday, April 12th., 1709. It was the first paper to devote itself almost wholly to the social life of the time, with a view to reforming and instructing, to amusing and ridiculing. His varied experiences had made Steele familiar with life and character. He had ample opportunity of watching eccentricities of public taste which now began to grope vaguely for new ideals. Steele owed to Swift, his example for treating the occurrences of everyday life in an ironical vein. The new paper was largely designed in honor of "the fair sex" for whom it was named. It was divided into five parts to make the contents varied. Isaac Bickerstaff, that mysterious editor, explained it thus—"All accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure and Entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House; Poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-House; Learning, under title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestic News, you will have from Saint James' Coffee-House; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment."

The authorship of the "Tatler" was at first kept secret, but in the fifth number, Addison noticed a remark which he had made to Steele concerning Virgil. He thereupon offered his services as a contributor, and was gladly accepted. Of this, Courthope says—"A new hand shortly appeared in the "Tatler" which was destined to carry the art of periodical essay-writing to a perfection beside which even the humor of Steele appears rude and unpolished. "There was a gradual revolution in the character of the paper with the advent of Addison as a regular contributor. Only a slight effort was made to distinguish the materials furnished from White's, Will's and the rest. Steele recognized Addison's superiority of style, and accommodated the form of his journal to the genius of the new contributor.

Many of the characters represented in the "Tatler" were supposed to exist in real life. It was a point of great interest to the readers to discover who was depicted. Of the two hundred and seventy-one members, Addison contributed forty-two and Steele one hundred and eighty-eight papers. Some of the papers contributed by Addison were fine, scarcely being surpassed by the "Spectator" papers themselves. Among the best were: "Tom Folio" the broker in learning, and the "Ned Softly" paper. In these Addison uses the weapon of literary criticism in a light, half-amused manner which is wholly delightful.

Steele found it impossible to continue persistently in one line of work like Addison. Being an ardent party man, he allowed his violent feeling for party politics to appear in the paper too frequently to please his readers. The outcome was that he brought the life of the "Tatler" to an untimely end with the ingenuous plea that his identity had been discovered.

The first number of the "Spectator" appeared on Thursday, March 1st., 1711, two months after the disappearance of the "Tatler." It is the most famous, the longest and the best of eighteenth century periodicals. The name "Spectator" and Joseph Addison are inseparably linked. Steele had been accustomed to dash off his articles. With Addison at the helm

things went differently. He was the soul of order. His essays were, as a rule, longer than those of Steele, one paper usually filling each issue. "The easy grace and polish of his clear limpid style, touched as it is with gentle irony, tells of long practice and a nice exercise of judgment." His ten years of study at Oxford and his travelling with observant eyes fitted him for his position. He made a keen study, although silent, of all phases of human life, which enabled him to portray characters realistically.

The second number of the "Spectator" gives a draft of the characters by Steele. However, practically the only one developed is Sir Roger de Coverley, and for this, credit is due to Addison. The success of the paper is chiefly due to balance and restraint, for it never gave offence by savage Swiftian attacks. The didactic papers are moderate in tone and Addison's irony is so fine that he unconsciously persuades, while seeming to agree to that which he is actually attempting to reform. This is an achievement of consummate art. He never burdens his readers with any one subject whether it be narrative, social talk, or homily, and in this manner he evades monotony.

The "Spectator" was later bound in volume form, becoming the standard reference for minor manners and morals. It consisted of stories, letters, morals, apologues, and humorous hits at the foibles of the time. Addison is responsible for most of the thirty papers dealing with the various aspects of Sir Roger de Coverley's character, and more particularly with his life in the country. The whole series of essays grouped together would have made a commendable novel. From the periodical essay, a new kind of essay grew, soon to be known as the novel.

Addison is pursuance of the idea of bringing new subjects under the observation of the people, planned to draw the attention to literary subjects which were, at the time, sorely neglected. The result was the production of his essays on "Chevy Chase," "The Children of the Wood" balled, on "True and False Wit," on Milton's "Paradise Lost" and on "Pleasures of the Imagination." No definite value can be set on the works

because of the changed attitude towards the works of that period in the present day, but Addison's works suited his time and had a great influence.

Three months after the publication of the "Spectator," Steele with his irrepressible energy started another paper in March, 1713 called the "Guardian." Addison contributed in all fifty papers to this. The title would seem to suggest a more serious set of papers, but it is merely a continuation of the older paper, with a slight loss of freshness. Steele says—"The main purpose of the work shall be to protect the modest, the industrious, to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious, to confront the impudent, the idle; to condemn the vain, the cowardly; and to disappoint the wicked and profane." It is very much a reproduction of the "Spectator" both in style and tone, but is considerably weaker. However, Steele with his strong political tendencies could not resist making references to politics. In the "Englishman," the successor of the "Guardian" his outspokenness brought about his expulsion from the House of Commons. Addison started the "Whig Examiner," a strictly political paper in opposition to the "Examiner" run by Swift and the Tories. This was short-lived, but in spite of its political bias, it still has a humour that is distinctly Addisonian.

Steele died in 1729, ten years after Addison's death. Both men were born in the same year, 1672 and the closeness of their births had been realized in the closeness of their literary lives. Their natures were entirely different. Addison was more balanced in literary style as well as in life. This very difference made them more powerful when in conjunction. Addison with his clear and simple style, almost reaching perfection in its own way, unerringly played upon the foibles of the beaux and the men of fashion. Steels, on the other hand, made an appeal, equally effective and more emotional, to the fair sex. The "Tatler" and the "Spectator" had been written for the upper class, the court circle and the leisured people of society to whom Addison and Steele addressed themselves. There is no doubt but that the characters of La Bruyere are the literary

models of those appearing in the "Spectator." But La Bruyere merely described what he saw with no view to moral reform.

Addison saw that truth must be conveyed in an affable manner. His prose is marked by suavity, because he himself was amiable and generous. He purposely devoted several of his best papers to the discussion of "good-nature." He appreciated the more sympathetic side of human nature and addressed himself to it.

In his essays there is a studied absence of redundance, inversion and circumlocution. He used little "verbal tinsel" for the sake of effect. The average intelligence of the time demanded clearness. He never hesitated to decry that so-called literary style which was learnedly obscure and mysterious. Homeliness of speech, sometimes bordering on bluntness, was characteristic of him. There is a noticeable absence of an undertone of pathos. All is clear, correct and elegant, but there is no literary inspiration. Here and there, in Addison's writings are found traces of true passion but his "temperament was not of the impassioned order." His emotional range was much narrower than his mental. He was careful to a fault.

His humour is one of his most praiseworthy characteristics. He restored English humour to its proper sphere, asserting that genuine wit need not be allied to gross vulgarity, but was at its best while working in the interests of virtue and public morals. Addison's humor compensated for the absence of passion and made the periodical welcome in the English homes, adding spice and flavour to every article.

Addison touches upon all subjects, ancient and modern. Church and State, society and home, science, philosophy, history, art and criticism have their places. His papers were read by the educated classes, by statesmen and leaders of the time. They were also written for the masses and were versatile in order to be the more attractive. Some hold that his frequent change of topic and his brevity of discussion were due to the inferior order of his mind. At any rate, it may be said that Addison was the literary representative of the great middle class of his time.

Courthope writes: "But it may be safely said that, to have provided society day after day for more than two years with a species of entertainment, which, nearly two centuries later, retains all its old power to interest and delight, is an achievement unique in the history of literature. Even apart from the exquisite art displayed in their grouping, the matter of many of the essays in the "Spectator" is still valuable. The vivid descriptions of contemporary manners; the inimitable series of sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley; the criticism in the papers on "True and False Wit" and Milton's "Paradise Lost;" have scarcely less significance for ourselves than for the society for which they were immediately written."

Isabel M. O'Rourke, '31.

THE GROUP OF SEVEN IN CANADIAN ART.

The Group of Seven is a group who started a Canadian Art movement inspired by the spirit and scenery of our Canadian Northland.

The work was begun quite unconsciously by a number of young commercial Artists of the firm, "Grip Limited," designers and engravers, Toronto, while on some holiday sketching trips made to Northern Ontario. After months of commercial work their stored-up creative energy poured out as a result of a direct contact with Nature herself.

Important in this group of young artists were Tom Thomson, J. E. H. MacDonald, Arthur Lismer, F. H. Varley, Frank Carmichael and Frank Johnston. They holidayed in the Northlands of Ontario—a rough country of rivers, waterfalls, lakes, canyons and great hills. The magnetism of this part of the country is undeniable. In Autumn the colour is more vivid, in Winter the snow seems whiter than anywhere else. It is a magnetic land and draws men as it draws the steel of the compass. When a group of Canadian painters became enthusiastic over its beauty and wonder it was inevitable that its moods should find expression in the nation's art.

Before 1910, when the movement was inspired, Canadian authorities did not believe that our rough landscape was art material. Canadian artists and the public preferred the landscapes of the old world which are so tame and soft in comparison with our Northern wilderness. The task of expressing the spirit of this great northern country, the love of which is so deep in our souls, demanded a new type of artist. Not one in flowing tie and velvet coat but one garbed like the huntsman and prospector and living in contact with his environment—paddling, portaging and sleeping under the stars. These painters went there equipped with very little art training and with no sense of the importance of the rules and methods of the great artists. The joy of adventure appealed to them more than the business of art. How they were able to express the spirit of the Canadian backwoods in a few square yards of canvas is unique in the history of art.

J. E. H. MacDonald was a sort of father to these artists. He was a senior man in the firm and one to whom the others seemed to submit their efforts. He never received what in Europe, would be considered the training of a painter; but originally was perhaps, more remarkable than any of the others in the group.

Tom Thomson, like MacDonald was a natural artist without academic training. He had behind him a pioneer tradition and possessed a great passion for Northern Nature. He lived and died in his beloved North and the memory of Tom Thomson, artist, woodsman, and guide is a dear one in the hearts of all Canadians.

Another of the group was Arthur Lismer, a Canadian by adoption. He also was a natural artist and immediately on his arrival in this country was captured by its natural beauties.

Lauren Harris, a Canadian artist who studied in Europe met the "Grip" group and gave a great deal of support and enthusiasm to this new art movement.

After the four years of the late World War the vigour and variety was still evident and this was a convincing and vital fact because it meant that the new art movement had come to stay. The year 1919 marks the date from which the movement has been called a "school." "The Group of Seven," so named because of the seven original painters who composed it. The

seven were Lauren Harris, A. Y. Jackson, J. E. H. MacDonald, Arthur Lismer, Frank Johnston, Frank Carmichael and F. H. Varley. The Group has no founder. The primary idea in promoting it was a desire to make Canadian spiritual wealth. They knew no wealth nor fame could be gained by painting the backwoods in a manner disliked by those who judged their work. They have, nevertheless, to this day persisted through ridicule and diverse criticism. And have held exhibitions of their art in all parts of Canada and the United States.

The Group took great liberties with nature and made the physical part subordinate to the spirit. This brought a great deal of ridicule on them. They have managed, however, to bring out that which differentiates Canadian landscapes from those of older countries. A writer after visiting an exhibition of the Group said—"In these strong and silent landscapes of the North I felt as if the Canadian soul was unveiling to me something secret and high and beautiful which I had never guessed; a strength and self-reliance, depth and mysticism I had not suspected. I saw, as I had never seen before, the part the wilderness is destined to play in moulding the ultimate Canadian."

The Group's Northern Ontario canvases will light up a background for the race that is to follow. We realize that before long our wilderness will become the sites of towns and cities and since no first-class literature has been created to embody its spirit we must depend upon these canvases for its preservation. The Group expresses the faith of a young nation in its own creative genius and is the only activity in Canada which strives to liberate our people from a purely commercial and industrial ideal.

Kathleen Gleeson.



THE GREATNESS OF DR. JOHNSON.

“The memory of other authors” says Macaulay “is kept alive by their books, but the memory of Johnson keeps many of his books alive.” Johnson was a scholar, a philosopher, and a Christian, but pre-eminently a man. It is inevitable that a nation which prides itself as a plain honest people should be attracted by a man as fearless, as upright and as honest as is Johnson. A century and a half after his death his greatness and influence are still felt, and what is more, recognized.

He thought that he would live in the literary world by his drama, “Irene” which was, in truth, too classical to receive any popularity even in the eighteenth century. If it had not been for David Garrick it probably would not have been produced at all. It is by his “Lives of the Poets” that he maintains his name among the great English men of letters. They are written in his best style and abound in reliable material, and he shows a keen appreciation of the difficulties that an author must conquer before he can capture the attention of the public.

Johnson never practised the method of startling his readers into attention. His writings are a treasury of commonplaces—yet all his utterances are the result of experience; knowing this, the pages of “The Rambler” take on a different significance. The subjects of which it treated were diverse but for the most part are drawn from the graver aspects of life and it is when he writes of “fundamental duties,” “inevitable sorrows,” disease, and death, that Johnson is at his height. It was when he attempted the lighter topics of the tea table like “The Spectator” that he lost his master touch; yet his knowledge was more profound and more subtle than that of Addison.

His greatness as a writer and critic lies in the fact that he went beyond the methods of criticizing of his times. He was indulgent to the weaknesses of others and acknowledged his own. The “Life of Richard Savage” was an example of his greatness. He had a passion for truth and the greatest truth he had to portray was his affection for Savage and this he does all through the work yet the treachery, the egotism and

the self-indulgence of the latter is clearly shown. He did not give to the public all he had—he made himself great by his reserves. He had an unfailling instinct for the realities of life, but he never cheapened or embellished life itself.

Critics of Johnson's style have been inclined to say that his subdued syntax has given to his native tongue "a dull mechanism." He loved balance and order and gave to the language an elegance of construction. Sometimes, however, the idle antithetical parts of the sentence have been compared to those false knobs and handles of debased architecture. His ponderous style and the unfailling respect he has for law and decorum conceals his wilful temper and his writings are done at a great rush when he is in the throes of imagination. He has made occasional errors and sometimes his own views are allowed to interfere with an impartial examination of a poem. Johnson disliked irregular metres and thought pastoral poetry to be artificial and threadbare. His judgment of Milton's "Lycidas" is severe and somewhat biased; yet in many respects it is true. We do not feel that Milton was not sincere in his lamentation over Edward King's death, and that his mingling of Christian and pagan mythology is incongruous. Johnson disliked Addison too, but when he praised either him or Milton, his eulogies were whole-hearted. He was never able to understand and sympathize with the hyper-sensitiveness of Gray. This it seems to me is peculiar, because anyone endowed with so much insight and such a comprehension of mankind, can usually understand natures, even if they are so entirely and essentially different as were those of Johnson and Gray.

Johnson's poetry "is good sense put into good verse" but it is not through his poetry that he maintained the right to live as a great man of literature, but through his prose. Due to the love of the romanticist for detail and sentiment which followed the age of Johnson, his works were shoved into the background and not given their full due, until a later period. Only the great may criticize and appreciate the great.—It is notable that of all the commentators of Shakespeare, Johnson stands in the very first rank. He not only praised him, but

pointed out his faults, and although he was a classicist, writes a justification of the way in which Shakespeare disregards the unities. And it is with the magnanimity of a large soul that Johnson attributes to Warburton, Theobald and Pope, their due.

It was Samuel Johnson and his contemporaries who abolished Grub Street, and made literature an honorable profession. Johnson refused the help of a patron, not through stubborn independence, but because he felt the day of the patron was over, literature had outgrown it, yet he could receive graciously and give generously. His greatest significance lies in the fact that it was he who proclaimed "The Republic of Letters."

Johnson himself, is greater than his work—he thought of himself as a man, not as an author. Duties and friendship were, to him, more than fame. "When we pretend to laugh at our national character, we call him John Bull—when we wish to glorify it we call it Samuel Johnson." He is not the greatest of English writers, but we accept him as a public trustee. He was a man of impulse and whim, quaint, passionate and original. Yet he was no dialectician. He is famous for his good sense and sound judgment and is an author only by accident. He has said that "no one but a fool ever wrote for anything but money." His "Rasselas," "The Preface and Dictionary" were done for bread.

Most of Johnson's charm lay in his uncurbed and fearless individuality. In the years of his illness and poverty he suffered much and the suffering had given to his tongue a sharpness and to his brain, a keenness, not to be dulled. He had learned the true value of men and rated each at his worth. He had respect neither for social nor literary conventions and outraged both indiscriminately. His mental greatness shows in the fact that every type of intellectual man was able to receive stimulus for thought from him. Johnson's manners were questionable, but he thought himself a polite man. Sir Joshua Reynolds says that he fought on every occasion as if his whole reputation depended on the victory of the minute and he fought

with every weapon. If these failed he resorted to abuse and rudeness.

He had a great love for London, not because of its history, architecture and society, but because it was the home of intellectual pleasures. "He who is tired of London, is tired of life," he has said. In spite of his fame, his knowledge and his ability to write, he speaks of his profession modestly and with good sense untouched by literary rivalry and hostility. It is notable that he tolerated splendidly bad characters. Little moments of personal resentment and pride seemed to be foreign to his character. He dominates his biographers—if they perished he still lives. All his life he suffered from hypochondria and it was only with an effort that his courage and determination enabled him to overcome it and to work.

Johnson is one of the greatest talkers of all time. With him it was an art; he talked as an artist paints "for the joy of doing what he was conscious of doing well." He never started a subject, nor set out to prove anything; he talked on any subject that came to his mind. His unique gift was that he always had piquant retorts at his instant command. The only thing that he was afraid of was death, and the fear was moral and intellectual—not physical. Johnson's religion was that of the essentially great—very intense. It was the epoch when religion was chaotic and nebulous, yet his was a very definite thing.

There are a great many anecdotes told of Dr. Johnson and it seems that each one only elucidates his greatness and genius the more. A very amusing one that is told is this: Shortly after his dictionary had been published, he was dining with a lady of fashion; the dinner party was large and his hostess being a woman of the world, thought that it would be a splendid opportunity to give Johnson an occasion of vindicating himself for a wrong meaning that had appeared in the book. When a propitious moment arrived she said very graciously, "Tell us, doctor, how a learned man like yourself came to make such a slip," and in the midst of a heavy silence Johnson boomed "Ignorance madam, sheer ignorance."

It is from Boswell's life that we really learn to know John-

son. We follow him through Fleet Street, see him touch the lamp post superstitiously in passing and put pennies into the hands of sleeping waifs that they may have breakfast on the morrow. We find him caring for the sick old woman and leaving a legacy of seventy pounds to his servant, and it is because of these human things we cannot do otherwise than love Samuel Johnson and feel the greatness of his nature, his genius and his soul.

M. Gaughan, '31.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

Maidenhood—"a smile of God thou art." Beautiful in body, bright and quick-witted in mind, happy in her ideals, woman in youth is the fairest flower in human nature. She lives in a wonderland of the spirit which is nobler and truer and more faithful to its promises than is the world known to the bulk of men. Her instinctive faith wins a meet reward; life becomes what she believes it to be, and she is wiser than those of her elders who have lost the power of living on an equally spiritual and elevated plane.

It cannot be denied that many women, perhaps the majority, do not persevere in living up to the ideals of their youth. Had they done so they would have raised a barrier against much of the evil which, like a rising tide, is breaking over modern society. It is nonsense to say that they cannot maintain fidelity to the noble inspirations that blessed their early years. Multitudes of women exhibit that fidelity and become the loved and venerated mothers who have rocked the cradles of our race, mothers who inspired their children with the courage, patience, and unconquerable spirit that achieved fame and beneficent greatness.

Such women impart a twofold life—life in the spirit as well as in the body, and teach their offspring that man does not live by bread alone, and so they train them to suffer and be strong.

EXCHANGES

Reviewed by **Julienne Gauthier** and **Ronona La Plante**.

THE LAUREL

From St. Bonaventure, N. Y., comes *The Laurel*, a monthly magazine. Among the short stories, "There are More Things in Heaven and Earth—" is highly deserving of praise. It is short and simple but well written and appropriate. "The Mad Dane" is striking and holds our interest mysteriously as the play "Hamlet." We enjoyed the Editorial. It is vivid, varied and full of spirit. We would advise all those interested in literature to read "Turns With a Bookworm." It contains three excellent book reviews, of which that of "Survivals and New Arrivals" is noteworthy.

THE MISSIONARY

The Missionary boasts of a plenitude of well chosen matter. The story "A Tragedy of Mercy" is real and ingenious; an analytical study of the age old problem of Mercy. "A Note on the Average Man" depicts in a charming manner the pitiful attitude of modern man towards religion. "God's Divine Madman" is a puzzling little story well worth unravelling. The Question Box is an entirely original section. It solves ordinary questions of religion in a manner which leaves no room for doubt. To *The Missionary* we extend the hand of appreciation and commendation.

THE CHIMES.

With the Autumn number, "The Chimes" of Cathedral College, New York City makes its first appearance among our exchanges. The contents are so varied as to please even the most critical. The fiction is light and not of special note though the essays are well done; we enjoyed "The Decline and Fall of the Cross-word-puzzle" by W. J. Ken; "Knights of To-day" an oration by D. P. Byrne, has already won distinction—and our

commendation of it, though but an echo, is sincere. The editors announced the elimination of some of the departments, but we are glad to see "Bookmen" occupying six pages of the issue.

MEMORARE.

From Antigonish, N. S., we have the Christmas number of the "Memorare" published by the students of Mount St. Bernard. It is a gay little issue with an abundance of verse and adequate mention of school activities in "Echoes from the Hill." We mention as noteworthy "A Canadian Singer"—a study of Marjorie Pickthall by B. Francis and "Tribute" a short story by Zita O'Heron.

L'ECHO DU CERCLE.

We welcome our youngest Sister-publication the "Echo du Cercle" edited by the students of the Department of French in our college. The following notice appeared in the University Daily—The Varsity.

A FRENCH JOURNAL AT VARSITY.

"L'Echo du Cercle" is very familiar to the students of St. Joseph's College, but one wonders if it is as familiar to the other students. The paper is an innovation of last year and a very original one for it seems that it is the only all French paper on the campus. It is published every two months by the executive of the "Cercle Francais," most of them taking a course in Modern Languages with French as their speciality.

The purpose of the paper is to revive interest in the "Cercle Francais," and to promote college spirit. It contains an editorial, always interesting and appropriate, a sports section, college activities and notes, and last but not least, a page of "Reclames," furnished by the college wits.

The next issue will be published the first week in March and will be available to all students. Much interest has been shown by the students in this college paper and it has helped many of them to gain a better knowledge and appreciation of the French language.

**COMMUNITY NOTES**

The Fiftieth Anniversary of Reverend Sister Demetria's consecration to God in holy religion was observed at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, on the feast of St. John the Evangelist, December 27th, 1929. At nine o'clock that morning High Mass of thanksgiving was offered in the Chapel of the convent by Rev. J. E. Ronan, of St. Augustines Seminary.

Later in the day Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father Moriarty, O.M.I. of Ottawa. The Church's hymn of thanksgiving chanted in full choir brought to a close Sister's golden day of jubilee.

Although Sister M. Demetria has for some years been in ill health receiving infirmary care, she was able to be present for all the Jubilee ceremonies and received the felicitations of her Sisters and many friends who greeted her on that glad occasion.

On the same day at East Kildonan, Manitoba, Reverend Sister Placida, Superior of St. Alphonsus Convent completed the fiftieth year of her religious life as a Sister of St. Joseph.

In appreciation of the educational work accomplished by Sister Placida and her community in Kildonan, the zealous pastor, Rev. Father O'Hara, C.S.S.R., held celebration in the parish church and was himself celebrant of the Jubilee High Mass of thanksgiving offered that morning at nine o'clock, at which the pupils of the schools and their parents assisted uniting in prayer for the Venerable Jubilarian.

Later came greetings from the Metropolitan of the diocese, Archbishop Arthur Belliveau couched as follows:

I take much pleasure in enclosing a small offering in honor of your 50th Anniversary of Religious Profession. I only regret to be unable to make it ten times more for your important Catholic Work.

Yours in our Lord,

Archbishop Alfred Sinnott of Winnipeg, in the schools of whose dioceses Sister Placida taught for several years, sent this congratulatory letter:

I cannot let the occasion pass without some little expression of the gratitude and affection with which we join with you in celebrating the Fifty Golden Years of Religious Profession. You have given of your best to Winnipeg, and Winnipeg rejoices with you, and thanks you, and invokes God's blessing upon you. May God grant you many more years to continue the good work and may He grant you peace and happiness in all your ways!

At the very first chance—these days I am obliged to celebrate “pro populo Dei”—I'll say a Jubilee Mass for you, to give thanks to God in your name and in the name of those who through you have received blessings from on High.

Devotedly in Christ,

Rev Mother General and members of the Community in Toronto united with the Sisters of the Kildonan Mission in cordial sisterly and prayerful Jubilee Greetings to Rev. Sister Placida on her Golden Anniversary.

Ad Multos Annos!

PROFESSION AND RECEPTION

At the close of the annual mid-winter retreat held at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, a very interesting and impressive ceremony took place when twenty-eight young women by a solemn declaration made a public consecration of their lives to the special service of God in the religious state. There is always something very deeply touching about this solemn act, of oblation, of self renunciation and of separation from all that this world holds dear. It is a strange, unintelligible act to those who have not heard the divine call to come apart into solitude and learn there that sublime art of living for God alone, of performing every action in the light of faith, unheedful of

human respect, but intent on the divine good pleasure and the rewards of the life to come.

To the many friends of the candidates who assisted at the sacred function for the first time, the beauty of the chapel, the lights, the flowers, the incense, the heavenly sweetness of the music special for the occasion, the white procession of brides and little attendants contrasting with the sombre black robed novices who re-entered to make their fervent appeal and offer service—all bore in upon the senses of the spectator with striking effect, tending to awaken a feeling of awe and reverence and to incite to humble, earnest prayer.

The sermon was preached by the retreat master, Rev. T. Moriarty, O.M.I., whose deep, full voice filled the arches of the chapel and penetrated the hearts of his listeners. The text taken was from St. Mathew's account of the transfiguration of Christ; dwelling upon the words of St. Peter, "Lord it is good for us to be here," the Reverend Speaker defined fully the comprehensive meaning of the word 'good' as generous, desirable and holy or blessed.

Then addressing the white-robed candidates he said "You, my children, have indeed been generous in your actions and gifts. You are good and generous to be here offering yourselves up to the service of Jesus Christ, giving up your homes, families and futures, giving up your own wills in the service of God. Later you will make your holy vows in order to make the sacrifice more complete, as these other young ladies are doing to-day. They probably remember that time of their life when the first invitation to give up all sounded in their hearts just when the world looked fairest to them. But the Crucified Figure of Calvary stood out before them and because they had led good lives they could see him and they answered His appeal in the words—"Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" They saw the nod of the Bridegroom's head; they saw the beckon of His hand; they heard those appealing words "Child, give me thy heart; give it to Me alone." Then the world tempted them. They were young, beautiful, talented, and there was the fear that "having Thee they might have nought besides." But

with God's grace they choose the better part and said "Behold I come to do Thy will O Lord" offering themselves to the Babe of Bethlehem and with hand firmly grasping His divine hand they go cheerfully along.

"Good" means also "desirable." It is desirable indeed to give up your talents, for the crucified Saviour has said, "My yoke is sweet and My burden light." It will be a joy to you to bear it. No doubt your friends, mothers and fathers feel the pain of losing you, but it is a pain mingled with joy, for love finds all things easy, and though they are losing you, they are gaining in giving you to God. So you, too, will find the mortifications of religious life hard, but the pain will be lost in the joy of bringing all to the Tabernacle.

"Good" means also "Holy." St. John, the apostle of love, has so defined it. It is a holy act you are performing this morning. You are taking a step nearer to God in the great act of Profession of Vows, when you will impress upon your soul the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, the symbol of love. Behold It surmounted by a Crown of Thorns, symbolized by the rules and regulations of Community Life, which will help you to fall in line. See the Sacred Wound in Its side from which fall the last drops of His blood—the last drops, symbolic of poverty by which you give up all in thanksgiving for His gifts and in order to resemble the Babe of Bethlehem, turned out of the inns, refused shelter, poor even until He gave up His soul on the Cross of Calvary. The flame that issues from the Sacred Heart is symbolic of Its love and will represent the Chastity which differentiates you from the world and makes you greater than the angels, for you are subject to temptations while they are not. So there is the Sacred Heart with Its wreath, Its gash, Its flames. Above the flames rises the Cross of holy obedience which enables you to complete the sacrifice even of your own wills. Surely this is charity and love—to give back to Jesus your very life. "Greater love no man hath than this, that he give up his life,"—yes, and some things are greater than life.

Is not this a glorious day? Does fear enter in? Remember, then, your Changeless Friend. There is always one to be with you against your foes. Well, may you say, "Weep not for me!" If your dear ones feel an inclination to sadness and tears let them think of you, so pure, so generous, so true and willing to sacrifice all. Weep not for them. They come here before the Tabernacle for protection in their sacrifice, for help in carrying their cross and their faith is almost sight and their hope almost reality. If in life they seem at times bespattered with the blood of Jesus Christ, all will be turned to joy for them in Heaven, when with their Sisters they stand at the right hand of the Father. Then they can gladly say in their ecstasy, "I would gladly do it a thousand times again."

Poverty, Chastity and Obedience will place you near to the Divine Spouse in perfect happiness. Therefore we ask your prayers on earth and in Heaven so that when your work on earth is done and your crown of glory won, you will still continue to pray for those of us who remain behind you here. Grateful that in this communion of prayer you will still be ours and united with us in spirit, we rejoice with you and we repeat, "It is good for us to be here."

The Sisters who made perpetual vows were:

Sister M. St. Fabian Meyers, Simeoe, Ont.; Sister Francis Marie Treacy, Alliston, Ont.; Sister M. Giovanni Clarke, Barrie, Ont.; Sister M. Eligius Duggan, St. Albert, Sask.; Sister M. Emille Allen, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister M. Agnita McDonald, Montreal, P.Q.; Sister M. Harold Hogan, Montreal, P.Q.; Sister Marie Reine Trombley, Belle Ewart, Ont.; Sister M. St. Leonard Hodgins, Toronto, Ont.; Sister M. Rita McManus, Pembroke, Ont.; Sister Mary Edward Hayes, Toronto, Ont.; Sister M. of the Cross, Bulger, Eganville, Ont.

The Novices who made first annual vows at the House of the Novitiate, where Dr. Markle presided at an early hour on the same morning, were:

Sister M. Dorothy Walker, Weston, Ont.; Sister M. Augustina Murphy, Winnipèg, Man.; Sister M. Osmund Gebauer, Winnipeg, Man.; Sister M. Conrad Beck, Sturgis, Sask.; Sis-

ter M. St. William Jackman, Killarney, Ont.; Sister M. Aelred Gerl, Winnipeg, Man.; Sister M. St. Prosper Beausoleil, Penetanguishene, Ont.

The young-ladies who assumed the robes of a Sister of St. Joseph were:

Miss Cahill, St. Catherines, Ont., Sister M. St. Christopher; Miss Cosentino, Toronto, Ont., Sister M. St. Philip Beniti; Miss Wilcox, Toronto, Ont., Sister M. St. Gertrude; Miss Flynn, Corkery, Ont., Sister M. St. Mathias; Miss Stradiotti, Vancouver, B.C., Sister M. Tarsicius; Miss Curry, Winnipeg, Man., Sister M. St. Delphine; Miss Mareau, Lafontaine, Ont., Sister M. Fleurette; Miss Desaulniers, Toronto, Ont., Sister M. Yvonne.

The celebrant of the Mass on this occasion was Rev. L. Hodgins, whose sister made her final vows. Very Rev. G. Murray, Provincial Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers, presided at the ceremony, assisted by Rev. W. Sharpe, C.S.B.

Among the clergy present in the sanctuary were Rev. I. Barcelo, Rev. E. Ronan, Rev. A. Walsh of Montreal, Rev. P. Gallery, C.S.S.R., Rev. W. Smith, Rev. Dr. Markle, and Rev. Brother Paul.

Sister M. Leonia Lynch, Toronto.

Ending nearly forty-four years of labor in the Community of St. Joseph, Toronto. Sister M. Leonia Lynch, late of St. Michael's Hospital staff, has gone to her reward. This zealous religious was born in the parish of Kilmaley, County Clare, Ireland, on May 23, 1862. Like many fine families of the old land, that to which the deceased Sister belonged gave children to the Church in generous measure and thought it gain. The late Dean Egan of Barrie, Ontario, and his brother, Rev. Patrick Egan of London, Ontario, were uncles. His Lordship Bishop Clune of Australia and the Right Rev. Patrick Barry of St. Augustine, Florida, the Rev. J. J. Hehir of Clermont, Iowa, and Rev. Ralph Egan, of Schomberg, Ont., who was celebrant of the

Mass, were cousins. Sister Leonia was herself one of the four sisters who entered St. Joseph's, the three survivors being Sister M. Bernardine, Sister M. Hilda, and Sister M. Casimir. Such firm adherence to the old faith and devoted fidelity in its clerical service is among us now quite remarkable. Other surviving members of the family are Patrick Lynch and Mrs. McMahon and Mrs. Riordan in Ireland, and Miss Nora of Toronto.

After her entrance to religion, Sister Leonia spent some years as teacher in the Separate schools of Toronto and Barrie. Later she was placed in charge of the boys at Sunnyside and for a term was Superior of the Mission in Oshawa, after which she came to St. Michael's Hospital staff. For years her health was not good, but she was a patient sufferer and always endeavored to be at her post of duty and at the spiritual exercises of the Community. A short time before the end came she was obliged to give up and submit to the treatment prescribed and the ministrations of a nurse, but recovery was hopeless. Early in the morning of the First Friday, January 3rd, she passed to her reward. She had watched for Bethlehem's Star, —that Star of Faith which had been her guide, of Hope which should be her light and of Love which would lead her home.

On Saturday evening the body was brought to the Motherhouse on St. Alban St., where on Monday, the Feast of the Epiphany, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated with flowers, light, and festive music, instead of the usual sombre coloring and funeral chant of the requiem. The celebrant, Rev. Ralph Egan was assisted by Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.P., as deacon, and Rev. W. Sharpe, C.S.B., as sub-deacon. Present in the sanctuary were Rt. Rev. J. L. Hand, Rev. Dr. Dollard, Rev. M. Cline, Rev. J. McGrand, Rev. J. Keogh, C.S.S.R., Rev. T. Moriarity, O.M.I., Rev. W. Smith, Rev. J. C. Carbery.

Rarely has the funeral service of a simple religious brought together such a large assembly of friends. Many had sought from her consolation and advice and her helpful sympathy was freely given to all who confided their worries to her. The gratitude she awakened in many hearts was attested by

the numerous Mass offerings from all classes which rested on the bier and the silent tears which blurred the eyes of many as at the final blessing and the "Requiescat in Pace" the soul of Sister Leonia was commended to Divine mercy. Her unselfish kindness and generosity towards the poor and those in trouble or distress was united to a personal concern for their spiritual welfare and salvation. She was deeply imbued with a spirit of prayer, which was her strength and consolation, and she was much given to forming leagues or bands of those who would agree to say certain prayers for some common intention. With the children, she often joined, in this method of public petition, with a confidence which was usually rewarded.

The funeral cortege was lengthened by the addition of cars bearing the friends of the deceased to the resting place in Mount Hope Cemetery, where a last blessing was given by five attendant priests, whose solemn words of ritual and petition for eternal rest seemed majestically to bring together the living and the dead, as they approached the grave on that cold hillside beneath a pale, chill January sun and on earth shrouded in its white blanket of snow. While here undisturbed the body rests, may her soul find eternal peace!

Sister Francis Joseph, Toronto.

Sister Francis Joseph (nee Jane Ann Hart) of the Community of St. Joseph, Toronto, died on Tuesday, February 25th, at St. Michael's Hospital, where she was a patient, and was buried from the Mother House, St. Alban St., on February 28. Of her full-measured life span of seventy-two years, over fifty-one were spent in the service of religion as a faithful Sister of St. Joseph. Sister Francis Joseph was born in Oshawa and came to boarding-school at St. Joseph's, Toronto, for the final years of her school course. For several years after entering the novitiate she was engaged in teaching in Toronto, St. Catharines and Port Arthur. After a second period of

teaching in Toronto, she was successively in charge of art and needlework in the Academy at the Mother House, curator of the museum and in charge of the book supplies for the classes.

In all things which came under Sister Francis Joseph's hand she was strictly methodical and carefully exact. Everything was completed with a characteristic finish. The deceased nun had great devotion to the Blessed Canadian Martyrs, whose shrine she visited annually, and she showed something of the fortitude of a martyr herself in the cheerful self-possession she evinced under acute suffering.

The solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Denis O'Connor, with Rev. John O'Connor as reacon and Rev. J. Reddin as sub-deacon—all three being family connections of the deceased. In the sanctuary were Rev. J. Kane, C.S.P., Rev. M. Christian, C.S.B.; Rev. V. Murphy, C.S.B.; Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B.; Rev. J. Carberry and Rev. M. J. O'Neil. Rev. D. O'Connor recited the prayers at the grave in Mt. Hope Cemtery, and gave the final blessing. A sister, Mrs. McCrae, of Brechin, the immediate family's only survivor, was unable to attend. R.I.P.

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